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THE COLOGNE SCHOOL OF PAINTING IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, AND ENGLISH ART*

By PAUL CLEMEN

AMONG all the schools of painting which flourished in Germany from the end of the thirteenth to the beginning of the fifteenth century, the school of Cologne still occupies, as it did a hundred years ago, the most important position, and offers us the greatest amount of material. No other equals it in richness of instrumentation and in the wealth of monuments. Here only is it possible to follow the development in the various languages of wall-decoration, stained glass and panel painting from decade to decade without a single gap. The Bohemian school, which acquired great importance for a generation in the middle of the fourteenth century as the centre upon which a whole series of influences converged, developed almost without precedence in that country; and the fourteenth-century German school in Switzerland and in the Tyrol, which even surpasses the Rhineland in the number of wall-paintings it has handed down to us, lacks the corresponding panel paintings. Neither the Middle Rhine nor Franconia, neither Westphalia nor Lower Saxony, can compete with the Lower Rhine in the possessing of a complete series of early panel paintings. Besides, this school is of special importance for the history of European art, because here, in the most powerful North-Western capital of medieval German culture, the influences of the neighbouring countries are clearly traceable.

A complete series of cycles of wall-paintings, some of them spoilt by restoration, but the best fortunately in a good state of preservation, extends throughout the fourteenth century. If we offer fixed dates for them, it is with the clear understanding that they only signify a stage in the development of style. We must not forget that then, as now, young fellows of twenty stood beside old men of seventy, though possibly the uniformity of the artistic language in any given generation was greater at that time. The beginning of this series, commencing already at the end of the thirteenth century, is formed by the paintings in the choir of the abbey church of Brauweiler, and the paintings, unfortunately destroyed, in the chapel of Ramersdorf. Then, about 1300, we have a magnificent cycle in the church of St. Cecilia in Cologne, where scenes from the New Testament are represented on the south wall of the choir, and scenes from the legend of St. Cecilia on the north wall. They are followed some twenty years later by the paintings in St. Andreas in Cologne, and these are directly connected with the most splendid series that the fourteenth century has produced anywhere in Germany; the paintings over the choir stalls of Cologne Cathedral, which have never been repainted and have retained to this day all their splendour of colour, having been concealed beneath enormous Baroque tapestries. They were cleaned in 1926, and very cautiously restored in their decorative framework only, leaving the figure subjects untouched. The two other great series of German wall-paintings of this period in the monastic church of Wienhausen, near Celle, and in the cloisters of Schleswig, have both been repainted. Consequently this work remains the most important direct document for an entire half-century. It is followed only in the second half of the century by the cycle of wall-paintings in St. Emmaus in Prague.

The production of stained glass for Cologne Cathedral begins about 1280, and continues throughout the following century until, in 1380, a splendid counterpart appears in the west window of the Cistercian church at Altenberg, near Cologne; and, with the first decades of the fourteenth century, panel paintings also begin to be produced in Cologne,

* Our readers will recollect how, at the time of the British Primitives Exhibition in 1923, the question of the relations between the medieval schools of painting of England and Cologne was eagerly discussed. We are privileged in publishing in this issue the views of the foremost German authority on the subject.—ED. APOLLO.

S. Andreas, Cologne
WALL-PAINTINGS
(*c.* 1320)

the earliest of which are in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne and in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, until this style, with its beautiful, elegant, sensitively-drawn line, reaches its highest expression in the earliest paintings of the altar of St. Clara, dating from about 1370, in the Cathedral of Cologne. The principal facts have already been published, in 1902, by Scheibler and Aldenhoven, with a large collection of photographs and a volume of text by Karl Aldenhoven. A magnificently illustrated volume ("Heribert Reiners : Die Kölner Malerschule," Verlag B. Kühlen, M. Gladbach, 1925) has recently presented in a comprehensive manner the development of panel painting only, in the light of modern research.

The Gothic language of form gained supremacy in painting very late in the Rhine district. Whilst in architecture the year 1248, in which the foundation stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid, presents a sharp division—after which not a single building was erected in Cologne in the late Romanesque style—yet in Rhenish wall-painting the powerful, pathetic, late Romanesque style continues up to the last quarter of the thirteenth century (Nideggen, Cologne, St. Maria Lyskirchen). This style of unrestful angular movement is only met in the last decades by the new art of flowing line, and at the same time the High Gothic type of figure appears everywhere, elongated, courtly and refined, but already bound in that conventionality which henceforth slowly destroys all independence.

The West of Germany certainly received at first a great wave of influence from Champagne and the Ile-de-France. I would regard the wall-paintings of Ramersdorf, with their graceful beauty and the delicate music of their gliding line, as the result of this Northern French influence. By 1300 it is already a universal style to which both France and Flanders contribute, and which has already produced a marked transformation in Germany (Wienhausen). But a new and important factor now appears alongside, especially for the Rhinelands, namely England. It is just twenty years ago that Count Georg Vitzthum first raised the question of English influence as the most important element in forming the style of Western Germany, in his book, " Die Pariser Miniaturmalerei bis Philipp von Valois," Leipzig, 1907. I have carried the thesis farther ("Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft," 1911), and have pointed out the other provinces that experienced English artistic influence in Central Europe. It is only necessary to recall in a few words the closeness of the political and mercantile relations between the Rhineland and England in the fourteenth century. The export of wool, the foundation of English trade, lies in 1340 almost entirely in the hands

of the German Hansa merchants. Edward III endeavours to find support in Germany and Flanders in his claim upon the French Crown. He entertains the closest financial and diplomatic relations with Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle. The margrave Wilhelm von Jülich is untiring in his endeavours to bring about an English-German alliance from 1335 onward; English embassies and English agents appear at all the courts and large towns of the Lower Rhine; gold and treasures are not spared. In 1338 the memorable meeting between the King of England and the German Kaiser takes place at Coblentz, when the King of England was appointed Imperial Vicar of the left bank of the Lower Rhine. Then follow years full of financial transactions with the Rhenish merchants. The English crown and regalia were pawned to Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves and afterwards passed over as pledges to the merchants of Cologne. Can anything serve as a better illustration of this close connection?

Ever since the end of the thirteenth century England took the lead, and almost possessed a European monopoly, in an important branch of pictorial representation—the art of needlework. *Opus Anglicanum* held its sway over the entire Continent and may be found in museums and church treasuries ranging from Spain and Italy to the North. In order to realize the extent of this wealth it should be remembered that the cathedral of Lincoln possessed at the time of the Reformation about seven hundred vestments with figure embroidery. When, about 1330, this art loses its pre-eminence, another English article of export begins to acquire a world significance—the art of alabaster-carving, which has recently been admirably dealt with in the works of St. John Hope and E. S. Prior. And finally, the engraved brasses appear, which in the fourteenth century flood the entire North Sea and Baltic regions. Is Flanders indeed, as has often been asserted, the only place of their manufacture? England is full of them, and in many cases it is possible to establish their English origin. That is an exchange directed towards the Continent. In England, on the other hand, these brasses are called "Cullen plates" (Cologne plates).

In view of the existence of so close a connection between the Rhineland and England, it would have been almost a miracle had the artistic cultures of the two countries remained untouched by one another. And indeed, beginning with the second decade of the fourteenth century, we can distinguish quite definitely a slowly increasing influence of English painting. Since the transmitters of this influence may have been partly illuminated manuscripts and drawings, it is not surprising that in many cases an artistic style already formed in England developed in the Rhineland only after a quarter of a century. The strong French influence, on the other hand, which at the time of St. Louis was still powerfully at work, is almost completely eliminated along the Rhine by the beginning of the fourteenth century. The great Cologne atelier

Cologne Cathedral
DETAIL OF CHOIR-STALL PAINTINGS
(*After* 1322)

for glass-painting, which was set up beside the cathedral workshop and which produced the marvellous windows in the cathedral choir, had by that time already evolved quite an individual style, which differed greatly from the current style of Northern France, especially in its colour. Only in the domain of ivory-carving did Paris continue to remain the most important centre of production for the whole of Central Europe. The painting in the church of St. Andreas in Cologne may have been produced about 1320, and is still conceived entirely in the linear style, placing the figures in the form of reliefs on a narrow stage without any sense of depth. That is still the West German form of the world-style of 1300. The paintings on the walls behind the choir stalls were executed after 1322, the year of the completion and consecration of Cologne Cathedral. The six magnificent compositions on the south side represent scenes from the life of the Virgin, the three Magi, and SS. Felix, Nabor, and Gregory of Spoleto. On the north side another hand is responsible for the scenes from the legend of St. Peter and Pope Sylvester. The division of the great wall-surfaces which have been split up into small, narrow panels from an obvious dread of a large scale; the types of the alternating architectural canopies; the bases with the rows of kings on the south side and bishops on the north side; the whole treatment of the background, clearly indicate the origin of this style in the domain of book illustration and that of the architectural framework in stained glass. Indeed, they are hardly wall-decorations in the proper sense of the word. The technique is that of the early panel paintings in tempera on a ground of gesso. Each of these separate compartments could equally well be treated as a panel painting.

Wallraf-Richartz Museum, Cologne

THE CRUCIFIXION, WITH FOUR OTHER SCENES
(*c.* 1320)

In these paintings I see for the first time the decided influence of English painting. It is no longer the Early English linear style, but one of strong modelling and decided pictorial handling. No longer showing the clear, simple silhouettes, they are crowded compositions with a suggestion of space and landscape background, and a rich grouping in depth, such as was already announced in the paintings by Walter of Durham in Henry III's Great Chamber in Westminster, preserved for us unfortunately only in poor copies, though these of course represent an earlier stage in the development of style. The magnificent work of the choir-stall paintings appears entirely unforeshadowed in the evolution of Rhenish and, indeed, of German painting in the first half of the fourteenth century; it breaks through the older development. If foreign relations are sought, then it must be admitted that the formal language of these paintings is far more closely connected with the great English Psalters of about 1300—the Arundel Psalter, the Peterborough Psalter, the Ormesby Psalter, as well as Queen Mary's Psalter—than with any Parisian illuminations of that period. In this case the illuminated manuscripts can with certainty be regarded as prototypes. They may also have served as models of the paintings on the back of the sedilia in Peterborough Cathedral. I have already pointed out in a paper on the wall-paintings in the choir of Cologne Cathedral ("Wallraf-Richartz—Jahrbuch I," 1924) how clearly the manuscript origin reveals itself in one particular sphere, namely, in the delightful, finely-drawn little figures in the backgrounds of the paintings; in the drôleries, the seated figures making music; and finally in the roguish and coquettish little figures on the bases of this cycle, and how the whole visual world of English Cathedral Gothic comes to life here.

Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD
(*c.* 1330)

This connection with England should not be interpreted to signify that English painters worked in Cologne. But Cologne eyes had feasted on English and Belgian art, and these Rhenish painters had taken over all that was best in the foreign stimulus, but had thoroughly digested and assimilated it. The strong, impulsive Rhenish feeling of vitality prevails over all foreign influences. In this sense the painting of the Rhineland in the first half of the fourteenth century, though under English influence, is more independent than the whole of Scandinavian painting. The two splendid publications by Harry Fett ("Norges Malerkunst i Middelalderen") and Andreas Lindbloom ("Peinture Gothique en Suède et en Norvège") have presented to us this valuable material—above all, the treasure of altar frontals and retables in the Museum of Bergen. I would hold these to be, to a great

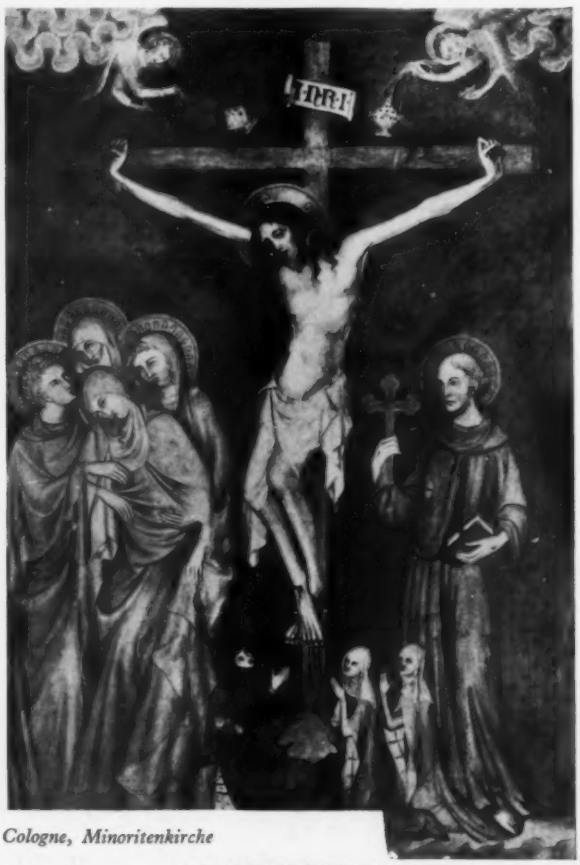
Munich, National Museum

THE NATIVITY

(*c.* 1330)

extent, works exported from England and partly the work of painters trained in England and coming from the workshops of St. Albans and other eastern centres. These marvellous pieces preserved in an untouched condition must serve to complete our knowledge of English panel painting at that time. The exhibition of British Primitives in 1923 could show but few examples coming from English possession.

The Rhineland can confront these Anglo-Norwegian panel paintings with a large number of magnificent examples showing the highest artistic quality. At the beginning of the century we have the delicate triptych with the Crucifixion in the central panel, in Cologne, which is for the first time clearly influenced by illumination and is most closely related to the wall-paintings in St. Andrea's in the general treatment of the composition. Besides the paintings in the choir we have the unique and wonderfully preserved diptych in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin with the Virgin enthroned and the Crucifixion. This Virgin enthroned might be compared with the similar representation in the Arundel Psalter. They are both expressions of the same conception of form. But the bodily type is here, especially in the heads, already a softer one, and the modulation of the draperies moves in a broader rhythm. A reliquary in the National Museum, Munich, shows a related hand on the painted wings, though somewhat weaker. Here, too, we already clearly see the pictorial manner of soft modelling in the figures and the draperies. About the middle of the century, perhaps, should be placed the two large



Cologne, Minoritenkirche

THE CRUCIFIXION

(*c.* 1350)

wall-paintings in the Minoritenkirche in Cologne, each representing the Crucifixion, with portraits of donors belonging to the Cologne family Hardegust. The swinging power of line has already grown much stronger in one of the paintings. In opposition to the suppressed rendering of types in the earlier paintings, we are here met with a strong emotional emphasis, and new means of expression are found for pain, resignation, collapse, humility, ecstasy. The conclusion of this line of development is formed about 1370 by the altar of St. Clara in Cologne Cathedral, the

THE CRUCIFIXION
(*c.* 1350)
Cologne, Minoritenkirche

ALTAR OF ST. CLARA (Detail)
(*c.* 1370)
Cologne Cathedral

principal monument of the whole Rhenish school of that time, in its older and untouched portions. These show only slight variations which have arisen in the course of fifty years in the canon of figure-representation, in the artistic handling of drapery, in the attitudes and movements; but within these limitations the artist shows what he is able to express, in spite of all his suppression and reserve and the necessity of confining in a narrow framework.

A counterpart in contemporary English art may perhaps be found in the five-panelled altarpiece, representing the Passion, in Norwich Cathedral, which corresponds in size to the alabaster retables then produced in such quantity in England. But the delicate, susceptible, lyrical mood of the Cologne painting has nothing in common with the keen drama of this panel. Rather would it be possible to compare the remarkable and much discussed triptych, now in the possession of Messrs. Durlacher, with the Cologne altarpiece. If it is indeed English, that is to say, was painted on English soil, then it would reveal such a close connection with the Cologne character that it would be necessary to speak rather of the influence of Cologne on English painting. Fourteenth-century painting was enriched last year with quite a magnificent work, the great "Crucifixion," discovered in Soest, which has passed into the collection of Robert von Hirsch of Frankfurt. It is certainly not of Parisian origin, as Mr. Sydney Cockerell recently asserted in the "Burlington Magazine." It belongs to the artistic circle of Cologne in communication with the north-west. But at this period the close cultural relations which had existed between England and the Rhineland are already broken off. After the Peace of Brétigny a third of present-day France owed allegiance to the English Crown and the whole weight of English policy was directed towards the French Continent. Consequently a Franco-English intercourse takes the place of the relations between England and the Rhine.

THE PALACES OF PALLADIO

By G. LOUKOMSKY

A MASON'S apprentice of Vicenza, Andrea by name, attracted, in 1538, the attention of Count Trissino, a patron of arts, when the latter was rebuilding the castle of Cricoli, situated on the road between Vicenza and Schio. A few years later the apprentice becomes an architect's assistant and travels, in 1545–50, to Rome for the purpose of surveying monuments of antiquity.

His first individual structures belong to the years 1550–55. He erects them for Count Trissino's friends in his native town and builds villas in the vicinity of Vicenza—Thiene, Bassano, Padua, and Montagnana. The years 1560–70 were his most prolific period. He builds villas almost by the score, palaces, churches (in Venice), and even begins a theatre, Teatro Olimpico, which, unfortunately, was finished only after his death, in 1580, by his son.

Palladio worked in his native district, and only in exceptional cases in Venice, where he had to contend with the jealousies of Sansovino. Modest and retiring by nature, he never sought influence and, with the exception of his first and only protector, had no friends either in Venice or in Rome. Who knows—if not for the sudden death of Pope Paul III, to whom Palladio carried a letter of recommendation, perhaps he would have received orders from the Vatican!

But notwithstanding the fact that Palladio's activity was confined to a small province of Northern Italy, that the majority of his villas are scattered in the open country, and almost all his palaces in Vicenza (excepting the Basilica and the Chiericati palace) are built in such narrow streets that their façades cannot be seen as a whole, and that their position in this respect is far inferior to that of the Renaissance palaces built by his contemporaries on the Canale Grande in Venice, in the wide streets of Verona and Ferrara, or on the open squares

THE BASILICA PALLADIANA, VICENZA

of Rome—nevertheless the buildings designed by Palladio occupy as important, if not more important, a place in Italian architecture as the greatest creations of Bramante, Brunelleschi, L. B. Alberti, and are far more interesting than the constructions of Vignola and Rossellino. Sangallo (the elder) and Sansovino can only be placed beside Palladio.

How is one to explain the importance of Palladio's position in the history of architecture? Wherein lies the greatness of his creations? What are the basic principles of construction that lend his works such unfailing strength, such unshakable, individual canons, such ideal proportions that after 400 years they still remain among the greatest, the sweetest in the best sense of the word, and the freshest products of the human mind in the sphere of architecture?

The secret of power in Palladio's works lies above all in their classical origin, in the skilful application of classical proportions, minutely studied in all their details, to the needs of a new epoch, and also, in his peculiar, individual approach to the problem, differing from that of Serlio, Vignola, V. Scamozzi, and all those others who applied themselves to the study of enduring examples of classical art.

Palladio created his own scales and his own orders. He did not imitate the Greek and Roman orders as elaborated by others, but, guided by a natural curiosity, personally took measurements of temples, baths, bridges, and basilicas of ancient Rome. He studied also the construction of Greek temples in Pæstum; and in a work on classical architecture, written and published by Palladio, we find quite other divisions of "parta" and "modula" of one and the same order than in the works of Sansovino, Michele Sanmichele or Vignola. These proportions, coupled with an amazing ability to make use of simple and smooth surfaces, are the secret of that magic and peculiarity which distinguish Palladio's creations from other architectural forms.

Simplicity, consistency, and at the same time the strictest attention to every detail, the minutest elaboration of all profiles, cornices

COURTYARD OF THE BASILICA

and capitals—these are the typical features of the great architect. This explains his recognition and success on the completion of the very first work entrusted to him—the so-called Basilica of Vicenza; in the competition for this Palladio was the victor—a triumph which Sansovino could never forgive him.

Palladio now obtains an order for a most difficult construction: the transformation of the medieval Sala del Podestà, with its huge pointed dome and weak walls, of the kind we find even now in Padua and Treviso, into a Renaissance building. The order amounted to clothing an old body in a new garment; but Palladio came out victorious from his complicated and—to an original artist—unpleasant problem and produced his greatest creation—the Basilica, which in its powerful appeal is not inferior to monuments of antiquity. Opportunity favoured Palladio as regards material of construction. The selection of marble was left to him, and his first building was, unfortunately, also the last to be constructed, not from brick and plaster combined with stone (as the Palazzo Thiene), nor from bricks alone, partly covered (as the Loggia del Capitano) or entirely covered with plaster (as almost all other palaces and villas), but from excellent, light-coloured stone of exceptional hardness and remarkable beauty of surface, the latter, however, being due to the hand of that supreme artist—Time. The success attending his first achievement is so great that Palladio soon receives a number of orders for palaces and builds the Loggia del Capitano (Capitaniato), which is in the nature of a palace for the head of the town.

While the basilica wholly represents the principles of Roman construction (Colosseum), in the loggia Palladio introduces many contemporary tendencies, *e.g.* the windows situated between the columns take the place of the strong arches of the basilica.

LOGGIA DEL CAPITANO

The severe frieze with triglyphs, metopes, garlanded heads of oxen, human heads in the keystone of arches—all this speaks of imitation of the antique. In the loggia the ornamental features between the columns and round the windows, the figures placed under the balconies, and all the divisions of the façade, are full of individual taste and harmonize with the fashion of the day.

In the course of Andrea's creative activity the basilica remains the only building of its kind. Only the first-floor colonnade of the Palazzo Chiericati, the theatre, and the façades of the churches remind one of the basilica. To the type of the Capitaniato belongs the palace of Count Porto-Barbaran, showing an ideal distribution of columns, but also clothed in a somewhat Baroque ornamentation. Much severer in character is the palace of Count Porto-Colleoni, with its beautiful vestibules. The interior was, unfortunately, considerably altered by its occupier, while the former palace has retained the splendid, though obviously Baroque, ceilings of the sculptor Vittoria, one of Palladio's friends, and also the paintings of pupils of Veronese with whom Palladio was also on very friendly terms.

It is curious to note that while, towards the end of the Renaissance (end of the sixteenth century), Palladio appears to be moving against the current tendencies and remains severely classical in his style, he collaborates with Vittoria and makes concessions to the tastes of his day by admitting into his interiors a Baroque elaboration of walls, cornices and ceilings, covering them with shells, busts, scrolls, and garlands of fruit and flowers.

PALAZZO PORTO-BARBARAN

PALAZZO PORTO-COLLEONI

A distinct position is occupied by the Thiene palace, which partly reminds one of those very Roman principles that were applied by Bramante (Palazzo Doria in Rome), Michelozzo, and especially B. Rossellino in Florence; here we find both the pilaster and the rustic work. But the latter is treated in a manner quite different from that in the Pitti and the Rucellai palaces. Here also Palladio managed

to rusticate the architrave of the windows, and to utilize the bricks for the rustic work of the first floor in his own manner. The principal rooms of the palace have also preserved their magnificent ceilings.

The Valmaran palace is also decorated with pilasters, but here they rise to the entire height of the façade, giving the impression of columns and representing a characteristic *motif* in Palladio's works—the use of one column for two to three storeys. The same treatment we notice in the Porto-Breganze palace (the so-called Palazzo del Diavolo), an unfinished but beautiful piece of work.

In the Valmaran palace there are many antique *motifs*; above the first-floor windows—figures of Glory in relief; above the entrance arch—details reminding one of the triumphal arches in Rome.

The Chiericati palace (now a museum) was considerably rebuilt in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, and we can judge of Palladio's manner only by the colonnade, distribution of windows and side arches. All the upper decorative details are of a later date. But remarkably beautiful is the first-floor cornice, with its splendid metopes resembling the frieze of the basilica.

The palaces of Thiene (now Bonin-Longare) and Trissino-Boston (now Municipio) strongly resemble Palladio's manner, but they were built by Scamozzi in the style of his great teacher; the palaces of Loschi-Zilieri, Branzo-Loschi, the doubtful Casa Cagallo (the house where Palladio himself is supposed to have lived), the palace belonging now to the Potente family, and many other palaces in Vicenza were built at a later date in Palladio's manner. The contemporary Angaran palace (on the Contrada San Marco) and others are ascribed to Serlio and are only similar in architectural principles. These palaces hardly differ in plan; the façade corresponds to the principal rooms, the walls show richly decorated windows, a gateway, a spacious inner courtyard, borrowed from the days of ancient Rome. A colonnade or succession of arches ran along the sides of the courtyard. The staircases are not an outstanding feature. The ceilings in the ground-floor rooms are often decorated as lavishly as on the first floor (Porto-Barbaran palace, Chiericati, and others). Some palaces (as Thiene) have preserved painted wooden beams. Enormous mantelpieces decorate smooth walls. Such is the interior.

PALAZZO VALMARAN

We have enumerated all the palaces built by Palladio. They all have a similar general character, but they also show great variety and a great sense of the contemporary. This explains the ease with which other architects in later times used, adopted, and applied Palladio's forms. Not only by Inigo Jones in England, where Palladio was particularly admired from the beginning of the seventeenth century, but also in Holland, Russia, Poland—

even, as we have lately seen, in America and Germany, in fact almost everywhere except, perhaps, in his own country—Palladio's artistic legacy is held sacred.

Architecture has found inspiration not only in Palladio's palaces. A theatre, the façades of four churches in Venice that became famous in the days of Goethe and Byron—San Giorgio, San Francesco della Vigna, Il Zettelle and Il Redentore (Palladio only designed façades), the courtyard of a monastery (now the Academy of Arts in Venice), the tomb of Porto (in San Lorenzo in Vicenza), a bridge, arches, and loggias (Loggia Valmaran in the Salvi Gardens in Vicenza)—all these also represent a rich artistic heritage.

CEILING OF THE PALAZZO PORTO-BARBARAN

A distinct group of buildings designed by Palladio—his villas—differ greatly from his palaces. His three types of villa have found reflection in the architecture of Europe, especially in Russia, in the eighteenth century; and it is wrong to ascribe many classical manor-houses built in that country in the years 1780–1920, as well as some in England, to the glory of the French Empire. The architectural origin of these buildings is to be found in Palladio's masterpieces.

Of all structures designed by Palladio, it was not, however, the churches nor the theatre, but the palaces, that are particularly prominent in the architecture of the Renaissance. The variety of *motifs* in these six or seven imposing buildings in Vicenza, the adaptability of their façade divisions, the proportions of windows, etc., made particularly popular these structures. What amazes one is that while in London, Petrograd, and Berlin we find palaces wholly repeating Palladio's forms, we find no reflection of his architecture in his own country, Italy.

CAPEL CHURCH WALL-PAINTINGS

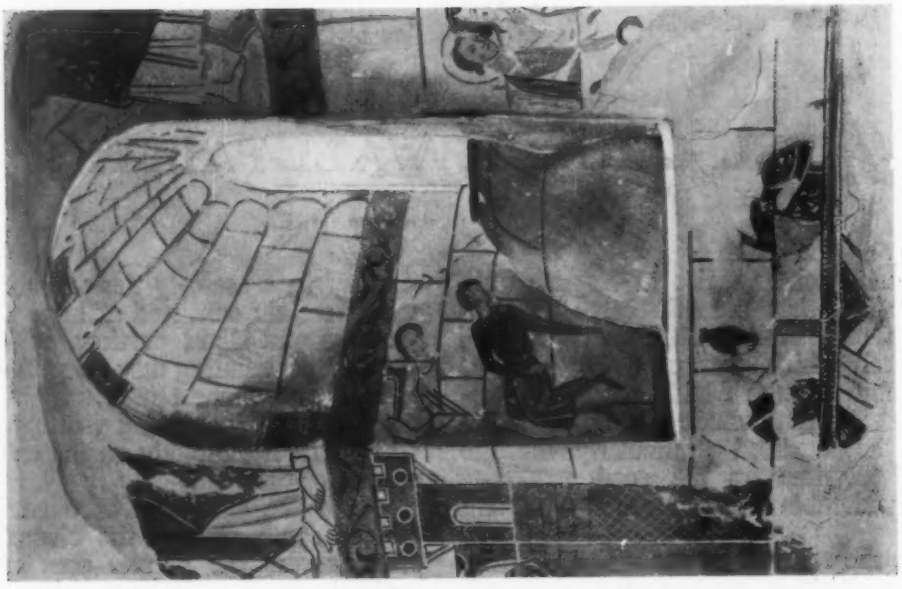
By E. W. TRISTRAM

STILL another series of English wall-paintings has recently come to light at Capel, near Tonbridge, in a small church which was used by pilgrims on their way through Maidstone to Canterbury. They do not include anything suggesting that they existed particularly for the benefit of pilgrims on the road, but they are of considerable artistic and archæological interest.

During the removal of the whitewash and even plaster with which they were covered, fragments of texts dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries were exposed, and beneath them paintings of the sixteenth century in a scarcely decipherable condition, which mainly consisted of large Italian velvet patterns and slight portions of large figures. Part of this painting may be seen on the north side of the chancel arch. By far the most complete and interesting painting, however, is that which lies directly on the original plaster surface of the wall.

With the exception of a small fragment on the south side of the chancel arch, the series covers the greater part of the north wall of the nave, which is pierced by a low doorway and a small single-light window (*c.* 1200). Another window of later date has been broken through the wall.

THE CONVICTION OF CAIN BY GOD



CAIN SLAYING ABEL

Wall-paintings in Capel Church, Kent (c. 1230–50)

Evidently upon the completion of the building a zig-zag riband-pattern was painted about four feet from the floor, and above this level a masonry pattern and consecration cross. Later (*c.* 1230 to *c.* 1250), an elaborate series of paintings was superimposed without any obliteration of the earlier pattern-work, so as to combine and form one painting. The subjects are executed in two zones separated by a band of scroll-ornament. In the lower are depicted the "Entry into Jerusalem," the "Last Supper," the "Betrayal" with St. Peter cutting off the ear of Malchus, and "Christ appearing to St. Mary Magdalene in the Garden." Between the "Entry into Jerusalem" and the "Last Supper" is the original window mentioned above, on the splays of which are painted "Cain Slaying Abel" and the "Conviction of Cain by God." On the wall beneath are two demi-figures, one passing a pot to the other. It is difficult to see what relationship this subject bears to the others surrounding it. Possibly it has none, but is merely an incident of an amusing topical nature, such as we find inserted in contemporary illuminated MSS. Fragments only of the lower part of the upper zone remain, but there are sufficient to show that the "Death and Burial of the Virgin" were there depicted.

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE
Wall-painting in Capel Church, Kent (*c.* 1230–50)

The work follows the usual type of mid-thirteenth - century English painting, being executed freely, swiftly and largely in line, with red and yellow ochres and black. It is powerful, vividly expressive, by an experienced hand, and no less accomplished in drawing than a contemporary miniature. The locality and the fact that Capel is on the Pilgrims' Way would suggest London, Rochester, or Canterbury as sources of influence. Neither the first nor the last has anything quite parallel with these paintings; but at Rochester, which is the nearest of the three, we have a large Wheel of Fortune, painted in the London manner, of about this date. The colour, it is true, is different, as the Rochester painting is executed in a more elaborate manner, but the drawing obviously belongs to the same tradition and to the same school. The circle of colour placed on the cheeks of the figures occurs in both. It does not occur much earlier, and later in the century developed into a gradation.

The paintings are neither complete nor are they in a perfect state of preservation. They are however of exceptional interest, and add yet another example to our already large group of English wall-paintings.

ACTING IN OPERA

By BASIL MAINE

IT is easy to fell a habit of mind, but almost impossible to uproot it. So often the roots are the very fibres of our being; in such cases the habit may be said to be essential to the life. But there are other habits, no less difficult to disentangle from everyday existence, which are excrescences, false creations, unreal realities. These are usually the complex result of individual heredity, environment, and temperamental bias. When we find such habits transferred from the individual to the community, it is reasonable to expect that in the process of transference they will become weakened or diluted or made less definite. But the opposite is true. A crowd instinct is a much more powerful force than an individual instinct, in spite of the diversity of elements—antagonistic elements, maybe—which have gone towards its composition.

So we find certain customs, traditions, and manners persisting changelessly through changing generations. On the face of it they are absurd, but they continue, not in spite, but because of their absurdity. Human nature is only too eager to endow the incongruous with some supposed quality of mystery and sacredness. The results appear in such anomalies as capital punishment, golf, English Sundays, cocktail parties and operatic acting. Any one of these subjects provides material for a protest to the extent of a full-dress essay, but, for my part, I find that none of them excites in me so much wrathful indignation as the last, and it is to that I would devote a little of your attention, since the time now suits with it.

Acting in opera! The term is almost a contradiction in itself. We do not associate opera with acting, or rather we associate it with that grossly exaggerated form of gesture and expression the skitting of which is the last resource of the music-hall comedian and the revue sketch. The stage conduct of an opera singer is not so much acting as " finding something to do." The trouble is that the average opera singer begins to busy himself about finding something to do just at the very moment when the composer is doing it for him, either in the orchestral score or in the direction of the vocal line. The sense of repose is the rarest of all the stage senses—and this is true not only of the opera house, but of the whole theatre. The amazing thing is that the person who would profit most by reposing, even for a few consecutive seconds, is the very one who insists upon introducing all kinds of extraneous irrelevant activity, thereby increasing a task already sufficiently difficult in itself. That this activity *is* extraneous and irrelevant can be shown by a simple test which is applicable to any operatic situation: let the singers repeat the scene without the music and let them speak their lines, using the same gestures and movements which they saw fit to use while singing! The result was cruelly made manifest in a recent revue, wherein the sextet from " Lucia " was submitted to the process.

There is, of course, an immediate objection to this kind of analysis. Opera is nothing if not the embodiment of all that is most intense. The very fact that music was called in to the theatre at all, reveals that somebody at some time or other felt the need of lifting the emotional significance of the drama above the ordinary plane. The need may have been real or only apparent; the point is that it was felt. You and I and other perceptive people do not feel that anything can be added to the music of Shakespeare's balcony scene in " Romeo and Juliet "; but Jules Barbier, Michael Carré and Charles Gounod had the idea that, together, they could add half a cubit or so to the stature of that mighty conception. And the trouble is that a few people have always felt that way about the drama. Hence the evolution of that form which is called opera—a form so incongruous that it refuses to fit in with our preconceived theories of art, however anxious we may be to accommodate its presence. On the other hand, its influence and power are sufficient to resist the fiercest attack or the deadliest thrust of satire.

Therefore, since opera continues to stand in its own rights, and since its special claim is that it exists to intensify and make resplendent the stress of ordinary emotion, it follows

that it has the right to evolve its own special technique, or system of behaviour. The behaviour of a Shakespearean Othello in the scene beginning " Thou hast set me on the rack " cannot be taken as it stands and applied to the same scene of Verdi's opera. It is at once too subtle and too finely organized. The singing actor must think first of his singing, and afterwards of his acting. If the acting can be co-ordinated with the singing, it is well; if not, then a series of signs must be employed to assure the audience that he has not been suddenly thwarted by paralysis. And so the vast, intricate, unshakable edifice of operatic traditions is gradually built up. Singers must know not only the music of their rôles and of the other rôles associated with them, but they must learn a cyclic series of sacred signs and wonders which are grouped together under the eloquent word " Business." At a certain point in the Hagen-Gunter-Gutrune conference, for example, Gunter must rise from his position back-left of the stage, and walk across to the footlights-right, then, seeing that he can walk no farther, turn indignantly on his heel, and move to back-right. We should not object to this perambulation so much if it did not always suggest that Gunter regarded the stage as a chess-board and himself as a knight for whom certain squares and progressions were forbidden.

We can cede the point that opera must needs develop its own technique of acting, but the fact remains that technique which draws attention to itself defeats its own end.

But the most flagrantly absurd of all operatic " business " is that associated with the great love-duets. By this, the very object of opera is frustrated; for how can the most compelling of all human emotions be intensified by the sight of two people addressing themselves, not to each other, but to the audience, and employing the kind of frantic gesture which we associate with extreme distress? How often does it happen that the fervour of fine singing in the Sieglinde-Siegmund scene of " Die Walküre " is utterly negated by the tyranny of this " business "—this urgent necessity of being busy when there is nothing whatever to do except to sing of an ecstasy so delicately static that the slightest movement disturbs its spell? I hold my soul in patience until the day when I shall encounter singers wise enough and courageous enough to express this scene and all the other passionate scenes of opera with a minimum of bodily disturbance. The only excuse for permitting the musical expression of a dramatic situation is that the situation can be conveyed by no less drastic a means with so great a force. Otherwise the composer is poaching upon preserves. So also with the composer's employees. If the singers cannot communicate the full significance of the Fidelio-Florestan or the Tristan-Isolda duets through the uplift of their voices alone, then it is merely confessing and revealing failure to fall back upon the traditional presenting-of-arms.

This is not to argue that the only safe way in opera is for the singer to appear as one who is tied to the stake. The negation of movement is the other extremity, and one almost as ludicrous in effect, as we see from the enforced inaction of Parsifal. His is not so much a sense of repose as a sense of nothing. The average operatic situation demands from the characters an awareness of themselves and their environment which can be conveyed by no amount of guileless fooling. Nor can it be expressed by reactions which are out of the range of human reason and decorum. There is always the way of moderation, economy and restraint. The first steps along that way can be indicated by the following injunctions: (1) Let all Wagnerian singers learn to walk the stage naturally and without calling attention to the fact that they are consciously obeying an instruction printed in the score. (2) In cases where a concerted movement is definitely an intrusion and a distraction, let there be a simplification. It is nothing short of miraculous that three singers can ever be found to sing the Rhinemaidens' music, rocked as they must be in their cradles of the deep. The scene could be produced just as effectively by a simple system of lighting, without the assistance of those shirt-sleeved stage-assistants who, from the upper boxes of Covent Garden, can be seen running about with the preoccupied air of small boys flying large kites. (3) Let all arm signalling be suppressed and, when two are gathered together in order to commune, let them become transfigured before us by the spirit of their singing. We should be entirely unaware of the bodily aspect of their transport. The technique of love-making on the stage is an

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exceedingly sensitive organization, requiring the entire attention of the participants. Since opera singers cannot give their whole attention to the outward and visible sign, it is necessary that they should concentrate upon the audible sign, and make no attempt to represent the other. Even the final embrace should be forbidden, since, without the carefully prepared illusion of the finest acting, it is never anything but a shock. (4) Let there be no self-assertion in the ranks of the chorus. Those precocious individuals who find they have a talent for " acting " should be relegated to the back of the stage, where their amateur effects cannot be seen ; that is if the producer finds that they can be repressed by no stern measure of discipline.

And if there be anyone who holds that the traditions of operatic acting represent a crystallization of the experience of the ages, and ought not to be changed by one iota, then let him attend a performance of Donizetti's " L'Elisir d'Amore " as given by the *Teatro delle Piccole Maschere*.

The delicate wit of those spirited and nimble-bodied puppets mercilessly exposes the tinsel of operatic garments and reveals that the qualification of the word " Opera " by the word " Grand " is but a vain and unnecessary boast.

AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF A LADY BY GOYA

By AUGUST L. MAYER

GOYA'S portraits, dating from the eighties of the eighteenth century, already reveal the artist's desire to emphasize the common humanity of his sitters, and to present them without any elaborate setting, however much the painter in those years still adhered to the universal tendencies of the declining rococo. If in these works we can already discern a new middle-class element, then in later years, when a new and more democratic art is carried by him to victory, Goya preserves, on the other hand, a proud representative bearing in his portraits. The Spaniard's inborn desire for representative decoration, his sense of dignity, his proverbial pride, not only balance the newly stressed middle-class simplicity and humanity, but lend his works their most peculiar racial character.

The portrait of a lady which we reproduce here, and which has so far been unknown to the literature concerning Goya, shows in a remarkably striking manner the peculiar combination of the older tendency, insisting on representation, and the newer outlook. I have unfortunately not yet been able to discover who this lady wearing the Order of Charles III can be. She certainly does not belong to the well-known members of the royal family, but she appears to belong to the house of Bourbon, as her shawl is diapered with the gold lilies of Bourbon. The head, with dark hair, large eyes and, as usual in Goya's work, strongly-marked brows, is painted with great animation. The hands hold the fan and the book without any pose, the whole attitude of the seated lady is very natural, but the artist has stressed the frontal and very upright position of the body so decidedly that the proud, imposing character of the portrait has been attained in a sufficient degree.

The painting is thin, and at the same time powerful, revealing in the handling of paint the new style which, as we know, Goya gradually developed during the last decade of the century, after his serious illness. In certain respects the portrait is related to the large painting of the French Ambassador, Guillemardet, in the Louvre, which was executed in 1798. In all probability our portrait belongs to the same period.

An Unknown Portrait of a Lady by Goya

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Francisco de Goya

Messrs. Heinemann, Munich

NEW BOND STREET

A FORGOTTEN LONDON DELINEATOR

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

THE name of Dibdin is a famous one, for during the last century and a-half at least five of its bearers (without mentioning the well-known names of certain living members of the family) have attained celebrity. In the first place, there was Charles Dibdin, whose " Tom Bowling " is immortal; then there was his son, Charles Isaac Mungo Dibdin, a prolific dramatist and song-writer; Thomas Dibdin, brother of the last, who was also responsible for many plays and songs; and that great bibliographer, the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, who was a nephew of the original Charles. Indeed, the name connotes to the general public a certain delightfully boisterous form of drama and lyric ; or a kind of complacent bibliomania in the man who catalogued Lord Spencer's amazing library and who described the purchase of the famous Valdafar Boccaccio, in something like epic terms. But besides these illustrious members of a remarkable family, there was one who developed into an artist of excellent capabilities, and whose name, had he happened on a period less prolific in notable painters, would have stood out with greater lustre than it does.

Thomas Robert Colman Dibdin, to give him his full names, whom I here indicate, was the son of Thomas John Dibdin, and therefore

LA "BELLE SAUVAGE," LUDGATE HILL

a grandson of Charles, his mother being Nancy Hillier, an actress whom his father married in 1793. He was born at Betchworth in Surrey, on October 22, 1810, a year after his mother finally retired from the stage. One of his godfathers was George Colman the younger, hence his third Christian name. After a delicate boyhood and youth, during which he showed artistic tastes in the direction of music and painting, he was apprenticed to a chemist; but this must, one supposes, have been an uncongenial employment, and he was relieved from it by a nomination to the Post Office when he had reached the age of sixteen. That branch of the public service seems peculiarly fitted for the cultivation of talents in other directions, and Dibdin, like Trollope, found time to exercise his energies in other ways. His way was a pictorial one, and as early as 1831 he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, although his time was, even in a public office, too much occupied to allow of his as yet seriously following his natural bent. In 1834 he married Miss Ann Alice Jones, and thereupon took up his abode in Liverpool Road, Islington, from which spot, however, he shortly afterwards moved to Goswell Street, thus anticipating Mr. Pickwick as a resident in that now historic thoroughfare by a year or so.

The effect of Goswell Street was excellent, for hardly was Dibdin settled there than he began seriously to turn his attention to art as a profession, and burning his boats he retired from his position in the Post Office, and became an artist. That he was a practically self-taught one seems obvious, for we do not hear of his going through any special training or attending any art school. However, he was so naturally well-equipped as to be able to contribute, during the next year or two, pretty regularly to the "Oriental Annual"; was confident enough to give lessons; and caught the spirit of the time by not merely sketching in watercolours and painting in oil, but also by embarking in that lithographic work which, under the ægis of Boys and Hullmandel, was then coming into its own, after the tentative efforts which had followed Senefelder's great discovery in 1796. In 1842 he published a "Progressive Drawing Book," and two years later was commissioned to execute the watercolour drawings and lithographs illustrating "The Indian Cave Temples," a book then about to be issued in serial form. During this period Dibdin was much engaged in lithographic work, such books as Carter's "Views of Gibraltar" and Fergusson's "Hindu Temples," and the reproductions in this

"COACH AND HORSES" YARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE

medium of some of Callcott's pictures, being among the number on which he was engaged; while he also produced many examples of chromo-lithography for the firm of Hanhart.

But these labours did not exhaust his energy, and he continued his teaching and the publication of drawing-books, full of beautiful examples of his art, during the years 1847–50. He also executed a good deal of scene-painting, notably for the Olympic, the City Theatre, and Sadler's Wells. In 1850 he produced the "Diorama of the Ganges," from sketches made on the spot by James Fergusson, which was exhibited at the Portland Gallery, in Langham Place. He appears, too, to have been much sought after as a designer and decorator of theatrical subjects, doing work in this genre for the Marylebone, the Marionette, and the St. James's Theatres, and also at Drury Lane and Cremorne.

BEVIS MARKS

(1854)

In 1857 Dibdin retired to Banstead, but in 1862 was again domiciled in London, actively assisting Penrose in the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral in that year. Hitherto his work had been connected with landscape and topographical art in this country, but a visit to France and Belgium, about 1864, drew his attention to the architectural features of those lands, and his views of Abbeville, Boulogne, and Rouen, etc., became very popular, one of his best-known works being the "Butter Tower," in the last-named town, for which he was awarded a medal at the Crystal Palace and another at the Sydney Exhibition in 1880. In 1885 began a long illness which incapacitated him for further work. He lived, however, for another eight years, dying on December 26, 1893. His wife survived him but a few months. They had nearly reached the anniversary of their diamond wedding!

Perhaps the most striking characteristic about Dibdin, as an artist, is his versatility. Without special training he seems to have been able to turn his hand adequately to most methods—oil, watercolour, lithography, landscape-painting, architectural drawing, and scene-painting.

What will chiefly interest Londoners, however, are his delightful pencil sketches of the London of his earlier days. Between 1851 and 1855 he executed a large number of these for Holloway. The bulk of them are now preserved in the Guildhall, the Committee of the Library having with great wisdom acquired this invaluable topographical material from Miss Kate Dibdin, a daughter of the artist. By the courtesy of Mr. J. L. Douthwaite, the librarian, I am enabled to reproduce several of them here. They vary from watercolours and finished pencil sketches to mere reminders of some place or feature of the City, jotted down no doubt for future embellishment. They range from Leather Lane and Queenhythe to Bond Street and Piccadilly, and they all exhibit a certainty of touch and an appreciation of topographical interest, indicating that admirable admixture of the artist and the antiquary in which Dibdin had much in common with men like Boys and Crowther, Bigot and Hosmer Shepherd. Some only of these sketches are dated, but they were made during the fifties of the last century, when so much was being destroyed in London. Thus, apart from their artistic merits, they have a special value as recording, in many instances features of the City long with the past. For instance, in one of those here reproduced we have a very different New Bond Street than exists today, although one feature, the picturesque shop-front of Messrs. Ellis & Co.,

at No. 29 (then Boone's), still happily survives. In yet another we are shown the entrance and Ludgate Hill frontage of the Belle Sauvage, before reconstruction had taken from it its former picturesque features. The charming sketch of the old "Coach and Horses" in Bartholomew Close, once patronized by the many printers who carried on their business near by, is matched by that of Bevis Marks (dated, by the way, 1854) where Sampson Brass had his office at No. 10, if suppositious identification can be relied on, and where, at the corner of St. Mary Axe, stood the "Golden Axe" Tavern, eulogized by Dick Swiveller. Another of these fascinating little sketches we are able to reproduce shows us Bury Street, St. James's, at the bottom of which we catch a glimpse of the Haymarket Theatre; the Bury Street of Swift and Vanessa, of Tommy Moore at No. 27, and of Major Pendennis and Dan O'Connell; and finally we are shown what Cannon Street looked like exactly seventy years ago, with St. Paul's on one side and on the other St. Antholin's, a church demolished in 1874 when the new Queen Victoria Street was constructed. It was about the time when Dibdin made his sketch that Cannon Street was widened and converted into the thoroughfare more or less as we know it today. And incidentally, this drawing, as do so many of this artist's London sketches, recalls the features of the City which, but for such careful delineators as he, would have passed away from the memory of those who knew them as they were in bygone days.

BURY STREET, ST. JAMES'S

CANNON STREET

(1857)

Dibdin's work in this direction has not, of course, the finish and completeness of that of Boys or Parrott. The sketches which the Guildhall Library possesses are in many cases but reminders of the features of a past City, jotted down as occasion served to be worked up, in some cases, into finished water-colours. But they all show the authentic touch of the artist, and, above all, they are valuable pictorial documents, often representing buildings which have long since disappeared, and spots in London's immensity which have been overlooked by other topographical draughtsmen. Some are dated, which gives them an added value from the point of view of the historian of the City; on not a few are pencilled notes indicating subsidiary streets; and not infrequently the name of some tradesman is carefully set down over the shop which appears in the sketch. Only those who seek to reconstruct the past know the value of these data, which might to many seem trivial and unnecessary; for, as in the famous case of Tallis's street views, one is thus able often to give a vividness and actuality to a topographical description which the picture alone of a building can never quite evoke—unless, of course, that building be one of such historic character as to be independent of literary aid.

A MEDALLION PICTURE ON THE CEILING OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY

(*Painted in* 1923)

REVIVAL OF MURAL DECORATION IN INDIA

By VASUDEO B. METTA

THE art of mural decoration was well developed in countries with a warm climate, and that is why it flourished in Greece and Rome. It was also practised in India, perhaps centuries before it was developed in Greece. You read in the ancient Hindu epics, " The Ramayana " and " The Mahabharata," that kings had large picture galleries called *chitra salas* attached to their palaces. It also appears from those poems that Indian artists were not conventional, but went straight to Nature for their inspiration. Very few, however, of the ancient mural decorations of India survive. Some of them were destroyed by time, and others by that even more destructive force—man. The few that survive are to be found in the Buddhist caves, excavated between the third century before Christ and the seventh century of the Christian era. They are full of life, and a haunting, spiritual beauty. The subjects they deal with are everything from grave to gay. Love-scenes, embassies, stories from the life of Buddha, flowers, and animals are all depicted there with consummate skill. It is difficult to decide whether all of them are true frescoes, that is, the *fresco buono* of the Italians. Some of them at least appear to be tempera paintings.

Then comes another big gap in the history of mural painting in India, for there are no examples of really great mural paintings left in the country since those cave-paintings were painted, with the exception of the pictures painted on the walls of Udeypur and Fatehpur Sikri. It must, however, be remarked that the mural paintings of Fatehpur Sikri are not wholly Indian. They show an unmistakable influence of Persian art, which was then fashionable at the court of the Great Moguls.

PLOUGHING

Mural Decoration. Government House, Bombay, 1923

GARDENING

Mural Decoration. Government House, Bombay, 1923

BASKET MAKING

Mural Decoration. Government House, Bombay, 1923

The early British rulers of India were unimaginative, and so they could not understand that the art-instincts of different nations are different. They, therefore, introduced European methods of drawing and painting into the country. The result was disastrous. Indian artists became bad imitators of European artists, and therefore they created nothing that was worth admiring. The art of mural decoration was altogether neglected by them. Then a reaction set in at the beginning of this century. A number of Indian artists, under the able guidance of Mr. E. B. Havell, the Principal of the Calcutta School of Art, threw off the shackles of European art, and reverted to the ancient art-ideals of their country. The result has been good. The Bengal School of Art, as this new school of painting is called, has produced a number of paintings, painted in a more or less Indian manner, which have been exhibited and admired in Paris, London, and New York.

The Bengal School of Art has, however, confined its attention mainly to painting miniatures. The art of mural decoration, therefore, remained neglected in India until Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon was appointed Principal of the Bombay School of Art. Mr. Solomon, being an ardent admirer of the ancient mural paintings of India, immediately started in his school a class for mural decoration. Under his guidance and training his pupils executed a few allegorical and symbolical paintings—such as Dawn, Night, Winter, and Summer—on the walls of their school. These paintings are charming, and show the Renaissance of Indian art-instincts. They were thrown open to the public at the end of 1920. The Governor of Bombay was so pleased with them that almost immediately after the exhibition he gave an order to the students of the art school to decorate the Government House of the city. That work has been almost completed now. The artists have decorated the Government House with paintings of Indian life, all done in a flat, truly decorative manner.

The new Bombay School of mural decorators cannot be called wholly " Indian," because there is a good deal of European influence in their work. But that shows that their art is living, and is not a mere resurrection of the art of the past. All art must reflect the temperament of a people. And as present-day Indians are intellectually, emotionally, and imaginatively half-Eastern and half-European, it is but natural that their art should be a mixture of Eastern and Western art-methods and ideals. It can, however, be shown that with the passage of time the Bombay artists are becoming less and less obviously European in their work. The paintings of the Government House are less western than are those of the School of Art.

The old Indian mural pictures were painted directly on the wall, but the new ones are painted on canvas embedded in the wall. It would be better, no doubt, if the Bombay artists were to learn to paint on the wall direct, and use, not oil-colours as they are doing at present, but the vegetable and mineral colours which their ancestors made use of. That probably they will begin to do a few years hence.

NOTES ON ART IN ITALY

By J. A. F. ORBAAN

I
AN UNKNOWN GIOVANNI DA SAN GIOVANNI

THE period of the Baroque in Italy is not so entirely devoid of masters with original talent in painting, when one takes the trouble to go a little outside the beaten track or to catch the official celebrities in moments when they are more themselves than just thinking of the honours cast upon them by their contemporaries. Guido Reni becomes quite human where he paints the portrait of his nurse, and Guercino shows an unexpected sense of realism in his etching of a rural funeral.

But in general we remain with those painters in celestial, biblical, and mythological spheres, which is easily explained as, apart from occasional portraits, these were the themes their ecclesiastical patrons, associations, fraternities, and rich laymen wanted them to treat. Real everyday life—not to speak of humorous scenes—is extremely rare as the object of the art of painting in the latter part of the sixteenth century and in the Seicento in Italy. Where " Existenzmalerei," as Burckhardt called it, appears, it is considerably ennobled, as by Veronese in his banquets. Bernardo Strozzi is there, perhaps, one of the few exceptions, and some more realistic paintings by the Carraccis strike us as such, which serves to confirm the rule that dignity and solemnity are characteristic of the Baroque. More consolation is found, by one who would be on the look-out for " fine arts as illustrations of life in bygone days," in the nearly unexplored field of engraving of that period of which we might bring here some day a number of striking examples.

In this world of life expressed in grandiloquent terms the art of Caravaggio meant a violent protest. Less obvious is the gentle variety brought by Giovanni da San Giovanni (1592–1636), who, gifted with a decided taste for humour and a fine understanding of common-day life, reached in some way the same results.

This master's *œuvre* is well known even to the ordinary visitors of Florence. Giglioli has added much to the stock, both in painting and in drawings. We hardly need to recall the airy and fragrant decorations of the walls of the Palazzo Pitti; and the features of Giovanni da San Giovanni's wife, Margherita di Camillo Marughi, who appears in graceful attitudes in many of his frescoes, are familiar to the student of the work of this thoroughly Tuscan master.

His work is so personal that we can afford to ask this John " to speak for himself " in introducing a new addition, hitherto overlooked and for the first time photographed, my purpose being thus to make him better known. He does speak with the elegance of his style, the presence of his wit, the particular way of treating whole physiognomies, or the details like eyes, the form of the hands, the free motion of the figures, that no doubt is left as to the author.

This composition is to be found on a wall of the former refectory of Santi Nereo and Achilleo, Rome, and represents the famous Baronius sent out by Filippo Neri, this last to be canonized not long after his death, for humiliation to buy a fiasco of wine in an ordinary inn : " Manda Baronio con un Bucale a Comprare una Mezza "—where we have to understand " Mezza Foglietta," the measure introduced by Pope Sixtus V.

The anecdote, told by Padre Calenzio in his book about the life of the great historian of the Early Church, fits well in the spirit which prevailed amongst the brotherhood of the Church of the Vallicella, where abnegation and self-denial were the order of the day.

This was Baronius's own church when a cardinal, and it was indicated to bring this pictorial record just there. In the same time the painting must have afforded a somewhat more lively note to the repasts, and also in this trend of ideas we recognize our Giovanni da San Giovanni !

Most probably it was a diversion from his magnificent work in the neighbouring church of Quattro Coronati : the decoration of the entire apsis.

Until now the exact date of Giovanni da San Giovanni's stay in Rome was not known;

it wavered between 1623 and 1624. The following document, which I discovered recently in the State Archives of Florence, settles this question with all the precision needed:

1623, January 16. *The Florentine ambassador at the Papal court writes from Rome, that Giovanni da San Giovanni is willing to go back to Florence, but that he has first to finish his work in the church of the Quattro Coronati. The painter himself tells the diplomatist, to whom he paid a visit, that he will have to do this, also to stop the biting remarks of colleagues, and asks for some aid to be sent from Florence. Anyway, on account of the temperature, the winter months in Florence itself are not adapted for this kind of work, as Piero Guicciardini notes, adding a trifle maliciously that it would be advisable to give in on this point, as it would take away any chance for the artist to make excuses, i.e. for eventually not finishing up his work.*

C. 462–462 vo. Giovanni da San Giovanni, pittore, mi dice, che all'aprile sarà costà per ubbidire a' comandamenti de padroni et per servirli et perché non può lasciar imperfetta un opera, che fa qui di commandamento del signor cardinal Mellini nella chiesa di Santiquattro, oltre all' haver anco bisogno di chiuder in quest' occasione la bocca a suoi emuli, che pubblicherebbono il suo ritorno a Firenze perché non li fusse bastato l'animo di finir quest' opera, mentre è bisognato più d'una volta, che egli stia alle censure de pittori per le male lingue, che hanno procurato di fargliene levare, scrive al signor Giulio Parigi, che li mandi di costà un aiutante, perché possa proccurar d'haverla sbrigata a quel tempo, mentre non può fidarsi d'alcuno di quà, per le perseuttioni haute et che continuamente ci patisce.

Potria Vostra Signoria fa intendere al Parigi, che quanto prima invij l'aiuto, perché in questo tempo, che in Firenze non si può lavorare mediante il freddo e i diacci, egli sollecita qui quel che ha di presente alle mani, et per levarli occasione di scusa in parte alcuna.

Piero Guicciardini, Roma, alla Granduchessa, Firenze.

(Firenze, *Archivio di Stato, Fondo Mediceo* 5973.)

Rome, SS. Nereo et Achilleo

CARDINAL BARONIUS SENT TO BUY WINE

By Giovanni da San Giovanni

II
VELAZQUEZ IN ROME
(1630)

The successor of Piero Guicciardini, called Francesco Niccolini, had the Villa Medici in Rome in his care, and therefore it is no wonder that we find in one of his letters the first documentary evidence of Velazquez staying there as a guest in the "Giardino del Granduca," a kind of outpost of Tuscany in the Eternal City. Still it is an exceptional favour, as no other artist, at least from the year 1580 up to the year 1630, appears to have enjoyed the privilege, which was bestowed quite exceptionally on cardinals and members of the high nobility. And here I speak not only of the diplomatic correspondence, but base this statement and negative result on many other hand-written volumes, so as to exclude entirely the possibility—a posthumous compliment to Velazquez, even if he had to be satisfied with just one room.

1630, April 30. *The Spanish ambassador asks his*

colleague from Tuscany to grant an abode to the painter of the King of Spain, known for his exquisite portrait paintings, who is in Rome, in order to stay there the entire summer. Niccolini, as usual in cases when this favour was asked, says that he has to ask permission in Florence. He must have rather wondered at the request, as in his letter to the court he hints that the Palazzo Madama, a quite dilapidated mansion then, with the Palazzo Firenze a foothold of the Medici in Rome, might be more suitable. But he thinks that the ambassador would prefer to have the painter nearer to his own palace on the Piazza della Trinità (Piazza di Spagna), or might even himself wish to pass some time in the villa.

C. 350. Il signor conte di Monterei voleva, ch'io facesse dar stanza al Giardino della Trinità de' Monti a un pittore del rè venuto qui, che di ritratti al naturale, secondo mi si dice, è esquisitissimo, a fin ché vi si possa trattenere tutta l'estate et perchè me ne sono scusto, come che sia necessario di pigliarne permissione dal signor cardinale padrone, m'ha fatto comandar di procurarne la licenza, onde, volendolo gratificare, potrebben andar pensando si complissi più metterlo in piazza Madama, quando però il conte non non lo voglia al Giardino per haverlo vicino al suo palazzo. Intanto aspetto, che Vostra Signoria Illustrissima comandi quel che io devo rispondere al signor conte.

C. 351. M'è stato parimente accennato, che possa venir voglia al conte di Monterei di domandar il luogo del Giardino per se medesimo a fin di trattenervisi qualche tempo et di questo mi son lassato intendere, che bisogni sciverne costà.

Francesco Niccolini, Roma, alla corte, Firenze.
(Firenze, *Archivo di Stato, Fondo Mediceo* 3347.)

From the rather cool answer sent by the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Florence, we learn that the affair is already arranged by a cardinal of the Medici family:

1630, maggio 4. Quanto al concedersi una camera nel palazzo del Giardino della Trinità de Monti per quel pittore del rè Cattolico, dice il signor cardinale d'haverne già mandato l'ordine a Vostra Eccellenza et quando se lo fusse scordato, Vostra Eccellenza già intende, che Sua Signoria Illustrissima se ne contente.

Bali Ciolo, Firenze, a Francesco Niccolini, Roma.
(Firenze, *Archivio di Stato, Fondo Mediceo* 3522.)

And that is all for the moment.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BRISTOL RECORDS

A representative list of names of persons who emigrated to America between the years 1654 and 1679

(Transcribed by R. HARGREAVES-MAWDSLEY)

Over 10,000 names are registered in the recently discovered records of the City of Bristol, described in the June number of this Magazine. Every emigrant was compelled by ordinance to register his name, address, and vocation. Research in these records has been the means of several American families tracing their ancestry.

Name	*Residence*
PAGE 1	
Richard Pell	(No place given)
Thomas Ree	Upper Warren
George Palmer	Taunton
Richard ffenne	Badmington
Susan Selfe	Chipnam
Thomas Cletter	(No place given)
John Dawks	Redermister
Robert Cartwright	Droitwich
PAGE 2	
John Jones	Droitwich
Charles Corbet	Colla
William Haiward	Charleton
Susanna White	Preston
Joane Robinson	Droitwich
Margery Coles	Beareford
Mary Giles	Salwarpe
John Edward	Lamsadder
Morgan Thomas	Clanspethie
Richard Combes	Sturton
James Sheppard	Kingswood
Mary Ravenell	Woolhope
PAGE 3	
John Rose	ffarly
Stephen Trotman	Nibley
Jesse Trotman	Nibly
William Jones	Lanbaier
Roger Reece	Redwelly
John Davis	Berrowin
Morgan Jones	Trelocke
George Jones	Trelocke
Henry Davis	Lansamfroid
George Pearse	Hull
James ffraven	Ruarden
John Gooding	Abergainy
PAGE 4	
John Horsnet	Bromheadrin
John Henikir	Ross
Clement Everet	Stone
John Williams	Cowbreach
Evan Wathin	Langattock
Phillip Thomas	Landavid
Lewis Williams	Abegainy
Ruth Phillips	Tithrrington
Marlin Jones	Abergainy
Ann Dabdes	Tewksbury
John Watkins	Brotherden
John Griffith	Blackmore
PAGE 5	
William Norvell	Uphill
Lewis Bevan	Carlion
Alice Jenkins	Cowbreach
Hanna White	Stogumber
William Bowen	Langadock
William Davis	Cardiffe
Thomas Gothridge	Northcurry
Thomas Morgan	Newport
John Watkins	Laughan
Joane Norman	Ashwicke
Jane Phelks	Midford
Susan Selfe	Chipnam

Name	*Residence*
PAGE 6	
Welthian Morris	Mivor
Robert ffox	Bristoll
John Merriweather	Taunton
David Williams	Glanaty
David Maxall	Glanane
Richard Allen	Harlington
Michael Vowle	Ballinure
George Stephems	Bristoll
Richard Wolfe	Herefford
John Chilcot	Stoey
John Hill	Ludford
John Lewis	Blakemore
PAGE 7	
Ann Amphlet	Brosely
Katharine Perry	Brosely
Elizabeth Llewellin	Bristoll
Honor Edwards	Bristoll
John Griffith	Brinsop
Thomas Kimbridge	Pollet
Prudence Leggat	Bristoll
Evan Ellis	Landeliolen
Walter Harry	Brungwin
Thomas Morris	Dublin
William Philpe	Reading
Joseph ffreeman	Nanton
PAGE 8	
Edward Harry	Lanero
Michaell Bennet	The Barbadoes
Bridget Watkins	Egget
John Allen	Werr
John Smith	London
William Beacon	Bathe
Mathew Maclelen	Orcougule
John Luffe	Bath
Thomas Hembrow	Lamport
Edward Batsson	Yorcombe
John Pimple	Somerton
Thomas Strashly	Taunton
PAGE 9	
John Williams	Tregard
Seth Williams	Kennins
Benjamin Stephens	Swainswick
Bary Thomas	Calcot
Thomas Beale	Bristoll
Christopher Hix	Bristoll
Henry Stiffe	ffishiton
William Brownjohn	Salisbury
William Rinold	Kemis
John Reynolds	Wellington
William Woodfield	London
Thomas Collins	London
PAGE 10	
Bartholomew Jones	Baslick
John Davis	Rosse
George Wotton	Bridgwater
Richard Eckinfull	Ledbury
Morris Power	Waterford
Mary Clarke	Bristoll
Evan David	Lanyangell
Thomas Harris	Raglan
Ann Holbrooke	Bristoll
Humfry Ellis	Welshpoole
Mary Lovell	Dimock
Ann Olman	Bristoll
PAGE 11	
Joane ffreeman	Wister
Elinor Cox	Cannington
Rachell Ley	Kennington
William Mountague	Astoncling
Henry Harris	Bitton
John Dickery	Salisbury
Nicholas Garby	Southwarke
Thomas Cooper	ffroome
Edward Godsell	St. Phillip's in Bristoll
William Walter	London
ffrancis Wimball	Wootton
Dorothy Balle	Salisbury
PAGE 12	
Robert Stary	Axbridge
Thomas Boy	Belanamore
Timothy Boy	Belanamore
Luke Morgan	Kenford
William Peters	West Chester
Richard Crabb	Bristoll
Isaac Palmer	Sutton
Richard Jones	Worcester
Mathew Williams	Nulim
William Baker	St. John's in St. Lewis
John Wagget	Shepton upon Stower
Thomas ffurnis	Warwick
PAGE 13	
Richard Marler	Coventry
Stephen Gun	Oxford
Michaell Pinkney	St. Martin's in London
Henry Gittis	Bathe
John Gwilliam	Edlain
Hanna Leere	Corke
Gennet Reece	Langattock
Elinor Cubis	Corfe
Susan Jefferis	Winford
Sara Peters	Hindon
John Pasten	Bristoll
Elinor Griffeth	Worcester
PAGE 14	
George Edin	Rouick
Myles Carill	Waterford
John Bande	Gloucester
James Davis	Kingsloe
William Davis	Kingsloe
Roger Jones	Carlion
John Ruther	Cardigan
Phillip Jones	Butterwood
ffrancis Jones	Butterwood
Katharine Mathew	Swanzey
Morgan David	Whichurch
Rice Howell	Estrodwelta
PAGE 15	
James Harris	Langatto
William Bennet	Waring
Roger Spreake	Culliford
William James	Spixen
John Parker	Barbadoes
Elizabeth Barley	Thornebury
Judith Paifry	Milburton
Mary Jones	Marlis
Katharine Dimant	Bristoll
Hestor Meene	Weston under Poinard
Dorothy ffarmer	Gloucester
Joane Howlet	Gloucester
PAGE 16	
Edward Hilman	Yatton
Huddy Harris	Corsham
Ann Pits	Porbury
Robert Coller	Sutton
Richard Powell	Lanwarne
Mary Onion	Tipponton
Ann Speake	Bristoll
Thomas Lillicrop	Huethick
Stephen Smalman	Wilderhope
George Hayter	Eston Yleris
John Trustrome	Dunsborne Leard
John Sambrooke	St. Michael's in London
PAGE 17	
Thomas Jones	Lantillo Gresem
William Bryan	Lantillo Gresem
William Webb	Cremcard
John Cundrick	Westerly
George Bonde	Bristoll
Ann Jones	Bristoll
Priscilla Rogers	Lanthony
William Musgrave	Taunton
Anthony Agg	Bristoll
Ann Toulson	Gloucester
Peter Whitingham	Midlewich
Mary Dyer	Nantwood
PAGE 18	
Edward Streatly	Weymouth
John Rice	Cadwelly
Abigaile Grannt	Bradford
Jane Stroud	Bristoll
John Ross	Bute
Sara Jones	Landaffe
Margaret Williams	Ragland
Alice Watkins	Penrose
Edward Davis	Newton
Daniel Abbot	Trinity in Isle of Ely
Thomas Taylor	Luggerdine
Rebecca Davis	Grossemount

Name	*Residence*
PAGE 19	
Anne Morgan	Rollstone
Mary Jones	Greekehowell
Markes Thomas	Greekehowell
Nicholas Winston	Bristoll
Sarah Carter	Bristoll
James Stephens	Abraham Chest
Robert Bult	Chelton
Ann Prichard	Greekehowell
Joseph Cox	Mangotsfield
Edward Whiting	Madston
William Worgan	Blakeney
John Windsor	Winsfield
PAGE 20	
Hanna Window	Winsffield
Dorothy Pegler	Winsffield
Margaret Trippick	(Blank)
George Stephens	Bisley
Edward Benny	Bodington
Elinor ffowler	St. Andrewes
Richard ffrankeland	Clapoole
Morgan Williams	Newport
Robert Smith	Kingsale
Robert Haker	Balsbury
John Noblin	North Yarmouth
Edward Mills	Bishops Upton
PAGE 21	
Thomas Warr	Bishops Upton
Mary Jones	Manithiselo
Thomas Wally	Congreton
Elizabeth Wally	Congreton
John Whitmore	Dudley
Susan Wits	Cawne
Thomas Rooke	Nunson
John Charles	Manthusilo
Elinor Harvert	Bath
William Avery	Shepston uppon Stower
William White	Herefford
John ffalconer	Sherhampton
PAGE 22	
John Blast	Newlands
Elizabeth Care	Cheltnam
Richard Mooreton	Bristoll
James Price	Gloucester
Mary Golding	Devizes
Sidney Bailey	Clonvaiday
Thomas Jones	Landaffe
Mary Giles	Srevin
Alice Stewart	Pensford
John Watkins	Monmouth
Evan Thomas	Lanwinnellins
John Hatten	Bristoll
PAGE 23	
Thomas Hubbert	Bristoll
Joseph Coventry	Hull
John Waters	Penhow
Joane Davis	Bristoll
John Atkins	Huthorne
Morrice Evans	Bruton
Jane Jones	Gloucester
William Lade	East Mauling
William Cooke	Hereford
David Jones	Cowbridge
William Chambers	Bristoll
John Jenkins	Clohen neere Clammell (Clonmell)
PAGE 24	
Arthur Skinner	London
Elizabeth Williams	Bristoll
John Bayly	Bristoll
John Jones	Bristoll
Morris Evans	ffroome
Sarah Jones	Bristoll
Elizabeth Stephens	(No place given)
Elioner Johnson	London
Elioner Williams	(No place given)
Anne Bevington	Hasely
Isaac Gale	Keinton
John Yate	Orleton
PAGE 25	
John Hughs	Carno
David Howell	Crickhowell
Thomas Jones	Crickhowell
John Millard	Westwood
Markes Young	Ile of Wayte
Robert Sansum	Bristoll
John Page	Elmester
John Pugginham	Sias Newton
Mary Barnard	Taunton
Hugh Partridge	Bristoll
Hugh Ingrome	Bristoll
John Page	Elmister
PAGE 26	
John Thomas	Morgan
Edward Hancocke	Hancocke
Johnes Webb	Bristoll
Thomas Blany	Letton
Richard Clements	Broniard
Elioner Edwards	Monmouth
Margaret Barnewell	Bristoll
Lawrence Asx	Dublin
Barbara Pattingall	Sparrowgrave
Elizabeth Wally	Sparrowgrave
John King	Mayer
John Haskins	Tewton Mendip

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

YOUNG French painting is mourning today for one who had come from Spain and occupied an important position in the school of Paris, having broken all ties, of influence and others, with his native country. The painter, Juan Gris, one of the first to experience the revelation of the Cubist ideals, which he illustrated with his very vital personality, died at Boulogne-sur-Seine on May 12 after a cruel illness.

Painters, sculptors, art-lovers, poets, critics, all the animators of the modern artistic movement who were in Paris, followed poor Juan Gris to the suburban cemetery. A victim of uræmia at the age of forty!

The hearse was covered with flowers. The terrible spectres of misery and disorder which had long since been disbanded were absent from the procession of shadows which collect the living behind the remains of the dead. It was not, therefore, possible to evoke the princely funeral arranged by artistic Paris for Modigliani, who died in hospital like a vagabond. But never since that unforgettable funeral was the sad ceremony carried out so gently.

Paris had been deprived of the honour of conducting Renoir to his grave, a duty which would, without doubt, have been performed with the greatest pomp.

But the funeral of Juan Gris filled us with an exceptional sense of tragedy: the horror of burying an artist who had hardly reached the middle of his life, one who, I may say, formed part of our militant and often heroic youth, this is what prevented it from being altogether an apotheosis. Yet no one doubted that his name and his work would live on.

What youth—for Juan Gris, who for three years was obliged to do caricatures for a living, it was never mad—could Picasso recall, as he bent over the grave of him who, one evening, without luggage, and smiling like a pilgrim, happy to reach his goal, had knocked at the door of the poor old wooden studio in the rue Ravignan, at the top of

Montmartre; the studio on the door of which Picasso had written with blue chalk, in a touching Franco-Castilian jargon: *El Rendezvous des Poètes.*

The military funeral of Guillaume Apollinaire, with the old helmeted territorials rendering homage to the ashes of the Lieutenant Wilhelm-Apollinaire de Kostrowitzky! The funeral of the wretched Modigliani, a truly noble funeral! The funeral of Juan Gris, covered with flowers, and following the road between a racecourse and the long line of aeroplane factories, whose modern beauty the Cubist painter understood so well! And our scarcely buried dead on the battlefields! No generation could be less spared than ours.

Who would you think of beside Picasso, Georges Braque, Jean Metzinger, Louis Marcoussis, Laurens, Lipchitz?

Many great painters had come, whose art in no way proceeds from Cubism, from André Derain to Chagall, from Maria Blanchart to André Lhote. And I have already mentioned the presence of poets and musicians. A significant homage!

Yes, Juan Gris is certain to survive. The future will place the works of his best period very high—those measured symphonies rich in unique greens and blues of the period 1916–1920.

Emile Othon Friesz was also among those who rendered the supreme homage to Gris: Emile Othon Friesz, the junior of Henri Matisse, one of the champions and vehement doctrinaires of "pure colour" in 1905, and one of the first Fauves, with André Derain. The latter has evolved, his mastery accentuating itself in a "splendid isolation." Emile Othon Friesz has remained a Fauve as genuinely as Matisse. It would be imprudent to doubt it, judging only by the severe economy of his palette. All the spirit of Fauvism was not in *colour*, nor in *gradation*, according to the distinction of Verlaine; not even in *tone*, according to the distinction made by Jean Moréas; it could be recognized much better by a certain *accent*.

During the fine "Exposition Fauve" Emile Othon Friesz showed at the Galerie Granoff his "Cent tableaux choisis de 1895–1927," the success of which is still continuing.

Another occasion for a very curious retrospect was offered to us. Le Fauconnier exhibited at the Galerie Billiet what he considers to be the essential portion of his *œuvre*. "But," it was said, "who is this Le Fauconnier whom the critics mention so familiarly, and who has, nevertheless, not participated in any of the great exhibitions?" It is not easy to explain why this artist, who is respected by a small number and has all the airs and attitudes of a popular young master, has hardly ever been mentioned, has, so to say, never been commented on, and does not figure in any of the work dealing with modern art.

It is not sufficient to put down that from 1913 to 1921, the period when the destinies of living art were fixed, Le Fauconnier lived in a voluntary exile and only enjoyed a very small sale to his Dutch hosts. Presenting today a collection of his works, Le Fauconnier can be analysed as follows: "Period of Ploumanach" (1907–1913), "Period of Amsterdam" (1916–1920), then subsidiary groups dating from his return to Paris.

One notices at once the gap 1913–1916. It is of singular importance, because for once this gap is not a concrete image of inactivity. It was precisely between 1913 and 1916 that Le Fauconnier—the friend of Lèger, the painter-poet of mechanism reduced to its plastic principle, the friend of Metzinger, the Cubist who departed least from human appearance, the friend of Gleizes, the apostle of scientific Cubism—painted his great works, of which "L'Abondance" was a considerable attraction in the Salon d'Automne and which, when followed up, assured for him ever since 1920 his true place among his contemporaries.

With what passion did he, who is so full of pride, paint at that time! It is only an anecdote, though it has its value—and, besides, do we hate anecdotes? I remember a thunderstorm one day. Lightning was flashing over Montparnasse when a friend of the painter, the excellent poet and critic, Roger Allard, cried, with the seriousness of a profound joke: "Le Fauconnier is painting!"

In 1927 Le Fauconnier allows his "Period of Ploumanach"—that is to say, the series of Impressionist canvases which he reproached us for regretting when we were still hesitating over his neo-Cubism—to stand good. What are we to conclude?

First of all that we must have confidence in the cultured artist, who has sought so bitterly and who is capable of making a sacrifice of this sort. He might have seduced us. He could have "had" us as he pleased at the point where we had arrived. But Le Fauconnier (I am interpreting him, for he has not confided in me) did not wish to benefit by other people's victories on the one hand. On the other hand, being better suited for intellectual introspection than for exaltation, he mistrusted, after the first fire of youth, that which might only be the appearance of false grandeur. Many will see in his most recent works nothing but the fruits of a realism conscious of second-rate values.

Let us rest assured that Le Fauconnier, like a prince who goes about without a flourish of trumpets, is anxious to include the real majesty of those great subjects he used to dream of. At certain points pride and modesty lose their distinction. There is a "Le Fauconnier drama," somewhat irritating, though it has very noble qualities, and which I can never attempt to analyse from act to act.

Do you know Marcel Lenoir? He is one of the picturesque figures of Montparnasse, possessing a dignity that smatters of the ridiculous. But what is far more important is that Marcel Lenoir, whose enthusiasm waxed when that of Maurice Denis began to wane, has attempted to replace the art of fresco painting in a position of honour, and has almost succeeded, though that art had to be entirely rediscovered, and though Marcel Lenoir, who is, on the whole, self taught, seemed so little suited to this task. His carnivalesque attitudes of a sorry carnival have given rise to doubt about this artist. This was the case with us, and it is very possible that Marcel Lenoir, who has always thwarted our sympathy by his extravagant ways, has attained success in his art through faith.

He is in truth a curious man, slow to find his path and all the more proud because he stumbled. A chilly Christ beneath his house-painter's blouse, his scarf mingling with the long hair that falls over his white blouse—a Christ suggesting Oberammergau much more than Montparnasse. Were he to be uncovered a dark Southerner would appear—a Southerner of Montauban, a brother to the man described by the novelist Léon Cladel, to whom Paris has just dedicated a bust, the work of his daughter, Judith Cladel.

But Lenoir's painting is very light. To announce a private exhibition, which he defines as a "studio display,"

Marcel Lenoir, who is not rich, has covered Paris with posters like those of virtuosos or parliamentary candidates. I should say of this arrogant man that he is not arrogant enough. Pride which just now mingled with modesty in the case of Le Fauconnier can be pushed to the extreme and lose itself in candour. Fra Angelico would have looked after himself better if his simplicity as a painter had equalled his simplicity as a self-apologist : " I would love men and beasts and nature and all that combines to form the universe. Was it not Jesus who gave me the presentiment that everything was religious ? " All this, which is not very sensible, is dedicated to " those who, if they could, would rob me of my faith."

Let us not smile too much. The sculptor Bourdelle, who is a reasonable master, uses very much the same language when he is seized, as too often happens, with the desire to write æsthetic commentaries. It is a vice of the period, an eccentricity common to those of the same generation. It is part of the heritage of symbolism which has fallen into the peculiarly artisan hands of the half-lettered. It is possible to find, on the boxes along the quays, pamphlets of Bourdelle which it needs a very practised eye to distinguish quickly from those of Marcel Lenoir.

However that may be, Marcel Lenoir, who has once or twice attained great decoration, has done a little more than save a good many parishes from the ecclesiastical bazaar, disenchanting at the same time several of his *curé* friends. The studies that Lenoir has had the madness to set up in his studio are, on the whole, below the level of his monumental realizations. The reason is that he needs, and therein lies his merit, the bare stone as a setting for his dreams, with the weight of the sacred vaults overhead. Is it not precisely that which paralyses Maurice Denis, the highly cultured master, the proudly orthodox Christian who is so lucid in his studio ?

M. Edouard Herriot has inaugurated the final arrangement of Claude Monet's " Nymphéas " in the orangery of the Tuileries. What did M. Edouard Herriot, the learned minister and lover of good painting, think ? But do ministers have leisure to look ? And, besides, Clemenceau himself, Clemenceau who, in " La Justice," was the first to organize the defence of free art in the periodical press, Clemenceau was greatly mistaken. It must be admitted that the gift to the State of the series of " Nymphéas " is a catastrophe. A vast public, including a large portion of the so-called *élite*, religiously accepts the consecration of the museum. It is in the Louvre, consequently it is a masterpiece. Thanks to the late Camondo, Monet is in the Louvre, shining with all his genius. He is execrable at the annexe of the orangery, but Panurge and its sheep will be deceived.

There were two public exhibitions of the " Nymphéas " during Monet's lifetime. On the second occasion the art-lover might have doubted his own eyes, not being able quite to recognize these water-lilies. They have arrived at the orangery still more transformed, and not to their advantage.

It may be frankly admitted, without diminishing the glory of one whose work is so rich, that Claude Monet was spoiled towards his end, not so much by age—what did age mean to Renoir ?—as rather by his addiction to the " series," forced upon him by too profitable commissions. The bridges of London mark the beginning of this decline. But what—a Monet can be repeated ? Alas ! there were, in the case of this great man, proud, but useless repetitions. Dissatisfied with certain series, he ended by repeating the whole series. Thus he unfortunately modified, among other panels, these " Nymphéas " of the orangery, which could never have been considered to represent his happiest vein. Above all, an artist should always beware of the series.

Innumerable chronicles were produced to celebrate the centenary of Carpeaux. They appear, on the whole, to have seen very clearly. The test has not diminished the glory of the master of " La Danse " at the Opéra, of the " Flora " in the Tuileries, and of the " Fountain " of the five continents at the crossroads of the Observatoire. However, nobody has placed Carpeaux on the summit. He has been rightly presented as appearing at the turning-point of the epoch, having a presentiment of realism and feeling the necessity for it at the time when a return to classicism, brought into fashion by the archæological discoveries, was giving the first blow to an exhumed Romanticism.

Carpeaux certainly possessed genius, an impulsive genius and an air which, as his son has said, " vivifies and kills genius," the air which is so often absent from the daring seekers of contemporary sculpture, who are far more intelligent than this great, impulsive, faun-like man.

Aroused to plastic truth by Rude, Carpeaux never had that supreme sense of the monumental. Visions dazzled him, but apart from the fact that they did dazzle him they were visions that inspired fine pieces, nothing more ; while Rude did not have the vision of the " Marseillaise," but the vision of a " Marseillaise " situated in her intangible place in the monument itself. Everybody knows that, were it not for a war among the bureaucrats, Rude would have had a more complete share in the sculpture of the " Arc de Triomphe."

In talking of Rude I have purposely not written " the decoration of the Arc de Triomphe." The word would not offend if it were a question of Carpeaux fixing his group of " Danse " badly rather than well on to the Opéra, which was ill-suited to receive it ; the rain falling from the roof will destroy it in less than fifty years.

Carpeaux, whose followers, Falguière and Rodin, were so contradictory, lacked a certain truly revolutionary *élan*. Has it not been said that Rodin's " Penseur " was Carpeaux's " Ugolino " digesting his children ? The twentieth century disowns Rodin, though it admires him. A fertile disavowal ; a future advantage which it would be unjust, not to the credit of Carpeaux the voluptuous, the laconic, but, all the same, the great Carpeaux.

I am in despair. I am once again obliged to talk ill, if not of the French theatre—firmly believing that there are good texts hidden somewhere—at least of the French theatrical managers. " Les Fossiles," by François de Curel, are announced somewhere ; I don't know where. Why should not these symbolic fossils be given everywhere ? Besides, this pretentious, badly conceived, badly written drama, invented by one who, ignorant of the very elements of philosophy, is infatuated with it like so many school children, is the very image of that false grandeur which I have said every pure artist must beware of above all else. A public thirsting for nobility listens to this respectfully, vaguely uneasy, not quite daring to suspect the cruel mystification.

What is being given besides ? The insipid " Aventurière " in empty verse by the tiresome Emile Augier at

the Français, the " Maître de Forge " by the stupid Georges Ohnet, " Mon cœur au ralenti " by De Kobra, " J'marie ma femme," " Mon p'tit cœur," " Où ne roule pas Antoinette," " Mon Curé chez les riches " (795th performance) by Clément Vautel, who has made a reputation by treating Stendhal as a bore. You do not expect me to give a report?

But who will believe that the young school, so rich in daring, original writers, masters of five languages, who, without any vile concessions, have secured an immense following—" difficult " poems have been circulated in as many as six thousand copies—is incapable of victoriously occupying the French stage, at present given over to profiteers? This is all the more irritating because all the time good foreign plays are being given, though in theatres of secondary importance.

May music console us for our dramatic vexations!

It was, above all, by its musicality that the talent of M. Bengt de Törne asserted itself to the audience of Parisian amateurs at the Salle Gaveau. I believe I am merely stating the simple truth in paying M. Bengt de Törne a compliment which I hope he will appreciate. This artist, a master of the most delicate gradations, has, in the course of a happy evening, instructed us with marvellous precision in all that we had been conscious of during the last quarter of a century, without, perhaps, being able to define it exactly.

One of those pretty, cultivated women whose conversation has provided Stendhal, Rossini's confidential friend and the commentator of Metastasio, with the subject-matter for twenty-five pages, said, in leaving the Salle Gaveau: " Thanks to Bengt de Törne, I know now why I love Grieg so much."

She added that she understood him better in requiring more.

As for myself, this beautiful evening, which was a victory of modulation, gently forced me to recall a memory of my twentieth year. At a short distance from the falls of Imatra, the sound of which came to me harmonized over the tree tops, a young Finn with long, flaxen hair was wandering in the forest which rested on a rock. He was singing, and for me it was all the Scandinavian poetry, rough, essentially violent, made up of elementary values, yet brought by concentrated art to the rarest sweetness of extreme civilization, while sacrificing nothing of its original powers. Had I forgotten? The delicate mastery of M. Bengt de Törne was needed to bring back to me after twenty years the demonstration of an intuition. Technique aided by sentiment.

One could wish that a society of poets would introduce M. Bengt de Törne, and that the eminent Northern artist could be heard, in order to make everything clear, between an audition and an explanation of poems at the Pen Club, for instance.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE week-end show on the Berlin Exhibition ground is the largest that has ever been held there, and certainly one of the most interesting. The advertising campaign, which must attend every exhibition, leans here very strongly in the direction of art and landscape. Whether during the week-end or in general, it deals with the whole cultivation of recreation, with the social proposition of making an expedition and a small domicile, if only for a few days, obtainable at the lowest price. The rhythmic allotment of week-ends to recreation, according to English and American custom, is already a great advance on the opinion current in this country that only the hot summer can serve for holidays. It has long been obvious that this school superstition had at least to be supplemented by constant excursions, owing to the unfavourable weather that we generally experience in July, and above all by the inclusion of winter as a medicinally far more serviceable time of year.

Now that Berlin has grown to such an extent it is beginning to cultivate its week-end, and it is in the interest of the week-end resorts to advertise themselves to the town-dweller. That is the purpose of the exhibition. Of course, it has been made very popular. It is honourable to think of the man of small means. He enters the so-called New Motor Hall and suddenly finds himself under a city railway arch, with smoky houses and chimneys, which he cheerfully traverses in order at the next moment to pass under the Brandenburger Tor and presently to be received in a pavilion where he can study all the week-end arrangements of Berlin to the best of his abilities for this scientific occupation. Immediately afterwards he sees the most varied motor-cars, charabancs, motor-cycles and bicycles that give him the suggestion of rapid movement. If he wishes he can establish a whole history of transport from the " Kremser " and the old high-wheeled bicycle to the flying machine. But now he is attracted by an important landscape. It has been arranged by the State railways and other companies. He walks over artificial grass, round a circular panorama, and sees in perspective foreshortening all the surroundings of Berlin, and his eye can select a week-end resort even as far as the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic. It is quite delightfully executed, giving illusions and arousing desires. He can now wander through all the resorts of the beautiful Mark Brandenburg, the peculiar charms of which no one underestimates since Fontane's tours of discovery. The " Spreewald " has constructed a whole theatre with courts, looms, real " Spreewald " rooms, the church of Vetschau with gaily-dressed women worshippers, and a spinning mill with seven women of the " Spreewald " spinning in the garden of a Wend house and singing national songs. Fläming has done the same with its little surprise mountains, and Guben, with its vegetable and fruit growing, and even the open-air bathing resort, Wannsee, has made a reproduction of the beach with figures extending over 50 metres.

Those who are interested in art will find a delightful exhibition on the upper floor, to which twelve Berlin societies of artists have contributed, including the November

group and even the abstract painters, who have made the laws governing the division of space their special study. Naturally, it is a very mixed exhibition, in which the subject, namely, landscapes and types of the surrounding country, counts for more than the personality of the artist. The soul of the amiable visitor will doubtless be stirred when he sees in what an interesting way the motives are mirrored, and how little artistic training is required to produce the most delicate visual delight out of this neighbourhood, which was once so discredited. A little historical survey has been lent by the Mark Museum, consisting of nature studies by Hackert, " The Tiergarten " by Chodowieki, Blechen's pictures of the surroundings of Berlin, and the strong lyrical notes that Leistikow found in our woods and lakes. A photographic competition and an exhibition of the natural history and prehistoric remains of the Mark complete this section.

We now pass on to the second hall, the Wireless Hall, and find on our way an indication of the amenities of the March waters with a real little steamer suddenly lying in the water. The Wireless Hall itself is filled first with the competition of ideas for week-end houses, which has proved very successful; secondly, with the schoolboys' competition; thirdly, with a survey of the week-end abroad; and fourthly, with an enormous sport exhibition. If we leave the Wireless Hall, we discover all round the wireless tower an extensive new garden restaurant, built by Meister Straumer, with red-brick piers and white railings. And now we come to the principal sight of the undertaking, an enchanting lay-out of sixty ready-built week-end houses, including houseboats on the water. There are some charming motives, generally combinations of verandas, modest apartments, bowers, garret-rooms, all different, in bright fresh colours, so that it is possible to judge of their cheerful effect in the landscape. There are lots of flowers, a great deal of comfort, and some protection against unfavourable weather. Unfortunately, the prices appear to me still rather high. I don't believe it is possible to get such a house under 1,500 marks. What becomes of the man of small means? Perhaps he goes sorrowfully away again. But the attraction is there, and in time things will become more reasonable. Those who wish may visit the third hall, the Old Motor Hall, where a complete winter landscape has been made with artificial snow giving every facility for tobogganing and ski-ing, so that the Berliner is even offered artificially a form of recreation that Nature has, unfortunately, denied him in his immediate surroundings.

The Spring Exhibition at the Academy offers moderate enjoyment. There is not much that is new, none of the painters stands out particularly, and there are even a good many pictures that have already been exhibited elsewhere. That sort of thing ought to be avoided. To arrange an exhibition simply because it is due is certainly not advisable in these days when a desire for art should be encouraged. Of course, there are always pictures that make a visit worth while and do credit to their masters. I will name a few of these: Liebermann (the President's) portrait of Doctor Weber belongs to the quiet style of all his latest works. Hofer shows the " Jazz Band," which has already been exhibited at Flechtheim's, as a proof of his present clear style. Jaeckel has also adopted a light, clear method of expression, which he turns to good account in his portraits, especially in the interesting group of the five Ullsteins. Kokoschka shows a gigantic portrait of the well-known official of the Ministry, Kestenberg, in which he has translated the energy of this organizer into monumental form, perhaps with exaggeration, but with an unparalleled display of strength. Pechstein is favourably represented by several works, some portraits, and a boat showing great potentiality in his treatment in comparison with his surroundings. Kirchner, on the other hand, does not appear to advantage. The lonely artist loses himself in decorative playfulness which is dangerous. Apart from these, there is the great mass of painters and sculptors who are always represented and develop their style without any particular surprises. Three one-man shows are annexed. The first shows Otto H. Engel, who expresses his pleasant, homely style in countless landscapes. The second, Georg Grozz, whose satyrical street scenes and interiors are well known from other exhibitions. The third, Purrmann, who develops his pictorial qualities, his light, sensitive handling of paint, very beautifully in a large number of landscapes and still-life groups.

The State Opera has produced two new ballets. Both were first productions. Our ballet master, Terpis, takes great pains to develop the ballet, which has been placed on an entirely new footing, along the lines of modern choreographic art. He has not the cast to go in for the old toe-dancing, but he can produce modern poetic pantomimes which, in their acting, belong to a somewhat more realistic Wigman school. This time he had a very good idea. He has invented a story of the " Last Pierrot," the adventures of Pierrot, who is cast away into the modern world and seeks his Columbine there. He first looks for her in industrial centres, among the factory girls. Next, he seeks her in fashionable society, among the Charleston ladies. Finally, he comes into a panopticon of waxworks and sees his Columbine as a wax figure. His desire comes true: Columbine comes to life and dances a *pas de deux* with him, which is a sort of recasting of the old rococo art. Columbine again becomes a figure, and he himself stands up beside her and also stiffens into wax, in order to go down to posterity as a type after his life in this world has become impossible. This offers a very good contrast in the three kinds of dance: that of the factory workers, who bring their exercises into line with the moving machines; of modern society, which stamps out its limbs to the sounds of the jazz band; and finally, the dusty old peace of the waxworks. Terpis himself dances the Pierrot with art and feeling; Dorothea Albu, the lady with acrobatic flexibility; and Elisabeth Grube, Columbine with an inclination towards the old toe-technique. The music written for it by a pupil of Schreker, Rathaus, is very remarkable. Of course, its rhythmic swing and grotesque colour would have been impossible without Stravinski, but it is nevertheless very independent in an untiring sensuality and sharp illustration to which Rathaus has fortunately developed from his somewhat abstract beginnings. The composer finds with equal capacity the tone for the three styles of the work: the elemental time of the workers, the orgy of society, and the old-fashioned grace of the dolls. This ballet will be placed among the first works of our age, for whose art the symphonic pantomime is ever becoming more characteristic.

The second ballet was based by Terpis on a Russian piece that was ready, namely, the Scythian suite by Prokofief. It is a fine, barbaric piece of music, now grandiose in its rhythm, now exotic in its lyrics, now full of dramatic intensity, now monumental in its brilliance. As usual in the case of this author, so skilled in his craft, the Russian

elements have been assimilated into a modern virtuosity which is dazzling. But it is difficult to write a ballet around a suite, as was already proved in the case of Bizet's "Arlesiennes." Suites are co-ordinated, not culminated. Therefore the dancing cannot reach the same concentrated development as in the case where the idea of the dance comes into being first and the music is written for it, as was the case with Rathaus. Terpis calls his ballet "The Redeemed." He imagines risen men and women about whom a battle rages, this way and that, between angels and demons, until the redemption is ripe. This produces theoretic forms, little variation, and a wearying, hollow pathos. It is also in contradiction to the music, in which quite other forces are at work and which does not contain a trace of abstraction. Outwardly, too, the resources of the theatre had given out. While for the "Last Pierrot" Aravantinos had painted a series of very pictorial back-cloths, for "The Redeemed" the pay-office only allowed money for curtains, which generalized the theoretic scheme still more, not to the advantage of the stage.

BOOK REVIEWS

DIE GRIECHISCHE BUCHMALEREI, by HANS GERSTINGER, with 22 reproductions in the text and 28 plates, of which 9 are in colour-photogravure, after originals in the National Library at Vienna. (Printed and published by the Austrian State Press.) In two parts (text and plates), in folio. 600 Austrian schillings.

This work may be placed side by side with the splendid illustrated works dealing with the art of the Middle Ages which, in spite of war defeat and economic depression, have been published in the Germanic countries during the last ten years—I think of Leidninger's edition in colour of Charles the Bald's "Codex Aureus" at Munich, Zimmermann's "Pre-Carlovingian Book-paintings," and Goldschmidt's *corpus* of the Ivory Carving of the Middle Ages. But the work described above differs from its predecessors in so far as it does not aim at completeness, and therefore attaches greater importance to the æsthetic value of the original and to a reproduction which shall be as careful and as technically perfect as is possible. Fastidious bibliophiles ought to welcome this work with even greater satisfaction than students, who will certainly wish for still more reproductions of the treasures in Greek pictures which the Austrian National Library possesses.

When I place the colour-prints in this work on a high rank among publications of book-paintings which have up till now appeared, I do so with the reservation that I have not had an opportunity of testing their accuracy by means of comparing them side by side with the originals. But a comparison with the miniature plates in Labarte's "Histoire des Arts Industriels" makes strikingly clear the progress of colour reproduction during the last half-century. It is, in fact, very considerable.

In richness of illustrations and diversity of contents the Greek manuscripts in the National Library at Vienna are far from approaching those in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris or the library of the Vatican at Rome, and in those respects are definitely inferior even to the manuscripts in the British Museum. But the National Library at Vienna possesses some of the most precious memorials of this kind which have been preserved to us from different centuries; above all, the two incomparable gems from the Greek early-Christian period—"Wiener Genesis," and the Princess Juliana Anicia's "Dioscurides Codex." The miniatures from both have, indeed, been published before now, and far more completely, partly even in colour-printing, yet the excellence of the pictures in colour in the work before us—three pictures of the former manuscript and one of the latter—has not before been approached.

The Byzantine book-painting during the two periods of art between the three devastating catastrophes in the history of the Romaic empire—the iconoclastic quarrel, the Latin foreign dominion, and the Turkish conquest—is represented at Vienna by a collection of miniatures which is, indeed, rather small but is at the same time extremely fortunate, and in which the evangelist pictures from the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries stand first. Five of these last—one from each codex—are reproduced, two in black-and-white and three in colour; and examples of the fine ornamentation in these manuscripts are added.

The manuscript of the Gospels, theol. gr. 240, contains pictures of the evangelists which belong to a small, artistically excellent and historically important group of standing evangelists. This manuscript dates from the middle of the tenth century. From the eleventh century again there are two miniature manuscripts, suppl. gr. 50 (plate x, in colour printing), with sitting evangelists of the type which occurs most frequently in middle-Byzantine book-painting, and in the academically refined style of middle-Byzantine miniature art; and theol. gr. 154, in which the marginal illustrations are executed with incredible sureness in a colouring as exquisite as the drawing is buoyantly graceful. These last are the best examples of the diminutive "minuscule style" which I have seen (plates xii and xiii). Yet these three exceptional manuscripts are surpassed by the Comnenist masterpiece of the National Library, suppl. gr. 52, the calligraphic and artistic perfection of which has not, as far as I know, its equal in all the book-painting of the twelfth century which has been preserved to us. In the colour reproduction of one of these evangelists (plate xxi) it seems to me that the Austrian State Press has almost reached the zenith of illusive facsimile work.

Finally, the "Palæological Renaissance" is also represented in Vienna by one of its finest productions, theol. gr. 300, the style of which, picturesque and comparatively realistic, differs strongly from the middle-Byzantine classicism. This seems to me to have been no less strikingly reproduced in one of the coloured illustrations among the plates.

Unfortunately I must be satisfied with these indications. And this restriction of space affects my treatment of Gerstinger's text to a much greater degree. He gives, in a detailed and thorough *résumé*, a survey of the results of modern research into the development of the Greek book-painting from the papyrus rolls (plate i in colour) until the time when paper was taken into use in the period before

the commencement of the breaking-up of Byzantine art. Gerstinger is a curator at the National Library in Vienna, and as a bookman he has not neglected to consider the ornamental decoration of the manuscripts, the development of which is illustrated by a great many reproductions, and among them a number of initials.

During the two last decades English, French, and German experts have published not a few books on Byzantine art, including miniature painting, and in certain cases even exclusively on the last-named (Gerstinger and Ebersolt). In spite of the insufficiency of the materials preserved to us and the resulting uncertainty of their conclusions, German workers, above all, have attempted to discover the conditions of art in the early-Christian era with surprising eagerness; whereas the most important questions of style in middle-Byzantine book-painting still await a solver. It is significant that most authors since the time of Kondakoff have quite simply gone round the problem by means of arranging the existing material according to iconographic standards. The backwardness of research in the art of the middle-Byzantine period appears clearly on a comparison with the results of research into the miniature painting—and even ivory sculpture—of the Western countries in the earlier Middle Ages, where the schools of art have already been made clear in their chief features. It is true that the difficulties in the Byzantine sphere seem to be incomparably greater, but—we dare to hope—not insurmountable. J. J. TIKKANEN.

GERMAN RENAISSANCE BRONZES

DIE DEUTSCHEN BRONZESTATUETTEN DER RENAISSANCE, by SIMON MELLER. (Florence: Pantheon Casa Editrice. Munich: Kurt Wolff Verlag.) 4to. pp. 50 and plates 90. Price, marks 60.

In the history of Italian marble carving, the continuity of the craft in succeeding generations of the same family is not uncommon. A parallel case is that of the Vischers of Nuremberg, workers in bronze in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Hermann Vischer settled in Nuremberg in 1453, and in 1460 his son Peter was born. Peter the elder had five sons, three of whom were good sculptors —Hermann, Hans, and Peter the younger. The last of the Vischers, Georg, died in 1592, so terminating an unbroken record of a century and a half including four generations. Peter the elder was the most considerable artist, and he enjoys the distinction of grafting on to Gothic the new spirit of his time. His bronzes look very much like modelled Gothic, and there are many of them, saints and apostles, in the Church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg. But he could do better than these, good as they are, as may be seen from his vigorous group of Hercules and Antæus, fully exhibiting the new spirit. He could go even further, for his self-portrait is as realistic as anything Meunier ever modelled. Peter the younger and his brothers advanced a little the composite style of their father, but never exceeded him in vigour. It remained for Hans to continue the workshops, and from them a large number of German Renaissance bronzes proceeded. Although Nuremberg was the chief casting centre for small bronzes, there were others in South Germany of considerable importance; and in the work of Leonard Kern, who brings the date down to 1663, and others unknown by name, there is a pleasant return to naturalism in their studies of the nude, although the modelling of animals did not develop very much in this direction. Where the artists turned from the churches a considerable activity in the casting of figures for fountains manifested itself, and some of the most exhilarating bronze figures are those applied in this direction. All this is most successfully illustrated by the finely produced photogravure plates of the volume, and the separate pieces number more than one hundred. The admirably written introduction is also admirably printed in a heavy but pleasant type in really black ink, and the book is a handsome one.

GREGORIO FERNANDEZ, by BEATRICE L. GILMAN. (New York: The Hispanic Society of America.) Pott 8vo, pp. xvi + 180 + plates 35.

This handy little addition to the Hispanic notes and monographs is a model of research. Its generalizations are few, its records many. The author has a genius for sources which she pursues with a pure scent. What there is to know of interest about this Spanish predecessor of the baroque seems to have been chartered and charted. Although the author modestly claims that her study is but a preliminary, it would appear that it is sufficiently detailed for all purposes for many years to come.

KINETON PARKES.

DESIGN IN EVERYDAY LIFE AND THINGS: THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE DESIGN AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION, 1926–1927. Edited by JOHN GLOAG. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.) 10s. 6d.

The Year-book 1926–1927 contains a number of interesting essays and illustrations, but on the whole the D.I.A. fail in this publication to demonstrate that they know how to apply the " principles " they have endeavoured to establish. The most obvious evidence of this failure is the inclusion in their advertisement supplement, called " A Gallery of Publicity Art," of a number of shockingly bad displays; nor is this mitigated by the expressly-made reservation that " inclusion in this collection does not imply that all the examples conform in all respects to the standards advocated by the D.I.A."

The D.I.A. can hardly hope to gain the influence its aims deserve if it is not strong enough to impose its own standards upon its own works.

BURGUNDY AND MORVAN, by W. M. CROWDY. Illustrated by P. F. GETHIN, with a note on P. F. GETHIN by CAMPBELL DODGSON, C.B.E. (Christophers.) 25s. net.

Never too late to mend—by some mishap this fine book has been a victim of shortness of space—it was published a year ago. The author deals in its well-printed pages with Burgundy and Morvan, from the historical, geographical, geological, ethnographical, topographical, architectural, and literary points of view, and makes the text pleasant pasture for the general reader. Of more immediate interest to the readers of this magazine are, however, the dozen illustrations by the late P. F. Gethin, a distinguished artist who was just beginning to make a name, outside the inner circles of art, when his career was unfortunately cut short: he was killed in the early stage of the Battle of the Somme on June 28, 1916. Mr. Campbell Dodgson deals appreciatively with his work in a note. Charming as the monochrome illustrations are, the fact that their originals are drawings in penline and watercolour wash tends to make them a little too pale. But the drawings, as such, are economical in their means, exquisite in their handling of light—in short, exactly what one had come to expect from this sensitive artist. H. F.

PORTRAITS IN THE LONDON ZOO, by SILVIA BAKER. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) 15s. net.

A series of pen-and-ink sketches of animals, birds and amphibians in the London Zoo, together with short notes on each. The artist has attempted to say as much as possible with the fewest means: her lines are fortified by slight tinting; her ambition, however, tends to overreach her skill.

THE THREE ORDERS OF PERSPECTIVE, by GEORGE BARNE.

Mr. George Barne points out that, until recently, artists have generally looked at Nature in their paintings "along the plane that lies between the eye and the horizon." But any object, in any position, may stir a creative impulse —that is, this may come "when the axis of the optical cone is at any angle of the perpendicular." Having laid down nine universal axioms, Mr. Barne demonstrates "the inclined view" of perspective in four propositions, in which he considers the cube (both in its convex and concave aspects) when the central ray of the object travels upwards to the eye. "In a view *looking up*, the same propositions serve, if the plates are looked at *upside down*."

The three orders of perspective are "parallel," "bilateral" and "trilateral," and (again working from the cube) Mr. Barne observes that the latter view can only be obtained *at an incline*.

LOUIS BARYE, by CHARLES SAUNIER, translated by WILFRED S. JACKSON. (The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.

Monsieur Charles Saunier's enthusiasm is aroused by the seriousness of Barye's study of Nature and by the labour which he gave to the finished technical expression of his art. Unfortunately, lack of means soon prevented his enterprise in *cire-perdue* casting. And recognition came late. Although he exhibited at the 1827 and subsequent Salons, he was hampered by opposition and sneers at his lions and tigers—"a mode of sculpture practised because it is easy, and sells well." Reference to the Greek quality of Barye's genius recurs; and Saunier quotes contemporary appreciation, for the sculptor had his admirers—notably Bonnat, Théophile Gautier, and George-Aloysius Lucas (to whom Barye's prestige in America owed so much). There is special praise for the harmony of the "Tiger Walking"; for the "Theseus and the Minotaur"; for the "Centaur and Lapith" and "Jaguar and Hare"; and some notice of the artist as a painter.

Forty illustrations have their titles generously given in five languages. A note indicating where those works, permanently situated, are to be found might be more generally appreciated.

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES, by E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen.) 8s. 6d.

Mr. Lucas tells us that the purpose of this book is rather to lay emphasis on the few pictures that ought not to be missed than on the many that must be seen. But the author's enthusiasm has lured him some way at least upon the latter course, for the number of pictures he mentions is enormous. The principal contents of the most important European galleries are described. It is a pity that it has not been possible to include in the survey an account of the Hermitage and some of the other Russian galleries which house magnificent works, recently rearranged and vastly augmented at the expense of private collections by the arbitrary action of the Soviet Government.

Comprehensive as Mr. Lucas has managed to be, despite his disclaimer, in so small a compass it is not easy to discern a logical justification for the book beyond the fact that there are few readable guides which cover so much ground. For Mr. Lucas, in his introductory chapter, with an equal degree of modesty and truth disclaims with vigour the title of picture expert. But let that be as it may. He discourses about pictures, for which his enthusiasm is real enough, with all the readable facility which the public has long since grown to expect of him. He has a stock of entertaining information; for instance, that the navigator in "The North-West Passage" in the Tate was painted from E. J. Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley, which is not very generally known. Many of his more serious comments, on the other hand, betray looseness of thought and absence of information. He tells us, for example, that the Pre-Raphaelites revolted against ". . . the free and easy ways into which their predecessors and contemporaries had fallen . . . ." Surely "free and easy" are fantastic epithets to apply to a school whose subjugation to an empty but rigid classicism was well nigh absolute.

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Puccini and "Turandot."—The creative artist is always up against it. The force that impels him to produce forbids him at the same time to use his old moulds; or, to use another metaphor, he has always to be navigating unknown seas with only his own craftsmanship for charts and his own instinct for compasses. Or you may put it that, since he is a thoroughly selfish fellow and it bores him to do the same thing over and over again—though it delights his public—he prefers to find new means to conduct to earth the currents that disturb his soul. If he is only masquerading, if he is only a purveyor to the public taste, his case is comparatively simple. He has but to discover the magic formula and then he can win one success after another. The lot, therefore, of a Massenet, a Sargent, or an H. G. Wells is much more free from the thorns that beset the artist than that of a Thomas Hardy or a Puccini. These and their fellows who belong to the inner circle of the confraternity have always to be moving onward. They dislike repeating themselves, and hence we find Mr. Hardy in his old age forswearing prose and the novel and producing incidentally a tragedy like the "Queen of Cornwall," and Puccini, having exhausted his interest in realism, turning to legend, or rather the fairy story, in "Turandot." True, *on revient toujours à ses premiers amours*, Puccini has not been altogether successful in casting out his old Adam. It emerges in the end, a pale and wan spectre of the glorious full-blooded creature that it once was in "Tosca." But

he exorcises it for the whole of the first act with a success that is almost complete, and it hardly dares to interpose its shadow in the second. Only in the third, with the music of Liù, the slave-girl who is faced with much the same problem of renunciation as poor Butterfly, do we feel that Puccini has not been great enough to free himself from the trammels of an earlier manner, the essential quality of which, however, he cannot recapture.

Nevertheless, if "Turandot" cannot rank on the same plane as "Falstaff," in showing its creator's resilience of spirit, it is an extremely interesting work, and its production at Covent Garden in the face of very great difficulties has put us in the debt of the London Opera Syndicate. In an eight weeks' season it is something of a feat to have managed to include "Turandot" in a repertoire in which there were, on an average, two novelties a week. It was only possible at all through Herculean efforts on the part of everyone concerned. To make matters worse, Mme. Jeritza fell out; she developed enteritis, and her doctor forbade her to leave Vienna. Rumour had it that her complaint was psychological as well as physiological. The prima donna has always been liable to nerves, and Maria Jeritza cannot be expected to be free from the disabilities of her class. This, however, is neither here nor there, except in so far as it accentuated the difficulties which faced the directors of the London Opera Syndicate. Luckily, Bianca Scacciati, who had sung Valentine in "Gli Ugonotti" and been rather badly slated by the critics for her pains, included the Princess of "Turandot" amongst her rôles—she had indeed created the part at the Rome production of the opera which was contemporaneous with that at Milan—and she consented to step into the breach. It was a gallant action, and her performance, though it lacked the steely glint which Jeritza infuses into the part, contained merits of its own that were not fully recognized by the critics. The rest of the cast was admirable, particularly Lotte Schöne, a pathetic and altogether charming Liù; and MM. Badini, Cilla and Nessi, who, as Ping, Pong and Pang, treated us to the best quarter of an hour's music in the whole opera. But the real hero of the production was the chorus. Throughout the season its singing has been on an unusually high level, notably in "Fidelio" and "Aïda," and here it displayed as well the most finished stage-craft. I have never seen an operatic stage-crowd so well drilled as that in "Turandot." The first act moved with a "slickness" which would have done credit to Drury Lane. And it was achieved, as I say, in the midst of a brief season during which two new operas had to be rehearsed and prepared every week. Finally, a word is due to the brilliance of the staging. We are so accustomed to the scenery at Covent Garden being on the dingy side, and to the costumes being none too new, that the lavishness of both of these in "Turandot" was the more dazzling. (The costumes and setting were lent by the Turin Opera.) Naturally the wits, who at every première at Covent Garden use the stiletto of epigram and the rapier of paradox, seized upon it, as they had upon the familiar shabbiness of Walhalla in the "Ring." M. Diaghileff, "Chu-Chin-Chow," "Hassan"—such comparisons were obvious, "Hassan" more particularly, since the *macabre* strain, so shamelessly exploited in Flecker's play, runs strongly through "Turandot."

They did not confine their pleasantries to the production. The first act, in which Puccini predominantly employs large vocal masses, set off by an elaborate orchestration, wherein it is obvious that he had been influenced by the experiments of his younger contemporaries, elicited many judgments. *Tot homines* . . . everyone detected some fresh source of inspiration. Stravinsky, Borodin (with the emphasis on the Boro-), Bartok—probably amidst the babel in the crush-room you might have heard someone maintaining that Puccini had gone back to Bach. The point that clearly emerged was that "Turandot" eluded any simple generalization. Puccini, determined to explore fresh woods and pastures new, had taken us into unfamiliar places. The old sweetness, the old sensuous passion, even the whimsical humour which delights us in Gianni Schicchi—there was nothing of these, but instead an atmosphere of menace and unrest, heightened by a harmonic harshness new to Puccini and by the use of Chinese decorations in the score, employed much more thoroughly and scientifically than the analogous Japanese *décor* in "Madam Butterfly." And when the curtain went down on the first act after half-an-hour's strenuous music, in which the lion's share had been taken by the chorus, one was aware that though the musical temperature was strangely low, and indeed altogether beyond the range of the emotional barometer of Italian opera, nevertheless "Turandot" was not a mere display meant to trick our eyes at the expense of our ears. Mr. Eugène Goossens described the act as the finest thing done in opera for the past fifty years. Somewhere between that and the judgment of the lady of fashion who deplored it as pantomime, the truth must lie. Exactly where, only time, the one critic who makes no mistakes, can say. The first act, however, was followed by others in which Puccini was less sure of his *milieu*. He had chosen "Turandot" because the story, the antithesis of the libretti upon which he had previously worked, was remote from life and the kind of realism that Puccini has decked out in music. He had succeeded in writing a first act which was certainly remarkable and quite possibly a masterpiece. Then the difficulty of his undertaking grew upon him. In order that "Turandot" should have the strength which comes from unity of purpose, it was necessary that the characterization should be remote and, above all, that we should not be troubled by human passion. The unknown Calaf could love the Princess, she on her side could hate and love Calaf—their amours would never be near enough to our own experience to cause us to place them on any human plane. But when Liù, the slave-girl, with her hopeless and unrequited passion for her master Calaf, becomes the real protagonist, the strange environment whither Puccini has led us assumes old and familiar shapes. Liù herself becomes another Butterfly, and we wait from bar to bar for such music as has delighted thousands whose ears are insensitive to the melodies of Handel and Mozart. It comes not, however. Puccini, even in his heyday, had never that vast creative power of melody which his predecessor Verdi possessed. Verdi produces his tunes with the spendthrift magnificence of a grand seigneur, Puccini hands them out with the care of a financial magnate who knows the value of money and is determined to get his money's worth. In "Turandot," though Puccini wished to forget that he had ever been a financial magnate, old associations are too strong, and there are moments when he takes out his cheque-book and even signs his name. But he had forgotten that when he had begun

" Turandot " he had taken the vow of poverty and forsworn the use of the steeply curving diatonic melody in which his musical capital had been invested. To my mind, this indecision is a flaw which will prove fatal to " Turandot." More than this, it may prove in the long run to be a serious blot on the reputation of Puccini. The creative artist, as I remarked, is always, in the cant phrase, " up against it." The art of creation can never be anything but difficult. If the process is merely repetitive it ceases to be creative. It is to Puccini's credit that he felt within him the longing of the pilgrim soul to go on journeying till the end, that he died staff in hand. Yet such regrets as his at the past he had left behind should have no place in the heart of the artist who is completely single-minded and above the desire to plagiarize from his own earlier work. So much for " Turandot," the swan-song of the great school of Italian opera, which began with Monteverde and ended, so far as one can see, with this posthumous opera by Giacomo Puccini.

A Brilliant "Aïda."—The rest of the Covent Garden season must be dismissed in a paragraph. With the German opera I dealt last month. The attendance this year during the Italian season confutes those who considered, in the light of the experience of previous years, that Italian opera had lost its power to attract the English musical public. For some operas, such as " Aïda," " Tosca," and, of course, " Turandot," it has been as difficult to obtain seats as for the " Ring." Even " Rigoletto," a good deal of which undoubtedly dates, had three performances. The only failure was " The Huguenots," a forlorn hope demanded by no considerations of a musical nature. Its inclusion in the repertory was due, presumably, to one of those aberrations to which all who come into contact with the theatre are liable. The critics blamed the production, but, speaking from my own experience, I have never heard this pretentious opera of Meyerbeer's without being bored, and I do not believe that if Mario returned to life he would be able to infuse into its dry bones his own recaptured breath.

Some of the other performances were supremely good, and I doubt whether " Aïda " has ever had such an interpretation as on the second night it was given this season, with Stuckgold and Olczewska as Aïda and Amneris and Pertile as Rhadames. One hears of the giants of the past, but both these women of today are of the heroic stature of the true race of prime donne. The strength of the elephant and the nervousness of the racehorse are the two physical qualities which go to make the great *diva*, and however carefully you prepare your casts and humour your artists you can never be sure that they won't dwell at the starting-gate. In " Aïda " everyone got away well, not excepting chorus and orchestra, and the result was thrilling. Coming on top of Sir Thomas Beecham's disparaging remarks at the Critics' Circle dinner, it was an ironical commentary on that disgruntled gentleman's oratory.

The Russian Ballet.—However full the season, the Russian Ballet, which under M. Diaghileff's brilliant direction has been one of the most formative influences in contemporary music, is always very welcome, and I hope that it will have the support it deserves, though Princes Theatre has not been invariably kind to it in the past. We were cheated on the first night of seeing the new ballet, " The Cat," because Alice Nikitina's feline costume had not arrived. " Petroushka," however, in spite of the stage being too small to allow the choreography of the crowd to display itself as it ought, was as fresh as ever. Most decidedly the music is its composer's masterpiece—genius is stamped on every bar. And " La Boutique Fantasque " had lost none of its charm. When I saw " The Cat," two days later, it impressed me as being perhaps the most successful ballet added to the repertoire since " The Three-Cornered Hat." It is in the Ballet's most modern manner. There is no *décor*, properly speaking, and the place of colour is taken by light. A number of geometrical models, that act as the only stage furniture, remind one rather of the laboratory of a physicist than of a chamber where a young man prays to Aphrodite and courts his lady. This emphasis on the imaginative stimulus to be drawn from planes and curves and spheres is echoed in the costumes of the young man's companions. Even their headdress is made up of geometrical figures. The choreography, brilliantly executed by Serge Lifar, Nikitina, and the already mentioned companions, is conceived on the same kinematic principle which has been the predominant influence in the choreography of the ballet since " The Blue Train," a principle that considers movement as leading up to points of rest, and stresses the affinity between dancing and sculpture at the expense of its more obvious affinities with music. I always find it difficult at a first hearing to follow the music of a new ballet at all carefully, which is certainly a point in favour of this theory. It seemed to me, however, that M. Henri Sanguet had been singularly successful in establishing that close alliance with the French past which is the declared aim of MM. Auric and Poulenc. M. Sanguet writes music that flows, or rather trickles, with a limpid charm which the Duchesse de Choiseul would have appreciated for the revels at Chanteloup. And yet it is entirely of today.

THE GRAMOPHONE WORLD

By J. F. PORTE

OPERATIC

H.M.V. have issued a further magnificent excerpt from Verdi's *Otello*. Zenatello (tenor) and Spani (soprano) sing the *Love Duet* from the Finale to Act I. Italian operatic music and singing attain an unusual grandeur in this superb record (DB. 1006, 8s. 6d.). Puccini's *Turandot* is already well represented on the gramophone. The La Scala orchestra and chorus have made a really fine record of *Gravi, enormi, venerandi* (Act II, scene 2) and *O Divina!* (Act III) on D. 1241, 6s. 6d.; and the Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, play a good selection under Dr. Malcolm Sargent (C. 1332, 4s. 6d.). *Figaro* (Mozart) is served by Elisabeth Schumann, who sings *Non so più* and the hitherto unrecorded *Venite, inginocchiatevi:* a delightful record (DA. 844, 6s.). Alexander Kipnis (baritone), who is a Russian, sings *Wotan's Abschied* (*Die Walküre*) with dignity and power, but the Berlin State Opera Orchestra provides a somewhat pedestrian accompaniment under Dr. Blech (D. 1225, 6s. 6d.).

ORCHESTRAL

It is very interesting to compare the overture to *Figaro* (Mozart) as played by the orchestra of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris (M. Philippe Gaubert), and that of the State Opera, Berlin (Dr. Leo Blech). While one cannot help admiring the fine playing, with lovely violin tone, of the latter, it cannot be denied that the French orchestra secures a sparkle and clarity which seem to benefit Mozart. They make every note clearly heard in the rapid passages for violins, while the German players aim at smooth, singing tone. The French orchestra also plays *L'Apprenti Sorcier* (Dukas), and thus make up two highly desirable records (COLUMBIA, L. 1974–75, 13s.). The Berlin orchestra plays Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* overture (H.M.V., D. 1224, 6s. 6d.). Other COLUMBIA issues are *A Musical Switch*, played by and recorded in the Plaza Theatre Orchestra, London, an entertaining medley of tunes—good, bad, and indifferent; and excellent orchestral records (9196–97, 9s.). The Court Symphony Orchestra plays the *Prelude* and *The Call* from *Mary Rose* (Norman O'Neill), conducted by the composer. The delicate score is nicely reproduced (4360, 3s.). PARLOPHONE have issued Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Weissmann. This jovial piece of descriptive music is finely played and reproduced, and should make an interesting addition to a collection of Beethoven records. The conductor has a good reputation for interpreting this composer's music. Praise should be given for the idea of reproducing the Title Picture of the original pianoforte score on PARLOPHONE supplement No. 42 (E. 10555–6, 9s.). Siegfried Wagner conducts the same orchestra in the *Entry of the Gods* (*Rhinegold*—Wagner). His deliberate reading at least enables one to follow the orchestral detail (E. 10554, 4s. 6d.).

VOCAL

COLUMBIA. Dame Clara Butt sings some good music—Dvořák's *Four Biblical Songs*, Op. 99. These are quite beautiful records, and were made in Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London (X. 335–6, 12s.). Rex Palmer (baritone) is very well reproduced in the *Cradle* and *Rebel* songs from Wm. Wallace's fine *Freebooter Songs*. Played with a fibre needle, surface noise is almost absent (4366, 3s.). It is possible that a certain historical value may later be attached to the Community Singing records made by the crowd at the Football Cup Final, 1927. The incidental noises are amusing (4367, 3s., and 9201, 4s. 6d.). On H.M.V., Beniamino Gigli sings in the good, old, full-blooded Italian style—*Notturno d'amore* (Drigo) and *Serenade* (Toselli), DB. 1002, 8s. 6d. Master E. Lough and the choir of the Temple Church, London, have made a remarkably good record of the *Recit.: Hear my Prayer* and *Aria: Oh, for the wings of a dove* (Mendelssohn). The recording was carried out by the " His Master's Voice " mobile recording outfit. This ingenious apparatus was brought to the ancient church with excellent results (C. 1329, 4s. 6d.).

INSTRUMENTAL

COLUMBIA have found a valuable recording pianist in Mr. A. M. Henderson, who this month continues his excellent recordings of old music—*Air in E Minor on a Ground Bass* (Purcell), and *Gigue in G* and *Gavotte in B Flat* (Arne), 4361, 3s. The J. H. Squire Celeste Octet play quite a good selection entitled *Memories of Tchaikovski*, the excerpt from the *B Flat Minor Piano Concerto* being an unexpected treat. The reproduction is excellent (9198, 4s. 6d.). W. H. Squire continues his sentimentalities in *Papillon*, Op. 77 (Faure), and *The Sally Gardens* (H. Hughes). The actual tones of his 'cello, however, are remarkably well reproduced (L. 1977, 6s. 6d.). Bratza plays his violin in *Nocturne* (Boulanger) and a *Lied ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn): an uninteresting record (D. 1574, 4s. 6d.). H.M.V. send a new record by the great Paderewski, who plays *Impromptu in A Flat* (Schubert) and *Etude in E*, Op. 10, No. 3 (Chopin). The dignity and beauty of the master's playing are faithfully reproduced; one even recognizes the tone of his favourite make of pianoforte. His interpretation of Schubert is an exquisite revelation (DB. 1037, 8s. 6d.). Isolde Menges is so fine an artist that she allows no trace of sentimentality to enter into her beautiful violin playing in the *Méditation* from *Thaïs* (Massenet); and her other solo, *Hejre Kati*, a *Czardas* by Hubay, is delicious (D. 1223, 6s. 6d.). Mr. Goss-Custard plays the organ of Liverpool Cathedral in *The Storm* (Lemmens), C. 1324, 4s. 6d., and *Evening Song* (Bairstow) and *La Nuit* (Karg Elert), C. 1325, 4s. 6d. The reproduction, although sometimes distant, is good. PARLOPHONE have one of the greatest of living violinists in Spiwakowsky, who plays Paganini's *Sonatas* XI and XII on E. 10562, 4s. 6d. Karol Szreter is a most brilliant pianist in his playing of *Soirée de Vienne* (Strauss-Grünfeld). The pianoforte tone is reproduced with a surprising sonority (E. 10561, 4s. 6d.).

WILLIAM BYRD (1543–1623)

The music of William Byrd is as precious as a valuable antique or an old master. It will never be made again. The greatest of the immortal band of Elizabethan composers, Byrd reflects his time, not only in the construction of his music, but in its spirit of breadth and beauty. The choir of S. John's College Chapel, Cambridge, have made a lovely record of *Have mercy upon me, O God*, with string quartet accompaniment. The atmosphere of this music is entirely restful, and the sensitive listener can allow his imagination to flee from the twentieth century (B. 2448, 3s.).

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Paintings and Pastels by Pruna; Sculpture by Maurice Lambert; and Drawings by Jacquier at the Claridge Gallery, Brook Street.

Pedro Pruna is a Spaniard, born in 1904 at Barcelona—he is therefore just twenty-three years old—and already two years ago he achieved *un vif succès* with his *décor* for the Russian Ballet "Les Matelots" followed the next year with another for "Pastorale." That he has come under the influence of Matisse and Picasso is obvious; that he is an extremely gifted artist is no less so. Above all, he is an exquisite draughtsman, and by exquisite one means the term in its fullest sense—of keen delicacy in perception and execution. With the association of Matisse and Picasso there is curiously combined one of Botticelli's Lemmi fresco and of the Hellenistic wall-paintings. These, however, are only data for orientation; he is not an imitator. Of the paintings here exhibited "Le Nu au Linge" (12), the "Matelot Français" (12), the "Bérénice au Front Pur" (24), and especially the "Blanche" (5) deserve notice, as also a number of beautiful nude studies done with coloured chalk on black paper.

Maurice Lambert, a son of G. W. Lambert, A.R.A., is a young sculptor—twenty-five years of age we are told—who will count. He knows his *métier* already, and better than most of his older fellows. Some of the work on exhibition here has already been seen elsewhere, such as the very excellent abstract "Birds," in brass on Siena marble; and the filigree pattern of "Acrobats." The Dobsonesque "Stone Heads," carved very suitably out of *African* sandstone, also seem familiar. That this should be so is, perhaps, due to the fact that he does not hide the sources of his inspiration, which range from Epstein, "Miss Nancy Stallibrass" (7), to Brancusi, "Kneeling Torso" (3). This latter, carved in alabaster has, however, not quite the beauty of the abstract quality of its prototype. Miss Edith Sitwell's head and neck (11)—the neck being very expressively part of the game and, also very appropriately, carried out in aluminium—is capital, and not unlike Sava's conception of the same lady; but then, that is due to the lady herself—*elle s'impose*. "Constant Lambert" (13) and especially "Peter Quennell" (9), two portrait heads in bronze, are also excellent. However, there are only fourteen exhibits, and each of them deserves appreciative notice. "Sir Edmund Davis" (8) was not on view, so I cannot vouch for it as I can for the rest. At present, nevertheless, the most admirable trait of Maurice Lambert's art is his emphasis on the *material* art of which he fashions his sculpture, though one may not be able to subscribe to M. Dulac's statement in the preface that "the choice of materials is to sculpture what orchestration is to music"; instrumentation would appear to me to be the juster word.

Madame Jacquier's illustrations for Maurois' "Ariel" singled her out as an artist of independent invention and considerable skill. These drawings, "commissioned by the Nonesuch Press for 'The Seasons,' by James Thomson," are likely to increase her reputation. They are no less original, simpler in technique with one or two exceptions, and rather curiously reminiscent of Blake, though by no means in his style. "Summer" (1), "Spring" (4), and the unpublished "Winter" (12) give me most pleasure.

Exhibition of Chinese Frescoes at Yamanaka's in Bond Street.

To those who do not make a study of Oriental art, Chinese painting is usually an acquired taste; more especially so when the objects they are asked to admire are delicate paintings on silk fabrics which have turned walnut-brown and are frequently slashed and tattered and mended like a beggar's coat.

A visit to this exhibition should convince anyone with the slightest æsthetic sensibility that it needs no special study to enjoy many, in fact most, of these Oriental frescoes. They prove that what moved and pleased the Chinese of the Sung period (A.D. 960–1126) is, after all, not so very far removed, in spite of intervals of space and time, from our own emotions and pleasures. Moreover, we are today rather better prepared for the simplicity of the Chinese calligraphic technique than even our parents or grandparents, who were brought up on perspective, chiaroscuro, correctness, atmosphere, and other qualities considered indispensable.

The fact that these paintings are frescoes painted on a specially smooth surface, with few colours, viz. "iron-red, copper-green, and ochre, with an occasional touch of grey or blue added"—as the interesting introduction to the catalogue explains—and that their outlines are well preserved, makes appreciation still less difficult.

The most impressive painting is a representation of "Kwan Yin," the Goddess of Mercy, her fingers interlocked around her knee, seated cross-legged as a symbol of placidity. She looks up "presumably towards a large figure of Onuto Fu," the spiritual father. By her side are her attributes, the willow sprig in a vase. What makes the painting so wonderful to us is the gently agitated, linear rhythm of the composition, which suggests the presence of spiritual fire and the divine afflatus. Quite the opposite sense is expressed by the very worldly and distinctly humorous "Secular Scenes" (24 and 25), evidently some high officials attending a ceremony. The drawing in these, particularly of the faces, is evidently intended to be comic. Midway between these contrasts are a "Scene in a Court of Justice" (32), in which one can almost hear the magistrate—open-lipped—pronouncing judgment, and "A Chinese Gentleman" (22); he reminds one, in his mournful expression, of Moretto's "Monsignor Giacomo Gromo di Ternengo," in the National Gallery. The presence of the young lady with a fly-switch upon whom the Chinese gentleman so sadly looks, and of another young lady who looks at him, suggest a very touching love romance. These are instances of associative interest which bring these Sung paintings humanly near to us. Considered æsthetically, however, others have an even stronger appeal. Apart from the "Kwan Yin" (1), a lovely "Aspara" (or Buddhist angel) (8), an excellent "Portrait of a Priest" (12), a "Bodhisattva" (14) and a "Saint," probably intended for Hsüan Tang (who brought "copies of seven famous images from India to China in the seventh century"), and a charming little black-and-white composition, "An Empress with two Attendants" (42), deserve to be singled out for special admiration.

Art News and Notes

The McEvoy Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.

In his preface to the McEvoy Exhibition, Lord d'Abernon asks : " What will be McEvoy's place in the judgment of posterity ? What will be his level in the auction rooms of A.D. 2027 ? May he aspire to the proud eminence of ' Pinkie ' and the empyrean heights of the ' Romney Children.' "

Lord d'Abernon overlooks the fact that the auction room is not governed by considerations of artistic merit ! There are dozens of pictures by Lawrence, Romney, Reynolds, and Gainsborough which are as good—nay, much better than " Pinkie " or the " Romney Children," and which reach neither " proud eminences " nor " empyrean heights " in the auction room, because the auction room, like the public which it represents, confuses a pretty face with a good picture. Even at auction room valuation, however, McEvoy's fame should prove immortal, because, for better or for worse, McEvoy was at his best only when he had to paint young women. He painted better pictures of young women than any of his great predecessors, because his temperament, his conception, and his technique were " in tune " with them. Compare the lovely " Miss Tallulah Bankhead " (13) in this exhibition or, in another aspect, the slight " Renée at a Mirror " (58), or, in another subject, the wonderful little view of " Grosvenor Road " (49), which is a brilliant symbol of his whole outlook. It explains why he could paint the tender, transient beauty of young womanhood—always with a touch of sadness or wonder, and why he could not paint men. The " St. John Hutchinson, Esq., K.C." (20) is an exception which proves the rule—it is, at all events, the best man's portrait of his I can remember to have seen.

Apart from all this, McEvoy's name will live because of his original technical device of mixing day with electric light, and in this manner creating an artificial iridescence which is historically important as the last step in the painting of light.

As Lord d'Abernon rightly says : " The essential point is to be exquisite within your own limits, and that McEvoy was." Exquisite within its own limits, his art will live and his fame increase—if one may venture upon prophecy.

The Guillaumin Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.

One confesses with regret that this exhibition is a disappointment. M. Guillaumin will, of course, " live," on account of his intimate connection with his more illustrious *confrères*, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Harpignies; but his actual achievement, as demonstrated in this show, leaves one in doubt whether he was ever quite clear in his own mind what the spirit that moved him was aiming at. His last pictures show that it aimed at colour. " La Vallée de la Sédelle—Matin " (23) proves this, for instance, conclusively, or even the " Boigneville Les Carnaux " (25) of 1894. Here, however, the problem of light seems also to be aimed at, and this involves a consideration of tone values. In these M. Guillaumin seems little interested, with the result that his pictures are not as convincing as Monet's, Pissarro's, or Sisley's, nor are they sufficiently " revolutionary " in colour to have become pure pattern. One of the most satisfactory things of his is " Nature Morte " (7). Other achievements of considerable beauty are " Sentier de St. Chéron " (27) of 1893, and " Ruines de Crozant " (28) of 1897.

Mr. Claude Flight's Exhibition at the Redfern Gallery.

Mr. Claude Flight believes, as he states in his own parabolic foreword, that the sphere, the spiral, and the triangle are " more beautiful in their simplicity than the rest of the world in its vulgar complexity." On this foundation he excogitates his art. Left to themselves in a world of " vulgar complexity," his eyes discover, nevertheless, some beauty in Nature, which he sets down in very creditable sketches. Sphere, spiral, and triangle, however, compel him to represent the world in a changed aspect which, to an eye not subject to the spell of these " three lovely daughters," make it quite unrecognizable. Let us confess that we cannot see eye to eye with him, but willingly concede that his theory enables him to evolve out of views of Nature rather attractive patterns. " The Crowd " (25) is an almost realistic pattern; so are " The Sea," Nos. 1 and 2, and " On the Shore "; but Mr. Flight's greatest successes are his linocuts in colour—especially the " Paris Omnibus " (38), which has both movement in its design and colour in its composition—" Swingboats " (37), " Street Singers " (30), and " Policeman holds up the Traffic " (28), which latter examples of the world's vulgar complexity make at least nice " Japanesy " patterns. " The Kiss " (47) is an amusing abstraction in wood. The textiles carried out by Edith Lawrence and Katherine Flight are a little too much like pictures—in the chair-back and seat, for example, one would have liked to see the rhythm of the back carried on in the seat, but the chair itself is a particularly unsuitable pattern.

The Matisse Exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery.

The Matisse Exhibition is instructive because the Lefèvre Gallery have given the dates of their exhibits, as is their very laudable custom. As a consequence one can watch Matisse's development. Their earliest picture here is " Hameau Breton "—period 1902, a rather tamely impressionistic landscape. I have a vague recollection of having seen a much more academic still-life of his of an earlier date, which was distinguished by its exquisite, rather low tone. The " Corbeille de Fleurs " of 1908 here shows a bursting of impressionistic fetters : it is a splash-pattern of colour. " Les Deux Sœurs " of 1909 shows him entering upon his *impasse :* attempting to reduce his vision and technique to that of a five-year-old. This unfortunate intellectual *faux pas* did others who followed his example more harm than himself. Matisse is an artist whose " capital " was " colour "; with this he seems to me to have set out upon his artistic career. So long as this colour sense was too strictly subordinated to the conditions of Nature, so long as he had to be the slave of Nature and to the chaos which it presents to the artist's eye, he could not make his colour sense express what *he* felt. A deliberate simplification had to take place in order to release it and to enable him to present the *pattern* of a " thing seen "—Matisse does not invent scenes or paint them from an inner vision. The " Fenêtre à Nice " and " Intérieur à Nice " of 1920 are experiments in that direction. " Anémones sur une Table " of 1924 shows his sobering down to less " fauvistic " experiments and more exquisitely refined colour. The pastels of 1925 and 1926, especially " La Danseuse " and " La Plante Grasse," seem to indicate that the artist, after much tentative experiment and wild adventure, has found

himself. Matisse's contribution to art is his proof that the paraphernalia of close imitation of Nature are not necessary for the production and the enjoyment of art.

The organizers of the exhibition say in their introduction: "What would have been considered, even ten years ago, as a sort of revolutionary manifestation will certainly be accepted today as a classical and almost everyday exhibition."

As to that I can only say that I was harangued on "Press day" by a well-known writer on art, and by an even better known founder of a great society of artists, somewhat angrily, as if I had been responsible for Matisse's "iniquities."

Philip de László's Exhibition at the French Gallery.

To enter the heavily carpeted, square, green room with its light pleasantly diffused by means of a draped velarium, was like entering "the presence" in a Royal palace. It was, in fact, a gathering of princes: amongst the thirty odd portrait paintings I counted no fewer than one king, two queens, four princesses, four princes, two duchesses, one marquess, one marchioness, one countess, one viscount, one viscountess, and three excellencies. The reason for Mr. László's exalted patronage is not far to seek: he is far and away the best of the living portrait painters who undertake this kind of work. He knows how to mix Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Winterhalter, Lenbach and Sargent, and produce from the mixture a painting that will make his sitters look exactly as they would like to see themselves look. Moreover, he knows what a ceremonial portrait should be, and can paint it. Mr. de László is an excellent draughtsman and never flatters so much as to make his sitters unrecognizable. His ceremonial portrait of the Marquess of Reading, his more private portrait of the King of Spain and that of the Infante Jaime, both with the indelible Habsburg lip, also the very alert portrait of Professor Haddon are—æsthetically—the most important and probably of more lasting value than the rest.

THE MARKET, NICE.

By Michael Sevier

Michael Sevier's Exhibition at the Cooling Galleries in Bond Street.

The illustration of Mr. Michael Sevier's picture of "The Market, Nice" is reproduced from an exhibition which closed at the beginning of the month. It was interesting as showing the transition from Impressionism to post-Impressionistic "Cubism," which most of our modern artists have undergone. Amongst the things to remember are "The Boathouse" of 1921—still in the Impressionist manner; "Assisi" of 1924; "Olives" of 1925, and the picture here illustrated. The best amongst his latest pictures and one of the more abstract was his still-life "Fish." Mr. Sevier is one of the mildest amongst the moderns; he is suave in drawing and almost "pretty" in colouring; yet it was amusing to see how angry it made a whole family of ladies, led by a very decided mother, who happened to come in when I was there. This lady knew emphatically what she liked—and she did not like Mr. Sevier's "Fish."

The London Group Exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries.

The exhibition of the London Group maintains its quality. The general impression of the show is gay and comparatively homogeneous. This, one finds, is due to the fact that in obedience with modern theories, practically each canvas is filled with design. There are no big skies and low horizon lines. The show would nevertheless gain if it were either smaller, or, better still, if the room were larger. There is a great deal of individuality, but it expresses itself less markedly in design than in colour. Colour seems, in fact, the direction in which art is once again to be moving after having exhausted itself in experiments in form. There are, as a matter of fact, far fewer "abstract" designs in this exhibition than works of a representational nature; even the abstract designs such as "The Fox Trot" (117), and an — unrecognizable — "Head" (118) by J. W. Power, both very good of their kind, attract by reason of their colour rather than their design. Colour, too, distinguishes Paule Vézelay's nearly abstract "Still-life" (113) as well as her other good paintings, "Woman Sowing" (115) and the "Three People in a Restaurant" (120). Her colour would interest one more if it were not reminiscent of Marie Laurencin's, who also pays the same attention to the framing. In this respect, many of the exhibitors here are apparently quite indifferent. Mr. John Banting's abstract "Still-lifes" (96) and (127) are satisfying in a Braque-ish manner. Other "Still-lifes" which attract by reason of their colour and design, though by no means abstract, are Mr. Adeney's large-sized "Venus" (88), Mr. K. M. Morrison's rather harsh but solid and, in colour, *recherché* "Flowerpiece" (75), and Mr. Duncan Grant's also exquisite green-pink and scarlet colour scheme "Flowers" (31), which, however, suffers on account of its neighbour's and its own frame. One of the most satisfying pictures is Mr. Sickert's sketchy "Laylock and Thunderplump" (25), on account of its joyful blue. Joyfulness is, however, not the modern keynote. These modern artists here seem afraid of anything so sentimental as joy. So Mr. Roger Fry's "Entrance to Caney" (14) has great dignity, Vanessa Bell's "Almonds and Olives" (19) is impressive, Mr. Farleigh's "Sussex Barn" (66), with its blue-grey-brown harmony, likewise full of reserve and dignity, and Mr. Carline's "Sunlight in an Interior" (85) equally reserved, though its green note coming just where it does in the pattern of the picture makes it not only a pleasing, but almost a serene picture.

LA PLANTE GRASSE
By Henri Matisse

Other paintings worth noting are Cicely Stock's " Italian Garden " (4), Alfred Thornton's " Widcombe Locks " (16), Bernard Adeney's " Village Street " (50), Elliot Seabrooke's almost academic " Still-life " (78), much more original and pleasing than his Cézannish landscapes, Ethelbert White's " Puente S. Martin, Toledo " (86), a break-away from his beech woods for which one is grateful, and Cedric Morris's " New York Harbour " (128).

Amongst the sculpture, Alan Durst's are easily the most accomplished and attractive works, though Elizabeth Andrews' " Cat Licking " (13) in chased bronze, A. J. Pollen's " Kneeling Torso " (17), Gladys Hyne's " Woman with Clasped Hands," carved in gilt wood (20), are all worth noting. Why the President, who can model so well as he does in his portrait head " A. T. Chenhalls, Esq." (1), should have sent such a deliberately childish thing as the " Elephants," carved in plaster (4), is difficult to understand. Is there more in it than meets the eye? One hopes so.

The Daily Express *Young Artists' Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street.*

The artists of Great Britain, especially those who are fortunate enough to be young and unknown, are having the time of their lives; everyone seems to be coming to their assistance as if they were " decayed gentlewomen " in the Victorian era. The latest attempt to help them is the " Daily Express " Young Artists' Exhibition. Young in this case is a relative term, for it includes artists under forty. Nor is the exhibition limited to the unknown. Mr. Henry Rushbury, A.R.A., and Messrs. Colin Gill, Eric Kennington, N. Lewis, C. R. W. Nevinson, Gilbert Spencer, John Wells, Paul Nash, A. K. Lawrence, W. T. Monnington, Edward Wadsworth, Gwynne Jones, Leon Underwood, Rodney Burn, Robin Guthrie, and, last but not least, Vivian Forbes, are all represented.

The exhibition, which contains over six hundred works, is hung, like the Royal Academy exhibitions in the eighteenth century, from floor to ceiling, and as the organizers have practically confined themselves to the new " school "—if school it may be called, having regard to the fact that " a remarkable proportion of those included had no art training at all "—the general effect is pretty lively. The spiritual *tintamarre* is, in fact, so great that one can hardly hear the small, still voice of one's own conscience and consciousness. In obedience to the limitations of my space I must content myself with noting in rotation those pictures which, in spite of these difficulties, seemed to me to have outstanding merit, not including works by the above-mentioned artists, the merits of which one may assume to be established: Miss Muriel Minter's " The Nun " (21), Mr. G. Cooper's " Battersea " (30), Miss Mary Adshead's " Morning after the Flood " (41), Mr. G. Cooper's " Genesis " (44), Mr. L. Ellis's " Jeanne " (45), Miss Molly Campbell's four pictures (49, 50, 51 and 60), Miss Trench's four pictures (56, 57, 58 and 59), Miss Billie Waters' " Decorative Panel " (62), Mr. Gertler's " Coster Family " (76), Miss V. H. Bradshaw's " Still-life " (77), Mr. H. M. Carr's " Still-life " (86), Mr. A. M. Jonas's " Betty Balfour" (90), Mr. D. Davidson's " Student " (98), Mr. H. J. Lee's " Farm in Sussex " (100), Miss Klinghoffer's " Self-Portrait " (123), Mr. C. Morris's " Barbary Partridges " (126), Mr. Stuart Hill's " Madame Poznanska " (169) and " Miss Florence Mills " (169), Mr. Van Oss's " Harbour in Corsica " (179) and " Corsica " (180), Mr. N. Dawson's " Minuet " (214) and " Lake Scene " (216), Mr. W. Mcquoid's " Still-life " (219), Mr. M. Milne's " Flowers " (238), Miss Gladys Hynes's " The Fowler " (309) and " Noah's Ark " (310), Mr. J. Armstrong's three circus pictures (320, 321, 322), Mr. Ivon Hitchen's " Cottage Flowers " (343), Mr. A. Walton's three pictures (354, 355, 356), Mr. P. Steegmann's " David and Jonathan " (416), Mr. G. Gray's " Still-life " (449),* Mr. Lensh's " Upper Lynstone Farm " (468),* Mr. Bateman's " Argument " (491), Miss Alethea Garstin's

LA LEÇON DE PIANO
By Henri Matisse

" Young Pigeon " (565), Mr. C. C. Webb's " Shaftesbury Avenue " (567), Miss Vere Temple's " Goats " (593). The numbers marked here with an asterisk are by exhibitors who have had no art training. Of this latter kind, however, there are a great many, most of whom should have been excluded.

Engravings by, and after, Turner, at the Cotswold Gallery.

Another of Mr. Finberg's delightful exhibitions. Line engraving is due to become appreciated once more after its long neglect owing to the advent of photographic process reproduction. Line engraving suits the preference for definition which is now in the air, but not the least remarkable quality of its character is its suitability for Turner's art. Moreover, line engraving, though subject to a rigid convention in the production of tone values, nevertheless varies in accordance with the character of the engraver, so that one can tell, after very little experience, e.g. a " Cooke " from a " Wallis," or a " Miller " interpretation of Turner. There is no room to enter more fully into the merits of this little show, which included—as a revelation to me at all events—beautiful mezzotints by Turner himself, viz. " The Junction of the Wye and Severn " of 1811, " The Crypt of Kirkstall Abbey " of 1812, and the " Source of the Arveyron " of 1816.

Flower Pictures (1568–1927) *at the Galleries of M. Knoedler and Company.*

Duo cum faciunt idem non est idem—the truth of the old adage is wonderfully illustrated in this most fascinating exhibition. For well over two hundred years painters had interpreted flower-painting in the terms of Jan Brueghel, so that there is hardly a striking difference in the works of the " Old Masters "—here collected together in the first room—especially after the advent of Jan van Huysum, who was imitated with considerable success even by such late painters as Johannes Linthorst, who died in 1815; Jan Frans van Dael, who died in 1840, and Maria van Os, who was still living in the beginning of the 'sixties of last century. Their vision was strictly analytical: they painted flowers petal by petal and leaves vein by vein with a better or worse general arrangement—but with no concern for the optical accuracy of the *ensemble*. In this respect the famous Jan van Huysum, so much appreciated for his *precision*, gives the case away completely in the " Flowers " (8). Making allowance for the fact that the sunflower, somewhat ludicrously stuck into the top of the bunch, has lost its lustre in the *maws* of the ever-greedy background, and is therefore no longer in tone, it is difficult to account for the brilliant realism of texture in the turkey carpet, the woolly contours of the peaches and the hard and unrealistic representation of the metal vase, as well as the equally hard and essentially unrealistic treatment of the flowers, which are nevertheless marvels of detail accuracy. The whole was never " seen together." To step from this room into the large top-lighted gallery, where the famous French men and women—Corot, Diaz, Manet, Pissarro, Fantin, Cézanne, Berthe Morisot, Renoir, Rousseau *le douanier*, Gauguin, van Gogh—are assembled, not to mention Picasso, Matisse, Braque and other living artists, is to walk into a new world. For here we find not only the moderns doing something different from the Old Masters, but each differing from his contemporaries and in some cases from himself. Most remarkable in this respect are the two van Gogh pictures, " Fleurs " (39) and " Fleurs et Nature Morte " (38)—the former with predominant yellow, beautiful but " mad "; the latter, sober, and in tonality and colour (though not in detail analysis), in arrangement and technique, not at all unlike a Huysum. There are delightful little Corots (28 and 29) that look like Fantins, and a Fantin (35) almost like a Manet, and a Manet—reproduced in one of this issue's colour plates—which has, of all paintings here, the greatest dignity and completeness; there are Derains and Picassos looking equally staid. There is a Matisse as clean and delicate in appearance and colouring as a young maid; there is a " corrugated " old man Monticelli, thick with impasto; there is a " lathery " Braque, strangely attractive, and a Marie Laurencin exquisite and coquettish in a green mirror frame; there are Berthe Morisots of the tenderest blue-white-yellow harmonies; there are virile, almost pugnacious Dufresnes, sensuous Renoirs, precious Vuillards, innocently naïve Rousseaus—a prosy Sargent, a rather sulky Duncan Grant, a very matter-of-fact Nicholson, and others more—but the English painters, it must be confessed, have not had a fair chance.

Apart from this, the exhibition is a revelation of the tremendous difference of personality which finds expression in modern painting and which the Old Masters seemed ruthlessly to suppress.

Mrs. Traquair's Enamels and Illuminations.

An interesting opportunity for the study of medieval craftsmanship, practised at the present time, was afforded by the exhibition, at Lady Carmichael's house, on June 1, of the work of Mrs. Traquair, of Edinburgh. The objects exhibited fell into two categories: one being formed by the enamels, which showed a remarkable mastery of the difficult *basse-taille* process, while another group of exhibits comprised a number of manuscript illustrations. In these, too, it was possible to admire a very thorough grasp of the methods of the medieval artists, and a particularly attractive feature of the compositions was often the invention and design of the landscape backgrounds. Special attention was claimed by a charming series of illuminations inspired by Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, originally painted for the late Duchess of Leinster and now lent by Viscountess de Vesci.

HERBERT FURST.

Forthcoming Sales.

In the annals of the London sale rooms the month of July 1927 will always be memorable as that which saw the commencement of the Holford sales. Space forbids us to give more than a brief indication of the principal events of this remarkable dispersal: on July 12 Messrs. Sotheby will be selling the fine illuminations lately adorning a room at Dorchester House, and the series of Greek vases will be sold by the same firm on the premises. Messrs. Christie will be selling old Italian furniture, objects of art, maiolica and porcelain on July 13–14, while the sale of Italian pictures takes place on July 15.

The lease of the XXI Gallery in the Adelphi having expired, Mrs. Bernhard Smith, the Director, has moved to 15 Mill Street, Conduit Street.

With the present number annual subscribers will receive the title-page and indices for Vol. V (January–June 1927).

NORWICH GUILDHALL AND ITS TREASURES

By GEORGE A. STEPHEN, F.L.A.

THE City of Norwich has justly enjoyed a wide reputation for its varied attractions, and many are the eulogies of it which have reverberated down the ages. Sir John Harrington in the sixteenth century wrote: "I should judge this city to be another Utopia"; and Lord Macaulay, writing of the seventeenth century in his "History of England," recorded that "no place in the kingdom, except the capital and the Universities, had more attractions for the curious." At that time Norwich was, excluding London, "the first English manufacturing town." In his immortal autobiographical novel, "Lavengro," George Borrow, prince of literary vagabonds, praised "the fine old city, perhaps the most curious specimen extant of the genuine old English town."

Today visitors to the city are generally impressed by its bustling activities as a large industrial centre, and by its charms as a city with medieval features of exceptional interest.

> A city of old churches, winding ways,
> And keen, clear air;
> Where the long shadows of quaint yesterdays
> Temper today's fierce glare.

Its remarkable number of fine flint churches, mainly of the Perpendicular period, long ago earned for it the title of "The City of Churches," while the many beautiful private gardens and open spaces in and around Norwich gave it the equally apt appellation, "The City of Gardens." Norwich is also "The City of Antiquities." Few cities can boast such a wealth of historical associations extending over a period of more than twelve centuries, and such an abundance of architectural and antiquarian treasures which attract and arrest the eye, often in the most unexpected places. It is not surprising, therefore, that Ian Hannah, an author who has travelled widely and is not a Norwich citizen, should affirm in his book, "The Heart of East Anglia," that "there is no city on earth whose people are more interested in their past."

Within the space of a short article one cannot even enumerate the many attractive buildings. One can only mention the magnificent Cathedral (founded 1096) with its graceful spire; the massive Castle with its Norman keep, now a museum and art gallery; the old City Bridewell, an exceedingly good example of a squared-flint building, converted to a museum of local industries, past and present; the Lazar House, or Magdalen Chapel, a Norman relic (contemporary with the Cathedral), which is used as a branch public library; St. Andrew's and Blackfriars' Halls, originally the Church of the Black Friars, regarded as probably the finest extant example of friar architecture in this country; Carrow Abbey, the remnant of a medieval nunnery; splendid examples of medieval domestic architecture, such as the Dolphin Inn (once the residence of Bishop Hall, known as the "English Seneca"); the Strangers' Hall (now a folk museum) and Suckling House; and finally the beautiful Guildhall, the subject of the present article.

At the north-west corner of the spacious market-place, almost in the centre of the city, stands imposingly the handsome Guildhall, one of the most interesting civic halls in the kingdom. On part of its site once stood a small thatched building which was used as a toll-house for collecting the toll of the market. It was known as the Toll-booth in the reign of Edward III, during which period a single room was added to it. In 1404 Henry IV granted the city a new charter which inaugurated a change of government and provided for the substitution of a mayor and two sheriffs for the four bailiffs. The citizens then considered that some more worthy building for civic purposes was required than the old thatched toll-house, which by this time was described as the "Gildehalle." The necessary funds for the erection of the new building—the present structure—were obtained from taxes, voluntary gifts and legacies; and warrants were issued to constables "to press all carpenters, carters, and workmen" into service. The building was begun in 1407, and almost completed in 1411 or 1412, though the tower and porch were not built until 1435, and the windows of the Council Chamber were not glazed until 1453. The tower collapsed in 1511 and was not rebuilt.

The vaulted crypt below the Guildhall was

used as a prison as early as 1412, and in 1531 Thomas Bilney was imprisoned there prior to his martyrdom at the stake. The common gaol continued there until 1597.

When the building was erected it included on the south side a chapel dedicated to St. Barbara the Virgin, the patron saint of prisoners. Here the prisoners attended divine service, and on occasion services were held at which the mayor and every parish clerk in the city attended.

In 1660 the lower room at the west end of the building, now used as a Quarter Sessions Court, was set apart as the Cloth Hall, and the room above it, now the Police Court (known as the Sword Room), was used as the sale hall for foreign wool and yarn.

The stone gateway of the magistrates' door (in the south wall at the west end) was placed there in 1857. It is known as the Bassingham Gateway, as it was formerly the gateway of a mansion in London Street in which lived John Bassingham, a wealthy goldsmith of the sixteenth century.

The Guildhall, the seat of civic honour and government, has always been closely linked with the corporate life of the city and has been the scene of many historic events.

The building is a splendid specimen of that flint-work for which the city is famous. John Evelyn, the famous diarist, recorded that when he was conducted round Norwich in 1671 by Sir Thomas Browne—who resided in Norwich from 1637 till his death in 1682—he was much astonished at the "buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared," and he was informed by Sir Thomas that "they had lost the art of squaring the flints in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls are built." The flint-work of the Guildhall is relieved with freestone at the cornices, window-frames, and battlements. The east end is the most effective and distinctive, the upper part being ornamented with chequer work formed of lozenge-shaped compartments alternately of freestone and flints. Immediately below the large Perpendicular window is a panel with a smaller one on each side. These contained figures which are partly obliterated; but Mackerell, a local historian, stated in 1737 that the central panel contained Queen Elizabeth's arms and

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

NORWICH GUILDHALL—EXTERIOR

supporters, and the other two the arms of the city and those of St. George respectively, all being painted in their proper colours.

In 1850 the illuminated clock and clock turret were erected at the cost of the Mayor (Henry Woodcock), the Corporation having agreed to his condition that the false ceiling in the Council Chamber should be removed and the old timber roof laid open.

The interior of the Guildhall is chiefly modern, but the Council Chamber on the east side of the first floor retains much of the furniture of the time of Henry VIII, and is a splendid example of a Tudor Court of Justice. Records show that the Council Chamber and the prison underneath were rebuilt in 1534 at a cost of £208 10s. 0d., and Mackerell, in his manuscript "History of Norwich" (1737), states that the windows of the Council Chamber "were not put in till 1568." The timbered roof is in panels with small pendants. The lower portions of the walls are panelled with oak, with small figures of a lion, greyhound, and dragon as finials, the panelling on the east wall and on the bench in front of the Lord Mayor's chair being of the linen pattern. In some of the panels are the arms of Henry VIII, the City, the Mercers, St. George's Guild, and the Merchant Adventurers.

The east wall has a large central window, the tracery of which dates from about 1534, with a small window on each side. In these three windows have been concentrated for the past 150 years the many relics of some old painted glass of great beauty and value, which formerly adorned other windows in the building. Unfortunately, the fragments of old glass, dating from the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, have not been inserted according to their original arrangement, but it appears to be certain that many of the pieces of ecclesiastical subjects were formerly in the old Guildhall Chapel dedicated to St. Barbara. This glass has been carefully described and illustrated in the current part of "Norfolk Archæology" by Mr. Ernest A. Kent.

Photo : Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

NORWICH GUILDHALL—COUNCIL CHAMBER

The large window includes the figures of four apostles (side by side), two representations of the City arms, the arms of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley in two fine roundels, the arms of the Merchant Adventurers, and a small representation of the story

of the Corrupt Judge who was flayed alive for false judgment. With regard to the last subject, Blomefield (the county historian) states that the following lines from Valerius were in a middle pane, the first two lines being addressed to all magistrates sitting in the court, and the last four to the judge's son sitting in his father's place, with his father's skin hanging before him:

> Lette alle Men se,
> stedfast you be,
> Justyce doe ye, or
> els you fle.
>
> You that sittyst
> now in Place,
> See hange before
> thy Face,
> Thyn own Faders
> Skyn
> For Falshod; this
> ded he wyn.

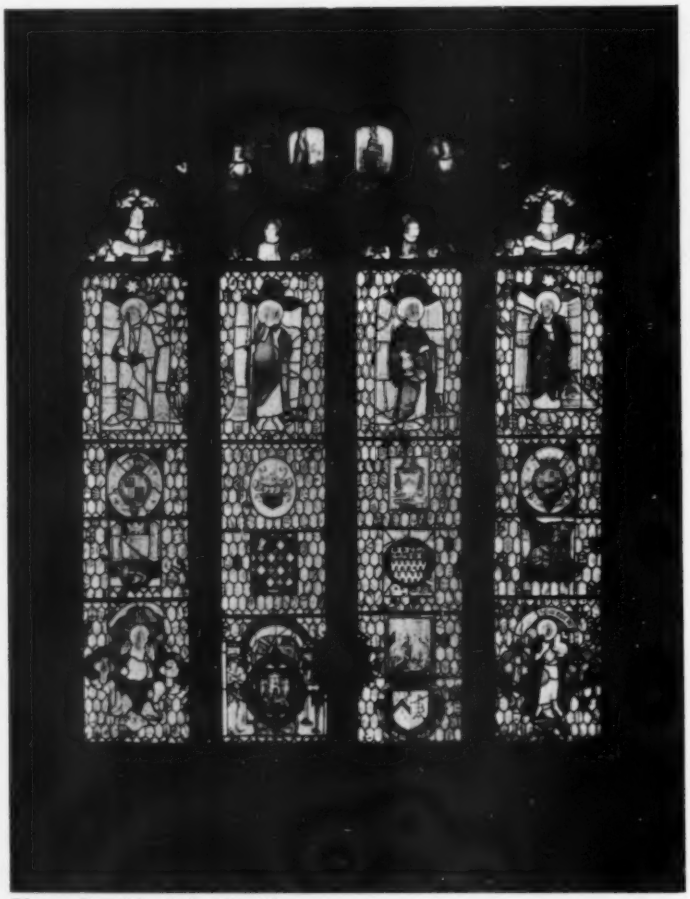


Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

STAINED GLASS WINDOW OF COUNCIL CHAMBER, NORWICH

Conspicuous on the north wall is a large decorative tablet with glass case containing the sword—in a white vellum sheath ornamented with silver—of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Francisco Winthuysen, who died of wounds in the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797. This naval trophy was presented to the city by Lord Nelson for preservation "as a memento of the event, and of my affection for my native county." With this is preserved the holograph letter which accompanied the gift. The upper part of the tablet has an anchor, to the ring of which is suspended a yard and a torn sail bearing an inscription relating to the surrender of the sword to Nelson.

Adorning the walls are thirty-four portraits of mayors, sheriffs, and famous citizens, including Chief Justice Coke and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The half-length portrait ($23\frac{1}{2} \times 18\frac{3}{4}$ in.) of Parker in canonicals depicts him seated before an open book, supported by a box, near which are a bell and seal; on the left of the picture is an hour-glass on the sill of a window. This portrait, which was presented to the city in March 1683, is evidently a copy of one in the collection of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, which is attributed to Richard Lyne, who was retained by Parker. Matthew Parker was born in the parish of St. Saviour, Norwich, on August 6, 1504, and he died on May 17, 1575. The son of a Norwich citizen, he was educated at the Grammar School, and proceeded in 1520 to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. This great scholar and antiquary was a great benefactor to his native city. "He gave to this city one basin and ewer of silver double gilt, weighing 175 ounces, to be used at the mayor's table, and to be delivered from mayor to mayor by indenture, for ever; and the mayor and aldermen, in 1572, sent him a letter of thanks for that, and all other his honourable favours and furtherances, touching the quiet state of the city and particularly for his fellowships and scholarships." The basin and ewer were in use in 1742, but there is now no trace

Photo : Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

ARCHBISHOP MATTHEW PARKER

Photo : Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

SIR EDWARD COKE (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE)

Recorder of Norwich (1582)

of their existence. From an accurate drawing of them preserved among Anthony Norris's MSS. of Norfolk (in the possession of Mr. Walter Rye) replicas of these long-lost treasures were made and presented to the Corporation on November 9, 1904, by the retiring mayor (Mr. Gurney Buxton) on behalf of the ex-mayors and ex-sheriffs. The Archbishop's brother, Thomas Parker, was mayor of the city in 1568.

The great jurist, Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634), belonged to an old Norfolk family and had intimate associations with the city. He received his earlier education at the Grammar School, was appointed Recorder of Norwich in 1582, and in 1633 resided in a fine medieval house, now known as the Music House, in King Street. He was a Member of Parliament for Norfolk, 1592–93 and 1625–26, and became Lord Chief Justice in 1613. His half-length portrait ($35\frac{1}{2} \times 26\frac{3}{4}$ in.) portrays him in cap, ruff, and robes of Lord Chief Justice, with his left hand resting on a human skull and in his right a glove.

Sir Peter Reade, the donor of the magnificent silver-gilt salt to which reference is made later, was the son of Edward Reade, who was several times Mayor of Norwich. He was knighted by the Emperor Charles V, at the taking of Tunis in 1538, but Blomefield states that " he was acknowledged here as an esquire only." His three-quarter length portrait ($35 \times 26\frac{1}{2}$ in.) shows him with a staff in his right hand and a hawk on his left hand. A tablet at the side of the picture has at the top a pictorial representation of the Reade Salt, the date Anno 1646, and the words: " IN MEMORIAM RENOVATAM GENEROSISSIMI PETRE READE, JOHANNES READE EI CONSANGUINEUS, HANC TABULAM POSUIT." Below is the inscription :

Peter Reade Gentlemen, did Giue Certayne Houses in

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

SIR PETER READE

Donor of the Silver Salt

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

AUGUSTINE STEWARD

Mayor of Norwich

Norwich, to the ende that the Great Bell in the Parrishe of Saint peter of Mancrofte, should for euer be Runge at Fower of the Clocke in the Morninge, and at Eight of the Clocke at night for the helpe and benefit of Traueillers He did also Giue a faire Salt double Guilte, of the Valewe of Twentie powndes, to be Used in the Maiors houses in Norwich, in time of there Mairoltie, and he did further Giue to the poore with in this Cittie one Hundred Thirtie three powndes Six Shillinges and Eight pence, to be yearelie distributed Six Poundes, $13^s : 4^d$ untill the whole Somme were Runne out, He departed this present life Anno, D°m. 1568.

Augustine Steward, with whose name the magnificent crystal mace is intimately associated, was a great and good citizen, thrice mayor (1534, 1546, and 1556), and Member of Parliament for the city in 1547. He was zealous in promoting the rebuilding of the Council Chamber during the year of his first mayoralty, and largely by his exertions at the dissolution of the monasteries the Church of the Blackfriars—now St. Andrew's and Blackfriars' Halls—was conveyed to the city for £81 for use as a common hall. Steward was a wealthy mercer, and he built the picturesque half-timbered house which still stands at the end of Tombland Alley, facing the Erpingham Gate of the Cathedral; it bears his merchant's mark and the date 1549. The portrait ($35\frac{1}{2} \times 26\frac{3}{4}$ in.), nearly three-quarter length, portrays him in his robe of office.

The small gate at the top of the stairs leading to the Council Chamber is a good specimen of late seventeenth-century ironwork. It has a central and two outer panels of ornament, massively framed, with scrolled borders, and on each side of the central panel are four heavy bars; the top is slightly pyramid in design, with three finials in the form of old mace heads.

In a strong room is kept the civic regalia and plate, of which the city is justifiably proud. Only about a dozen cities and towns

possess good collections of plate, and, excluding London, the finest collection belongs to Norwich, though that of Portsmouth is almost equally fine.

The insignia comprises a sword of state, a hat of maintenance, two silver-gilt maces, a crystal mace, the Lord Mayor's and Deputy Mayor's chains, two Sheriff's chains, medallion for the Lord Mayor, a badge for the Lady Mayoress and two medallions for the Sheriff and his Lady, two waits' chains, three staves of St. George's Company, three beadles' staves, and corporate seals. In this splendid collection the pride of place belongs to the remarkable and magnificent crystal mace (38 in. long), regarded by the late Sir W. H. St. John Hope (joint author of "Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office," 2 vols., 1895) as "one of the most beautiful objects belonging to any corporate body." Originally, the stem consisted of seven tapering prisms of rock crystal, mounted with silver-gilt straps and ends, but, unfortunately, some of the crystals have been broken and replaced by cut-glass. The three lower prisms are separated by faceted crystal bosses, and the four upper ones by silver-gilt bosses set with jewels. The elegant silver-gilt head is an imperial crown having alternately on the circlet eight crosses and eight fleurs-de-lis embellished with precious stones, while two arches support the orb and cross. A raised plate on the flat top under the crown bears the Royal arms of the Tudors, France modern and England quarterly. Supporting the head are alternately two lions and two dragons (each bearing a blank shield), being the supporters used by Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. The original knop or button at the bottom of the mace has been replaced by a plain one. Unfortunately, this mace does not bear any hallmark. From extracts from the books of St. George's Company, 1550, which refer to "the mace which was late newly made by Mr. Augusten Stywarde of cristall sylver and gilte," Jewitt (joint author of "Corporation Plate") concluded that the mace was made in Norwich, *circa* 1549–50, by Augustine Stywarde. But Stywarde, or Steward, was not a goldsmith but a mercer, and some local antiquaries consider the evidence inconclusive and believe that Steward may only have had the mace made. The two silver-gilt maces are almost alike in form and size, and are of the usual type, the head of each being surmounted by an arched crown supporting the orb and cross.

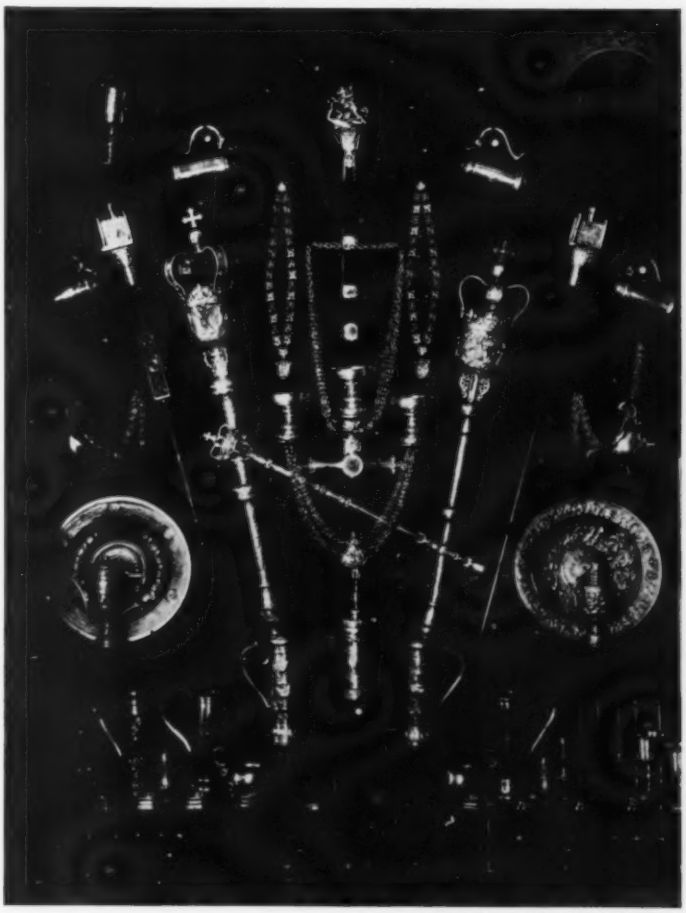


Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

GENERAL VIEW OF THE INSIGNIA AND PLATE

The older, known as the "Howard Mace" (4 ft. 5 in. long), was presented to the city by Lord Henry Howard in 1670 "as a testimony of his great love and regard to this city." The donor was created Earl of Norwich in October

Photo : Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich
CRYSTAL MACE (*c.* 1550)

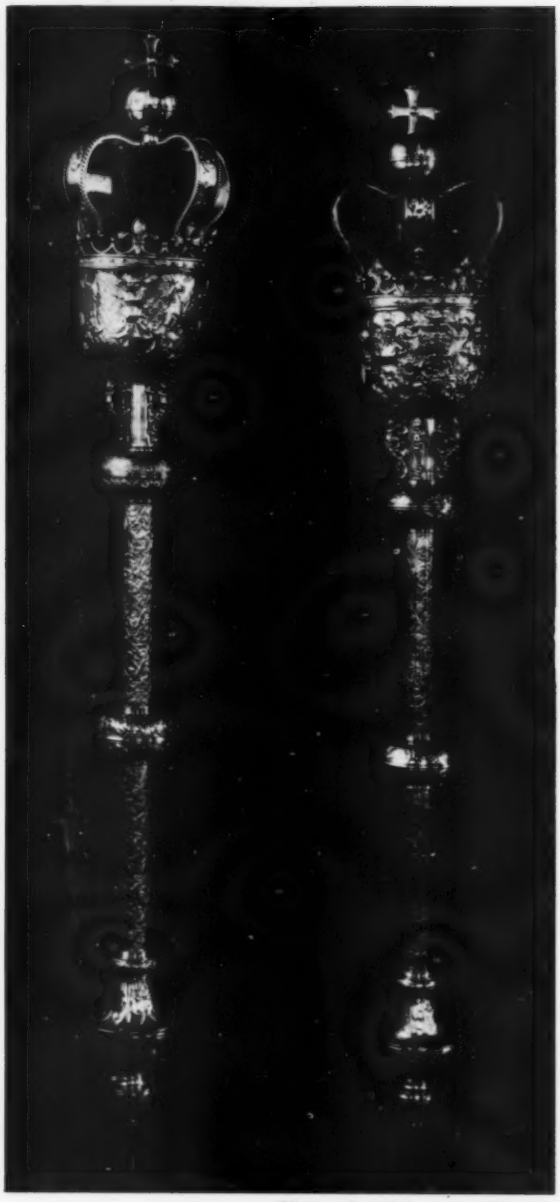


Photo : Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich
TWO SILVER-GILT MACES

1677, and two months later he succeeded his brother Thomas as sixth Duke of Norfolk. On the top of the mace head are the arms of Charles II, and on the surface of the head are the usual Royal badges, each between the initials C^2 R. The shaft with two knops is chased with a foliated pattern. The mace does not bear any hall-marks or inscription.

The other silver-gilt mace is the " Walpole Mace " (4 ft. $6\frac{3}{4}$ in. long), which was purchased in 1734 with part of a donation of £100 from Sir Robert Walpole, who had been sworn a freeman of the city in the previous year, a copy of the freedom having been presented to him in a gold box. His portrait by Heins hangs in St. Andrew's Hall. On one side of the mace head are the arms of the city, and on the other the arms of Robert Walpole. This mace has

the hall-marks: London, 1734–5; maker's mark, T.R.

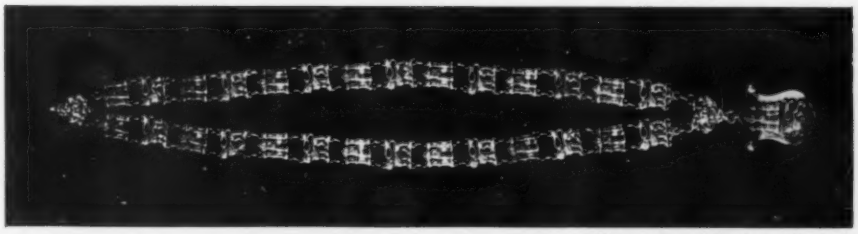
Of considerable interest are the three maces with silver heads and ebony staves which formerly belonged to St. George's Company, the most important and influential of the city guilds, which was founded in 1385 and received a Royal charter in 1417. Two of these maces (4 ft. 10 in. long) are now known as the "castles"; each has a head (1 ft. in height) in the form of a capital of a column, surmounted by a square castle with corner and central turrets, and before the door a lion *passant-gardant* representing the city arms. These were presented by the Company to the city in 1705, and at the dissolution of the Company in 1731 the city received the third silver mace. The head of this mace, also in the form of a capital enriched with acanthus leaves, is surmounted by figures of St. George and the Dragon.

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

THE READE SALT (1568)

The privilege of having a sword of state carried before the mayor of a city or town, which dates from the fourteenth century, was granted very sparingly at first. Norwich was the eighth city to receive this honour, which it did by the charter of 1404. The present sword of state is that which was presented by St. George's Company in 1705. It is a cross-handled double-edged sword (4 ft. 4 in. in length) in a scabbard of crimson velvet. The blade, probably of sixteenth-century date, is of Spanish workmanship, the name of the armourer, Sebastian Fernantez, being engraved thereon. The pommel is pear-shaped, and has on one side the figure of Justice and on the other that of Prudence.

The Lord Mayor's chain and badge are of gold, and were presented in 1757 by Matthew Goss, who was admitted in that year to the freedom as a dyer. The chain is composed of small plain links of oval form, worn round the neck in five loops. Suspended from it by a small anchor is a medal, bearing on the obverse a bust of George II, and on the reverse the arms of the city.



SILVER-GILT COLLAR (*c.* 1552) *Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich*
(*Formerly worn by the City Waits*)

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

TWO JACOBEAN SILVER-GILT FLAGONS

The Deputy Mayor's chain, also of gold, is formed of four rows of oval links, but has no pendant. It was purchased with a bequest of £100 by Mr. Thomas Hall, of London, in 1716, for a Mayor's chain, and it was so used until the present chain was given in 1757.

The two Sheriff's chains, of gold, have plain links, but have only three loops. They were presented in 1739 by Thomas Emerson, who, in recognition of the gift, was elected an honorary freeman. For a perpetual memorial of his generosity his portrait by Heins was presented by the Corporation, and it now hangs in the Council Chamber.

Of fine workmanship are the two silver-gilt "waits' collars" (2 ft. 1 in. in length) which Jewitt regarded as "among the most beautiful and interesting examples of their class in existence." Each is of silver, parcel-gilt, formed in links composed of fourteen turreted castles of silver with gilt portcullises, alternating with fourteen gilt lions *passant-gardant* to represent the city arms. Suspended from the collar is a badge in the form of an escutcheon, with the city arms in relief. These beautiful collars, made *circa* 1550, were originally worn by the city "waits" or musicians, of whom there were four or five, who attended the mayor, aldermen, and members of the Corporation at public ceremonies and festivals. On special occasions they are worn by the Lord Mayor's officers.

During the present century valuable additions have been made to the regalia by gentlemen who have filled the high office of Lord Mayor. To mark the occasion of his marriage

on December 19, 1912, Mr. Arthur Michael Samuel (Lord Mayor, 1912–13) presented a silver-gilt and enamel badge of the Norwich arms, with ribbon attachment, for the use of each Lady Mayoress in succession. In 1917 Sir George Chamberlin, D.L., J.P. (Mayor, 1891; Lord Mayor, 1916 and 1918), and two members of his family gave two 18 ct. gold medallions, with the city arms in relief, in memory of Robert Chamberlin, D.L., J.P. (Mayor, 1854, 1856, and 1871). A silver flagon, with cover, engraved with the Norwich arms, has the inscription, "The gift of Henry Nicholas Holmes, Lord Mayor, 1921–22." Two 18 ct. solid gold medallions, bearing the city arms in relief, with ribbon attachment, were given in February 1927 by Dr. E. E. Blyth (the first Lord Mayor of the city, 1909–10) for the use of the Sheriff and his Lady.

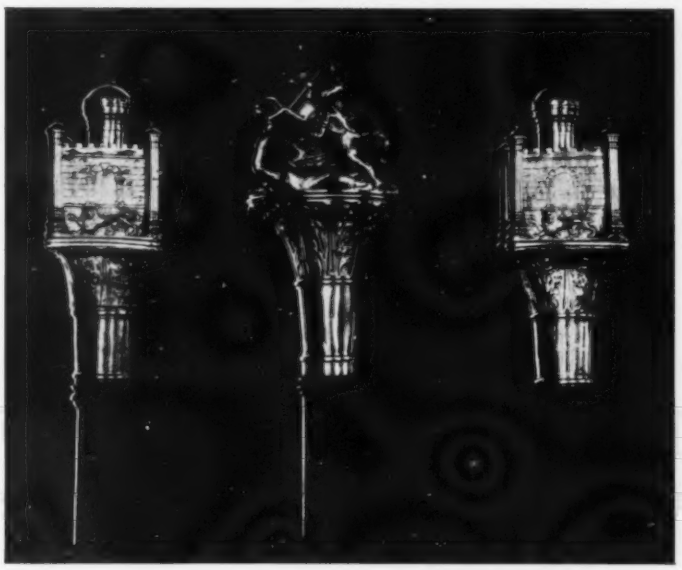


Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

HEADS OF THE MACES OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

Plate was made, assayed, and marked in Norwich at an early date, and there are in existence specimens bearing a date mark for the year 1566. Sir C. J. Jackson, in his "English Goldsmiths and their Marks" (1905), states that: "But for the example of York-made ecclesiastical plate of the year 1563, recently discovered by the author at Todwick, it might have been claimed for Norwich that some of its fully marked and authentically dated plate was earlier than that of any other provincial town in England." The hall-marks of the magnificent "Reade Salt" belonging to the Corporation includes the city arms and the letter D (the date-letter for 1567–68), and is believed to be the work of Peter Peterson, a famous Norwich goldsmith. This standing salt and cover, of silver-gilt, is 15¼ inches high and 6¼ inches in diameter. It is cylindrical in form and is richly ornamented in repoussé with strapwork, masks, flowers and fruit, and shields bearing the arms of Reade, Blennerhasset, and Reade impaling Blennerhasset. Round the top is pounced the motto "ASPERANSE IN DEO," and round the base "THE GYFTE OF PETAR READE ESQUIAR." The cover is surmounted by an urn-shaped ornament bearing a statuette of a man with his right hand resting on a spear and his left on a shield bearing the city arms. This salt was a bequest in 1568 of Sir Peter Reade, already mentioned.

Another example of the work of Peterson is the "Peterson Cup," a silver-gilt tazza-cup, 6 inches high, and ornamented with repoussé work, and with stamped and chased borders. Round the edge is the engraved inscription: "THE MOST HERE OF IS DVNE BY PETER PETERSON." Two other tazze in the city's collection, similar in general form and ornament to the Peterson cup, bear the name John Blener Hassett, the London date-letter for 1561–62, and the maker's mark. Jewitt and Hope were of opinion that the Peterson cup is the oldest of the tazze; but as 1565 is the first year for which a Norwich date-letter is known, it has been suggested that the two Blennerhasset tazze are the earlier and that Peterson must have copied them.

Two magnificent specimens of Jacobean art metalwork, among the most decorative of their kind, are a silver-gilt rosewater ewer and salver which were made in London 1617–18 and presented in 1663 by the Rt. Hon. Henry (afterwards Lord) Howard, the donor of the Howard Mace. The elegant ewer (13¾ inches

high) is vase-shaped and decorated in repoussé with allegorical and real sea creatures, etc., and the high handle is formed of a female demi-figure winged, supported by a dolphin, and terminating in a grotesque mask with scroll work below. The salver (17¾ inches in diameter) is highly decorated with similar creatures, the raised medallion in the centre depicting Christ washing the disciples' feet. Its edge is decorated in repoussé with six medallions of amorini riding on sea monsters, intertwined with leaves, flowers, fruit, etc. Replicas of these were presented by the Corporation and citizens to Prince Albert Victor of Wales on the occasion of his coming-of-age.

Jacobean craftsmanship is also represented by a pair of valuable silver-gilt flagons of London make (each 13 inches high), attributed to 1618–19 and 1625–26. They are cylindrical in shape, with spreading curved bases and plain, graceful handles. The body of each is decorated in repoussé with a strapwork design, consisting of diamond-shaped divisions containing conventional flowers and fruit in relief; the central band contains some allegorical sea monsters and two medallions, and in the uppermost band are the city arms. The lid of each is decorated in harmony with the body and has a blank escutcheon in the centre. Replicas of these and the Reade Salt were presented by the Corporation and citizens to King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra (then the Prince and Princess of Wales) in 1888 on the occasion of their silver wedding.

Photo: Jarrold's, Ltd., Norwich

CASE CONTAINING SWORD PRESENTED BY LORD NELSON

The remaining pieces of silver-gilt plate are the Kirkpatrick cup, a plain cup dated 1721–22, and presented in 1729 by John Kirkpatrick, a local antiquary, who was treasurer of the Great Hospital, Norwich; and a replica of Archbishop Parker's silver-gilt ewer and basin, already mentioned.

The other pieces of plate are of silver and include three pairs of tankards, four standing cups, sauce boats, and other articles of table use. Of the six tankards, one is regarded as being of Norwich make. It is a plain tankard without a lid, and inscribed: "THE GIFT OF MR. TOBIAS DEHEM MARC: IN THIS CITTY OF NORWICH," whose executors presented it in 1631. The four standing cups are of Norwich make. Three of them, with the city arms engraved on the bowl, are dated 1631–32, the donor being Thomas Spendlove, who in 1633 gave £20 to the Court for their purchase. The other cup of the same period is larger and is engraved on the bowl with the arms of Wyndham.

Such are the treasures of the historic Guildhall of Norwich, a city which is fortunate in having in its midst innumerable other treasures, including splendid examples of communion plate, notably those in the churches of St. Peter Mancroft and St. Andrew.

A RARE WORK BY HOKUSAI

By WILL H. EDMUNDS

ALTHOUGH the works of Hokusai are generally well known in Europe among art-lovers who have no predilection for Japanese art, and although there are many collectors of Japanese prints by this world-renowned artist who are ever alert for some rarity, yet, strange as it may seem, there is a set of prints by this artist of which no mention is made by such authors as: Anderson, "Japanese Wood Engravings"; Von Seidlitz, "History of Japanese Colour Prints"; Fenollosa, "The Masters of Ukioye"; C. J. Holmes, "Hokusai"; Strange, "Japanese Illustration" and "Japanese Colour Prints"; Ficke, "Chats on Japanese Prints"; Binyon and Sexton, "Japanese Colour Prints"; nor even in the "Catalogue of the Japanese and Chinese Wood-cuts in the British Museum"; nothing in the Happer, Swettenham, Miller, or Tuke collections, and only two of the set catalogued in any of Sotheby's auction sales from 1909 to 1927. Edmond de Goncourt, in his wonderful *catalogue raisonné*, "Hokousai," barely mentions it in two lines, as "*une série rarissime*" of about 1840, but gives no indication of the number of the sheets nor the subjects, except the fanciful title, "*l'Océan d'Idées*" as a translation of *Chi-e no ume*, literally "A Thousand (or Many) Views of the Sea."

FIG. I. FIRE WAVING

Province of Kai

It is not surprising that Hokusai, whose facile brush had outlined almost everything animate and inanimate, everything to be seen by the eye or invented by the brain of a Japanese, should at some time have intended to limn a series of single-sheet prints on the fishing industry, when it is recognized that fishing was only second in importance to that of the cultivation of rice, since nearly one-sixteenth of the whole population, or about three millions of the people of Japan, were engaged therein, and that "Japan takes first rank among the nations in the ingenuity and skill shown by the people by devising and using fishing appliances." (See H. M. Smith on "Japanese Fisheries" in "The National Geographic Magazine," May 1905.) That ten was to be the ultimate number seems most improbable, for, once started on such a subject, fishing with cormorants, or by means of the *ajiro*, should surely have had a place in such a set, so that it may fairly be concluded that the ten sheets known, five of river scenes and five of the sea, are only part of a larger set projected but left incomplete at the artist's death, as were the designs for *Hyakunin Isshu Ubaga Etoki*, although no evidence of further outline designs are known.

There are indications in this set of his latest style; he had got past his realistic manner and seems to have thrown off the shackles of the traditionary schools, for these landscapes appear to be memorized impressions pieced together, built up, rather than realistic copies of the scenery; but in spite of much obvious convention in his structural dispositions, yet there is an apparent naturalism that is harmonious, if not convincing. He seems to have sought to present some of the geological peculiarities of his native land in the Chinese manner, an influence which grew upon him and is constantly present in his later work, always leading up to grand contrasts, sometimes verging on the extravagant, and to have set in them the figures of the toilers, with whom he was always familiar, in very small form, but with the action of their limbs and the stress of their toil directly in contrast with

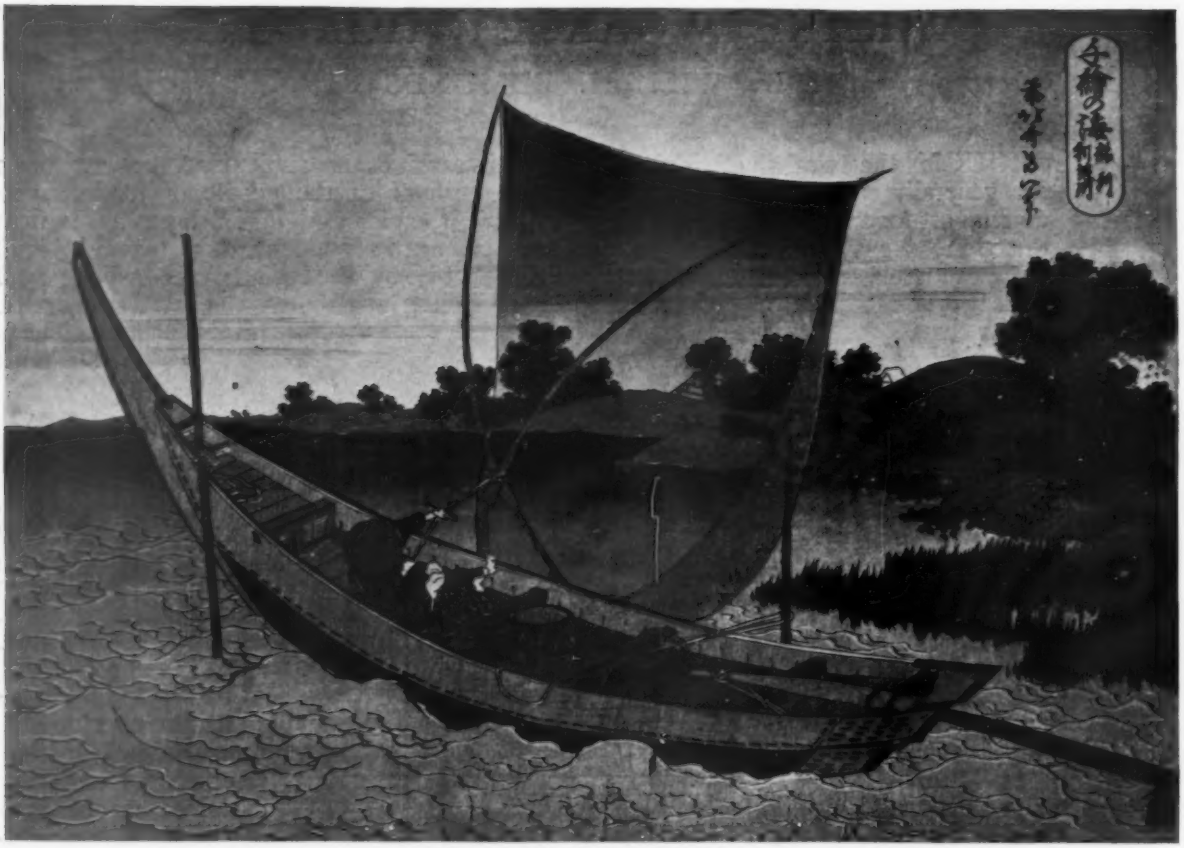


FIG. II. THE TONE RIVER
Province of Shimōsa

the swirling or lashing of water, the leaps of cascades, or the bulky rush of oncoming waves chasing over a sandy bar; and these redeem the unnatural structural features, while the colouring of the whole set is quieter and more harmonious than in some of the views of Fuji and waterfall sets with their hot iron-reds and, at times, almost garish colouring.

The late C. J. Holmes has summarized the landscape work of Hokusai very succinctly: "His designs often verge on the extravagant, and his topography on the impossible; nevertheless, he has always the knack of giving that idea of the reality of life which is characteristic of his figure-subjects. . . . Hokusai stands in a place apart because he combined with this insight a majesty of design, a seriousness of purpose, and a comprehension of the true relation between man and Nature that even Western art has yet to parallel." ("Hokusai," p. 38.) How clearly these remarks apply to the set now under consideration may be judged by referring to the reproductions here given:

Fig. I. *Kōshū. Hi-buri*, "Fire-waving [Province of] Kai."—No name is given as to the cascade where this form of fishing is taking place; it is represented as flowing from an impossible stream having a swell as of the sea in the background, with massed clouds cutting a black sky lit by stars, which show it to be night; on the right a conventional wooded cliff, and a group of eight men, some catching with their hands *Koi* or carp (*cyprinus hæmatophterus*) as they rise to the surface of the water, allured by the light from pine torches which other men are waving to and fro.

Fig. II. *Sōshū. Tone-gawa*, "The Tone River [Province of] Shimōsa."—Here is a quiet and very natural evening scene, with the light gently fading, and fishing by means of the *Yotsu-de ami*, or "four arms net," stretched by its four corners to the ends of two light

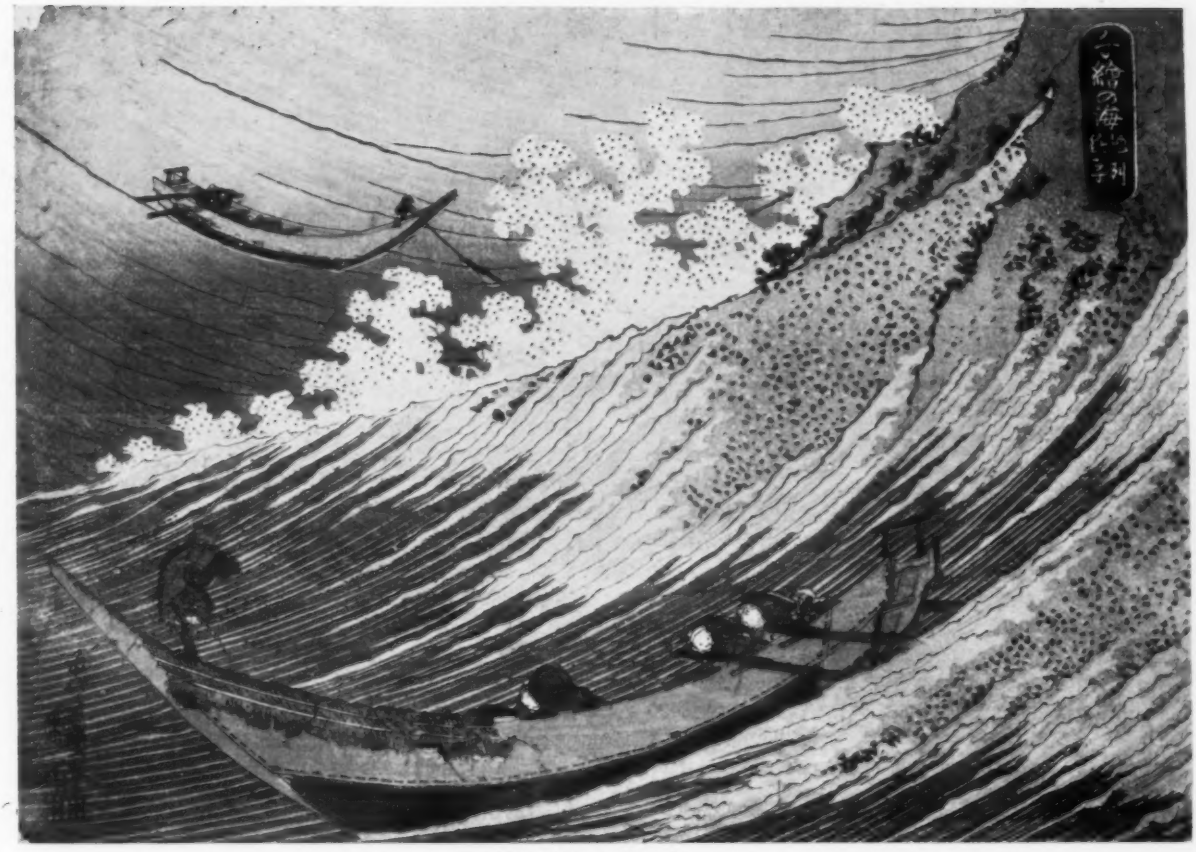


FIG. III. CHŌSHI
Province of Shimōsa

poles bent bow-wise, crossed at right angles, and bound at their junctions by rope, thus forming the four arms. This is balanced on the side of a boat secured by stakes driven into the bed of the stream; lowered into the water it may catch all kinds of small fish, which, when the net is raised, fall into the boat. These *Yotsu-de ami* are frequently depicted in Japanese prints. The charm of the picture is in the view of the river bank through the meshes of the net; the peculiarity of design is in the Chinese rendering of the movement of the current.

Fig. III. *Sōshū. Chōshi,* " Chōshi [Province of] Shimōsa."—This Chōshi is the district formed by several villages extending over two miles along the south bank of the Tone River, near its mouth, where it suddenly narrows, being confined by steep rocks rising abruptly from the Pacific Ocean, so that the bar becomes a very dangerous place to cross when the heavy swell of a high tide runs in from the east, when the roar of the breakers may be heard from a long distance. Man's difficulties with natural forces are here exemplified in the surf-riding boats being tossed about in the trough of the sea as the men pursue their fishing for *Iwashi*, a species of sprat (*clupea melanostrela*), which are caught in drag nets. Immense quantities of this fish are landed and boiled down for oil, the residue being utilized as manure, so that for miles along the coast a very umpleasant odour prevails.

Fig. IV. *Sōshū. Uraga,* " Uraga [Province of] Sagami," situated in a fiord-like harbour at the entrance to the Bay of Yedo.—Here a scattered group of five men on a sandy spit are fishing with rod and line for *Karei*, flounders (*Platessa variagara*), while a sixth is collecting clams. The stillness of the widening expanse of water under a lowering sky seems intended to presage a coming storm.

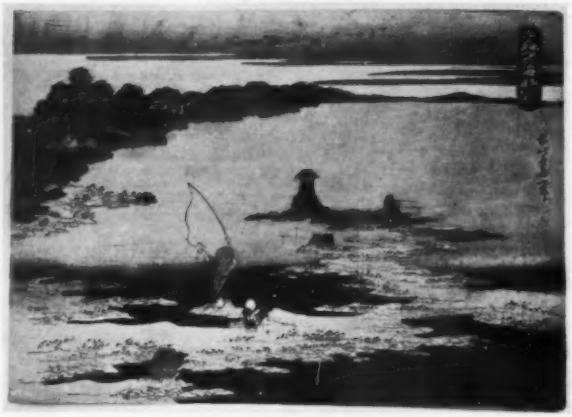


FIG. IV. URAGA
Province of Sagami

Fig. V. *Gotō. Kujira tsuki*, "Harpooning Whales at Gotō," the name of a district comprising five islands off the coast of Hisen in Kyūshū, and the centre of the whale fishery.—A very full account of the operations in this exciting enterprise is given by the Rev. R. B. Grinnan in the "Japan Mail," wherein it appears that watchmen are stationed in three look-outs at different elevations on hillsides (two of these appear in the picture) who signal the approach of whales and give the necessary orders for directing the attack to a fleet of equally numbered fighting and net boats. The latter put out to sea and lay nets in two parallel lines to head the whale towards the land; then the fighting boats get around behind it, to drive it between the nets, harpooning it as it makes efforts to escape, the men even leaping on to its back, and diving with it, until they have made two gashes in its flesh, through which a rope is passed and fastened to a plank laid between two of the larger boats, in order to tie it up to prevent it sinking should it die before they can get it stranded. When the mammal is dying the whalers pray for the ease of its departing spirit by shouting out "*Joraku! Joraku!*" which may be rendered "Away to Paradise," and on the third day after its death, prayers are offered for the repose of its soul. In the illustration a fin-backed whale has been stranded on a sandy spit, and is beating out its last moments of fury; while in the channel under the cliff the boats have drawn in, and the men are waiting ready to rush, naked and yelling with excitement, to the gruesome task of cutting it up.

Fig. VI. *Ka-bari no nagare*, "The Stream of Fly-hooks."—Here again no name of the place is given, and identification by one who knows the neighbourhood of Tōkyō well is impossible, the cliff on the left being one of those purely conventional wooded cliffs which Hokusai so often threw into his landscapes. Five men are here shown fishing for *Ai* or *Ayu*, trout (*Salmo altivalis*), with rod and line, and small hand-nets for landing the fish.

Fig. VII. *Shimōsa. Tōdo.*—This is the *Tōdo no ura*, or "Coast of Tōdo," of which another view is figured in the "Views of Fuji." It lies on the Shimōsa side of the Bay of Yedo, almost opposite Yedo itself, which is in Musashi, its broad stretch of sands left bare by the receding tide. The scene is characteristic of most coast towns, where crowds of men, women, and children scour the sands by

FIG. V. HARPOONING WHALES AT GOTŌ

FIG. VI. THE STREAM OF FLY-HOOKS

scraping with their hands, or digging with bits of stick for clams and other shell-fish, or tread in the shallows with feet that can detect the wriggle of a flat-fish half-buried in the sand, all of which may serve for food, and rarely do they fail to carry away enough to serve for several meals, so plentifully has Nature stocked Japanese waters.

FIG. VII. THE COAST OF TŌDO

Fig. VIII. *Miyatogawa Naga-nawa*, "The Long Rope (at) Miyatogawa," the name of a locality on the bank of the Sumida River above Yedo.—Here fishing is practised by means of long *nawa*, or hempen lines of varying lengths, even to 1,000 ft. or more, to which short lines, furnished with hooks and bait, are suspended at distances of about 6 ft. apart along the greater part of the length; these are used for catching *Unagi*, eels (*anguilla japonica*), Haze, gudgeon (*gobius virgo*), and other river fish, while the fishermen laze contentedly in their boats slowly drifting on the stream.

Fig. IX. *Machi-ami*.—Again no name of the place, but quite a common scene in Japanese art. The title means "Waiting Nets," but the picture shows men with nets known as *Mochi-ami*, "Holding Nets"; also called *Sukui-ami*, because of the scooping motion with which they are handled. They are V-shaped, of silk fastened to bamboos bent and crossed at the ends, and tied to pole handles. Here the brawny fishermen, working in the leaps of a cascade, are driving them down and scooping the hollows formed by the rush of the current. Various fish form the rewards of their labour.

Fig. X. *Kinu-gawa, Hachi-fuse*, "Iron bowls, Kinu River."—This river rises on the Shimotsuke side of the Tsuchi-no-yu Pass on Mount Akanagi, pursues its erratic course through Hitachi, and enters the Tone-gawa in Shimōsa. A mountain stream, it is subject to frequent floodings, causing endless trouble and damage, and carrying down with it large stones and quantities of detritus which it heaps up into sand-banks. Because of the breakages common to the bamboo baskets and traps, iron bowls are placed in the natural holes in the river bed, in which the fish take shelter, and

FIG. VIII. THE LONG ROPE AT MIYATOGAWA

FIG. IX. WAITING NETS

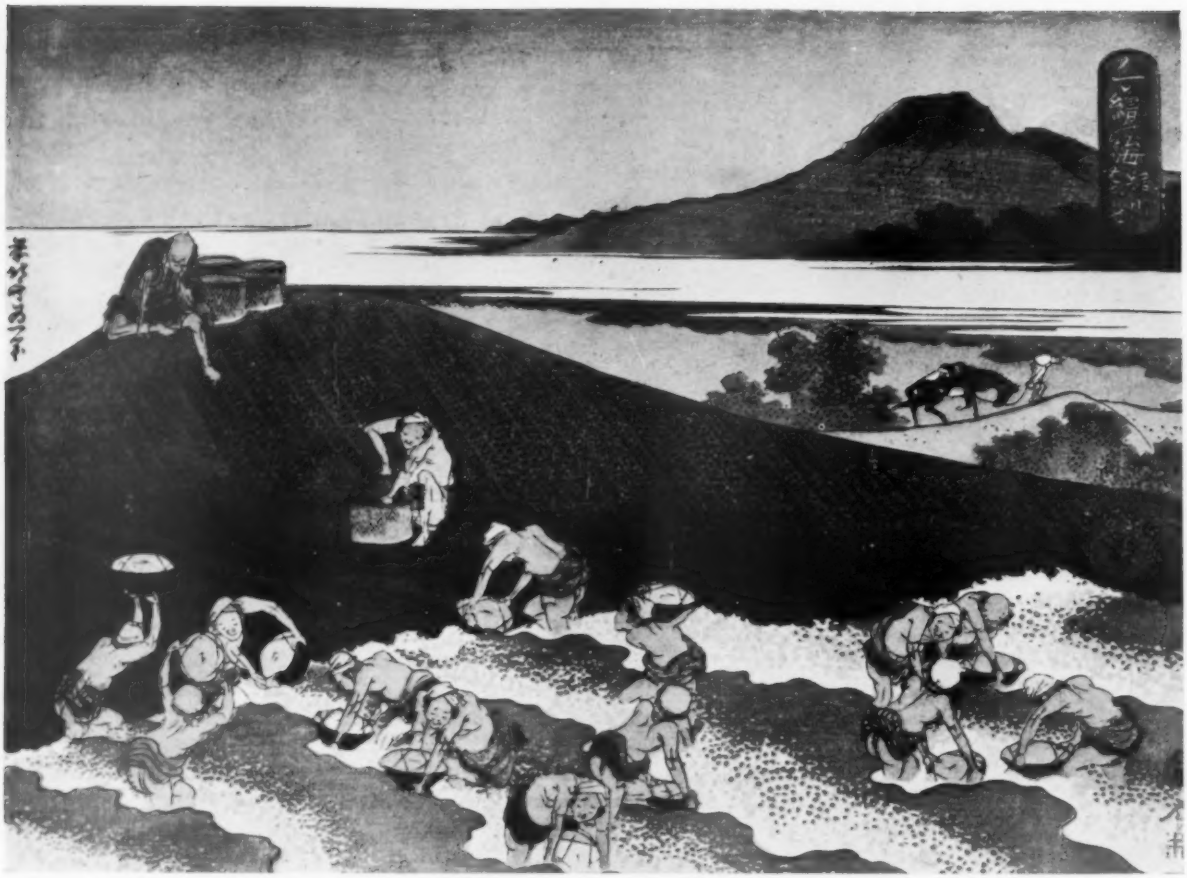


FIG. X. IRON BOWLS

Kinu River

as the waters subside the pots are taken out, and emptied into baskets as shown in the illustration.

These form the whole set of prints as far as they are known, and are for the first time published. The date of their production, given by Edmond de Goncourt as *c.* 1840, is apparently correct, since none of the prints bears any of the censor's seals, which had to be imposed from 1842 onwards, until after Hokusai's death; each print has the publisher's trade mark of Moriji, and is generally accompanied by the *Kiwame* seal. They must have been issued in very small numbers, if anything is to be inferred from their rarity, and to have escaped the lowering of quality usually accompanying late issues. The writer is indebted to Mr. C. K. Marshall-Martin of Yokohama for nine of the photographs, taken from prints in his collection, which he then thought to be complete before the earthquake and fire of 1923 destroyed them; and for the tenth to Mr. H. P. Garland, of Saco, Maine, who is the proud possessor of the full set. Except for nine catalogued by Mr. F. W. Gookin for the sale of the Frederick May collection in New York, May 1918, when they realized prices varying from fifteen dollars to one hundred and ninety dollars per sheet, only an odd print has appeared now and then, at long intervals, in any American, Continental, or English auction sale catalogue for many years, and one may almost be tempted to indulge in the superlative gush of Fenollosa over something much simpler: "It is hardly possible that any greater work of Hokusai yet remains for the world to discover." ("Masters of Ukioye," p. 104.)

THE BENSON COLLECTION

By TANCRED BORENIUS

IT is not often nowadays that a collection of pictures changes hands *en bloc*; so for this reason alone considerable attention has been attracted by the announcement recently made in the Press that Sir Joseph Duveen has acquired the entire collection of Italian pictures formed by Mr. Robert H. Benson; and the high average quality of the individual examples—in some cases rising to the rank of outstanding excellence—is another reason why the sale of the Benson collection must be regarded as one of the most notable events that have taken place in the art world for some time past.

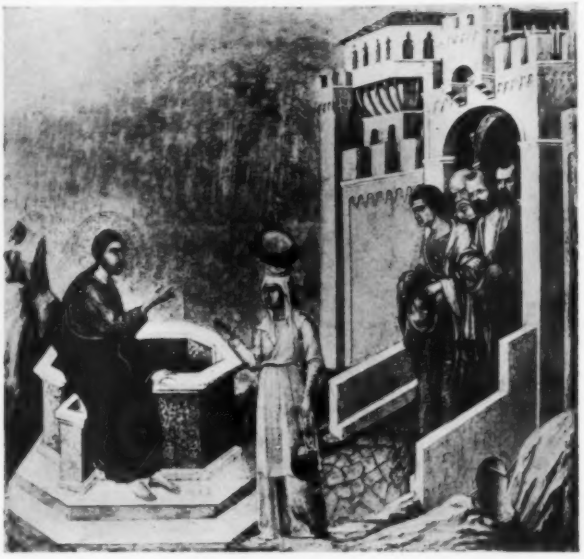
MADONNA AND CHILD

By Luca Signorelli

To those acquainted with it, the fact that the Benson collection has been sold in its entirety requires, indeed, little explanation; for it is a gathering of pictures which leaves upon the mind an impression of extraordinary homogeneousness. Divided between Mr. Benson's town house in South Street, Park Lane, and his Sussex country house at Buckhurst, the series of Italian pictures had for its concomitant a number of English Pre-Raphaelite paintings, together with a few other and earlier examples of the English school. In numbers, as well as from other points of view, the importance of the Italian pictures however was paramount, the Italianate note of the Burne-Joneses being very much in harmony with the main trend of the collection, while there were no deviations at all into the other great schools of painting — Dutch, Flemish, Spanish, and so on—which one so often finds eclectically drawn upon even in collections of no great extent numerically.

Here, then, is a collection, the rather more than a hundred lots of which represent essentially a homage to the Italian schools of painting of the Renaissance and Gothic periods. Its inception dates back to the eighties, or, in other words, to a period when the great work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle had, less than a generation ago, laid the foundations of all serious critical study of Italian painting, and when Giovanni Morelli had only just made his mark, delighting or bewildering critics and collectors with his reattributions and pseudo-scientific "experimental" methods. In England, collectors of the stamp of Sir Henry Austen Layard, the first Lord Wimborne, and Mr. William Graham were still in the field; and the latter is particularly singled out for mention, together with Mr. R. S. Holford, in the preface to Mr. Benson's catalogue of his collection, as having inspired the younger collector in his activities. Some of the most important pictures in the Benson collection were, indeed, acquired at the memorable

THE TEMPTATION
By Duccio



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA
By Duccio

Graham sale in 1886, the thin and meagrely produced catalogue of which yet dazzles the reader in a way the sumptuous publications of later days cannot ever hope to. Several other important English collections have also contributed to the formation of the Benson collection, which likewise owes not a little to acquisitions made in Paris and Italy. It is easy to over-estimate the value of "provenance"; but when, as in the Benson collection, the æsthetic criterion has been uppermost, there is no need to enlarge upon the added

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS
By Duccio

THE CALLING OF PETER AND ANDREW
By Duccio

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Bernardino Luini

interest which springs from the association of so many of the pictures with names famous in the annals of previous collecting.

All the great schools of Italy are represented in the Benson collection, beginning with the Sienese school of the late thirteenth century as exemplified by Duccio di Buoninsegna, one of the patriarchs of Italian painting; and later developments of the same school — so difficult to study even in the greatest galleries beyond the walls of Siena itself— are also admirably seen. The early artists of Florence and Umbria are likewise present in force, and turning to the north of Italy we find a remarkably lengthy series of examples, notably of the school of Venice, which, indeed, in the general impression left by the collection may perhaps be said to predominate. Within the limits of the present article it would be impossible to deal adequately with the wealth of material for an æsthetic appreciation which is offered by the collection, and the reader would be little served by a mere catalogue of names. We have therefore simply reproduced a few of the finest examples of the collection, leaving the majority of the plates to speak for themselves, and concentrating in our comments upon two of the most rare and important items, separated chronologically by a couple of centuries—Duccio's four pictures of scenes from the Life of Christ, and Correggio's "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother."

MADONNA AND CHILD
By Antonello da Messina

Every visitor to Siena is familiar with the famous "Maestà," by Duccio, the great altarpiece which, painted in 1308–1311, originally was placed above the high altar of the cathedral to which it was carried in triumph on its completion, but which is now to be seen in the Cathedral Museum, or "Opera del Duomo"—or at least as much of it as has remained in Siena. Originally the altarpiece had a back and a front, the front showing a large central panel containing the Madonna and Child enthroned with saints and angels, surrounded by a number of smaller panels and pinnacles containing scenes from the Life of Christ, and single figures of saints and angels. The back of the "Maestà" showed no single large panel corresponding to the Madonna of the front, but was solely taken up by panels of smaller dimensions.* Although the altarpiece has been dismembered, the vast majority of the panels originally composing it are to this day at Siena: but a few of them have strayed to other places—three panels from the predella of the front, now in the Berlin Museum; two panels of the predella of the back, in the

* Those interested in the matter will find reconstructions of back and front in Dr. Curt H. Weigelt's monograph on Duccio (Leipzig, 1911), plates 65–66.

CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER

By Correggio

National Gallery; and the four panels (originally likewise parts of the predella of the back) now in the Benson collection. Their pedigree thus goes back to one of the works which forms one of the milestones in the history of European painting; and they may be said to summarize in a marvellous fashion the gifts which go to make up the greatness of Duccio as an artist—his extraordinary power of melodious line and impressive silhouette, his unfailing sense of noble and gentle beauty in the types and forms of his figures, and his marvellous feeling for mellow and glowing colouring on a lustrous gold ground—all, of course, a heritage from the art of Byzantium, but with the individual note of Duccio's temperament always present.

The picture by Correggio represents a scene described in one of the apocryphal gospels: "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother before His Passion." On the left is seen Christ kneeling to receive the Blessing of His Mother, who, overcome with grief, is being supported by the Magdalen; close by stands St. John wringing his hands in sorrow. The feeling and tragedy is intensified by the shadow of approaching night in which the scene is enveloped; in the distance a faint light still lingers in the sky and is reflected on the surface of the Sea of Galilee, while the figures are relieved against the surrounding darkness by a supernatural light coming from some invisible centre on the left—it strikes with full force the spotless white raiments of Christ, accentuating, as it were, his character of innocent victim. There is no denying that this is a profoundly felt and most impressive interpretation of a deeply tragic subject, and the picture occupies thereby a place entirely apart in Correggio's work. The picture belongs to an early phase of the artist's career, and his rendering of human form and his design of drapery are here, in comparison with his later works, very chastened and severe; it is the influence of Mantegna which is still making itself felt on these points. Again, in the scheme of composition and the effect of chiaroscuro, the picture shows continued evidence of the influence of Dosso Dossi. Sir Joseph Duveen having generously offered the trustees of the National Gallery the choice of a picture from the Benson collection, their selection has fallen upon this painting, and it is a matter of congratulation that the National Gallery, where the later glories of Correggio's development have already been so well illustrated, should now have become the owner of a picture representing an early phase of his career in such a remarkable manner.

To all those whose memories of artistic London carry them back a score of years or more, the passing of the Benson collection must necessarily be fraught with a sense of no little melancholy. It was a collection which contributed very materially to making London a place of importance for the study of Italian painting, and successive relays of students from many lands were wont to look upon a visit to London as having not quite fulfilled its purpose if it did not include the privilege—invariably extended with much liberality to all serious amateurs—of a visit to the Benson collection. To everyone who has seen it in the setting created by Mr. and Mrs. Benson it will remain a memory of abiding beauty, and its disposal must inevitably suggest reflections—trite, but keenly felt the moment it is your turn to experience them—as to how *tout passe*.

PETIT TRIANON

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XVIII

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

IF you are in Paris and agile enough to leap occasionally off a narrow pavement into an open doorway to avoid collision with omnibuses which dash past like battle-cruisers, walk up the rue de Grenelle which, like so many of the old streets in the French capital, is not without squalid patches, and pause before the famous fountain by Bouchardon. This work, which was finished in the twentieth year of the long sovereignty of Louis XV (being erected in 1739 during the Rococo period in France), is probably the first work in architecture to show the change in taste which culminated in " the style of Louis-Seize." It contains what might be described as the " germ " of that later style.

It has often been asserted that the style of Louis-Seize was purely a revival of antique art from Greece and Rome, caused by the discovery of Pompeii in 1748, which interested Madame de Pompadour so much that in the same year she dispatched a commission composed of her brother the Marquis de Marigny, Cochin the engraver, and the famous architect Soufflot, to study classical art in its native environment. But the infinite variety of the style differs very considerably from the classic; much of its sentiment is so characteristically French that the sobriety of the antique can only be regarded as a " theme " from which development began. Moreover, the style was inspired by the writings of Diderot and Rousseau, who advocated the return to the simple life. Its chief charm lies in its reflection of elements in Nature, its beautiful portrayal of such pastoral motifs as garlands of flowers, baskets of roses, birds, musical instruments, etc., carved with grace and lightness and used with perfect harmony and artistic restraint. Apart from embellishment, the Louis-Seize style relies upon its main structural lines—a refined feeling for proportion and an appreciation of the importance of plain spaces; and in saying this its affinity with the classic is duly allowed if we add that even in its classicism it is expressive of the luxury in France during the eighteenth century.

Probably no style has been more extensively appreciated outside France than that of Louis-Seize; but only in recent years has it been copied (often, alas! badly) by English decorators, though its influence upon the design

of furniture towards the end of the eighteenth century was considerable. In Belgium, however, and other parts of the Continent the style was adopted in a whole-hearted manner simultaneously with its vogue in France—a very eloquent tribute to the ability of French designers!

One might almost say that there were *two* Louis-Seize styles. The first of these was the "Delafosse" type, which was undoubtedly the finest phase, splendid in its vigour and masterful in scale, which lasted from approximately 1750 to 1770, when architecture generally leant more towards the Roman prototype than to the Greek.

Examples are the Ecole Militaire in Paris, the Petit Trianon and Gabriel's Theatre at Versailles, etc. The other phase occurred towards the last quarter of the century, after Louis XVI had ascended the throne, when the work was not so masterful in character; and in some cases, such as the boudoir of Madame de Sérilly now in South Kensington Museum, suggestive of a weaker mentality and the work of the silversmith rather than the decorator. Other examples of this second period are the Ecole de Médecine, the Hôtel de Salm, and the boudoir of Marie Antoinette at Versailles, etc., where one sees trifling and confused ornament often used to excess.

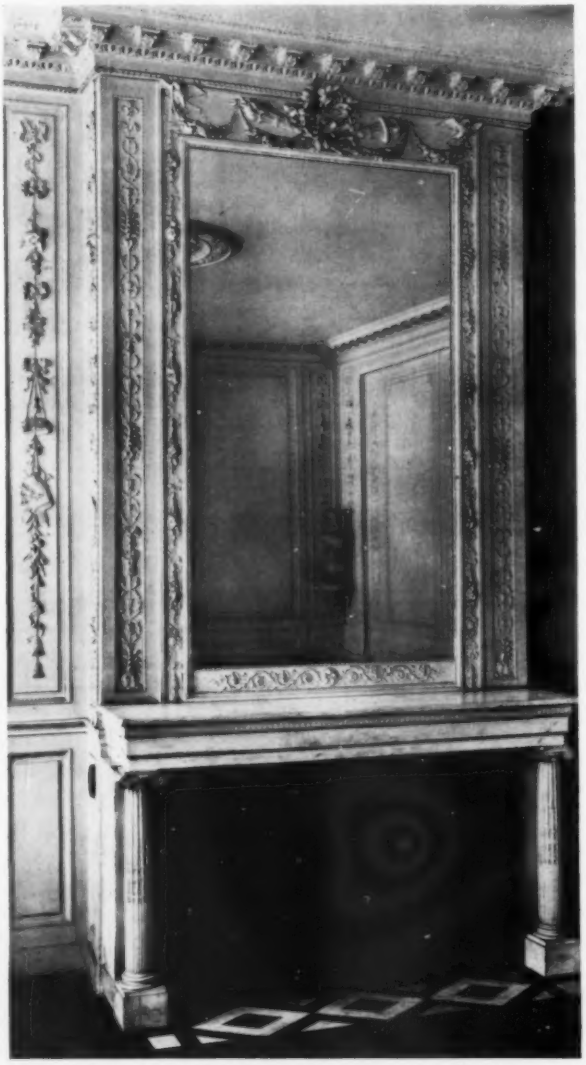


FIG. I. CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE HÔTEL DE MME. DE BOISSAC

The general tendency of Louis-Seize was towards restraint in everything. Exuberance of ornament was checked; the boldly sweeping curves of the preceding styles were abandoned, and straight lines and rectilinear spaces took their places. Well had Rousseau taught; a return to repose in art was his reward. Orderliness and symmetry succeeded the worst of the Baroque and Rococo eccentricities; the cult of the straight line would not permit of them. Increased knowledge of the architecture of Rome and Greece had enabled the architects of France to appreciate more correctly its ideals, and these they successfully adapted with national motives. A classical soul entered the body of French art.

For a long time the people had craved for a change. They loathed the glories of Le Roi Soleil and the court of the boudoir under his successor. All classes yearned for a return to simplicity. The King and his ladies aped the lives and pleasures of simple shepherds, bird-catchers, and other rustics. The Queen, pathetically preferring unostentatious surroundings, to the appropriate setting for high court functions, built the small Trianon and her little farm in the Park of Versailles as a relief from the splendour of the Palace.

The distinctive power of the style at its best is manifest in the Grand Théâtre at Bordeaux—a building which has strongly influenced the design of French architecture even to the present day. It was designed by Victor Louis, and erected from 1773 to 1780. In plan it is a long, rectangular block, a huge isolated mass, of

FIG. II. STAIRCASE, GRAND THÉÂTRE, BORDEAUX

(*Victor Louis*, 1773–80)

very impressive appearance and great dignity. A prominent feature of the front is a row of huge columns of the Corinthian order, supporting an entablature surmounted by figures, with galleries behind. The general conception as a whole is a lesson to the student of theatrical architecture, for, spectacularly speaking, it leaves nothing to be desired, though the exigencies of modern stagecraft would not permit of a slavish imitation of it.

Internally the decorative treatment is worthy of the plan; part of the main staircase, which faces one upon entering, is shown in our full-page plate. Leading upwards with a gentle rise the steps have, instead of a balustrade, a refreshing change in a low parapet carved with a Greek fret designed in the new manner, i.e. with angles instead of curves; the top slopes and is carved with foliage in low relief, the ridge being marked by deeply-cut money-pattern ornament. The door in the wall, which faces one as one ascends, is deeply recessed with panels of good proportion, and flanked by figures of draped caryatids of histrionic symbolism, with corresponding trophies in low relief below, and surmounted by a richly carved pediment in which are musical instruments typical of Louis XVI ornament. Above is another feature of the new style in the form of an inscribed tablet, a massive cartouche, the Royal arms, and instruments of music. The wall is divided into three panels by pilasters. In these panels are niches containing symbolic female figures excellently carved. The lower wall is treated in rather deeply-cut rustication. The general effect of this design is broad, simple, and dignified. Perhaps the ornamentation of the pediment catches the eye a little too egotistically even for a central object, but if it does the fault is trifling. That this old theatre conveys a suggestion of modernity shows that there is good modern work besides bad; would that the latter was not so numerous and (even in London, alas!) so recent.

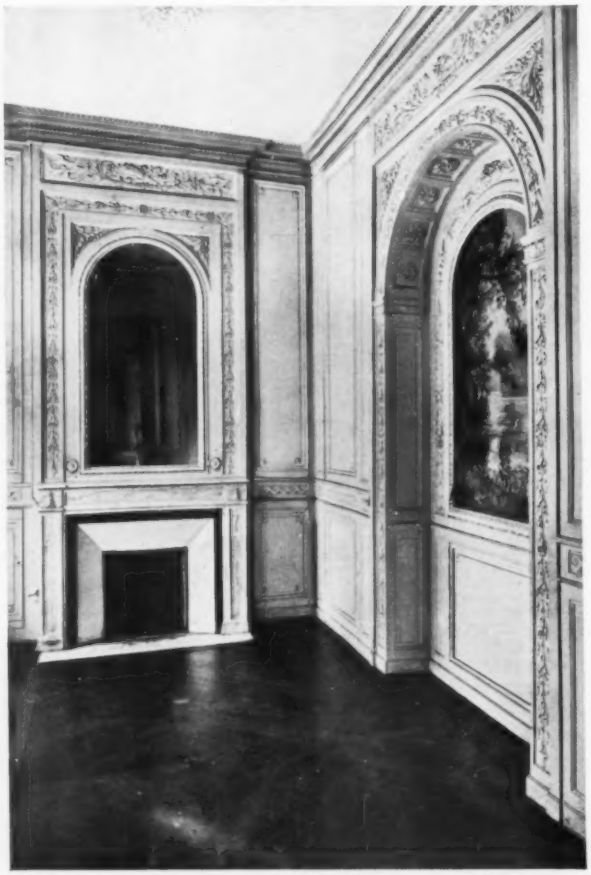


FIG. III. ROOM IN THE HÔTEL DE L'ÉCOLE SAINTE-MARIE *dit* "LE GRAND LEBRUN"

Bordeaux generally affords the student an admirable field for the study of the architectural style of Louis-Seize, and he should spend a few weeks there. There is scarcely a street which has not some feature of interest—perhaps an old doorway with fine old knockers, or a well-designed fanlight in wrought iron. In civil architecture he will find interiors where the decoration is quiet, dignified, and refined, of a type similar to the chimneypiece in the Hôtel de Mme. de Boissac, in the Rue Jean-Jacques Ber (Fig. I).

This fireplace is characteristically low and wide, like those of the earlier styles, the shelf resting on an Ionic architrave supported by very beautiful columns of that order. The usual mirror in a flat frame daintily carved with a wreath, burning torches, swags of flowers upheld by birds, pendants of flowers tied on crinkled ribbons, and flowing conventional ornament, reposes upon it. Classical details and foliated stems crossing and enclosing oval

spaces, also in keeping with the style, are carved in the pilaster panels of the support. All this may be classical by affinity, as I have pointed out, but the inception of the design is indubitably French and expresses the mentality of the eighteenth century. The room is a masterpiece of refinement and skilful wood-carving. What scheme could be more elegant for the decoration of a boudoir or drawing-room?

Still in Bordeaux, let us glance at the decoration of the delightful little room (Fig. III) in the Hôtel de l'Ecole Sainte-Marie *dit* "Le Grand Lebrun." This mirror frame here is arched, and very pleasing variety and relief are given by the grouping of ornament around central features, which is relieved by the plain, narrow panels lining the walls. The decoration is likewise light and graceful, with the usual hanging wreaths, volutes, flowers, strings of beads, ribbons, etc. A well-planned feature which always helps a room is the recessed niche with arched top, the soffit panelled and carved with pateræ, and the interior painted with landscape—a good position in which to stand a bed or settee. Such work we endeavour to imitate but do not hope to excel.

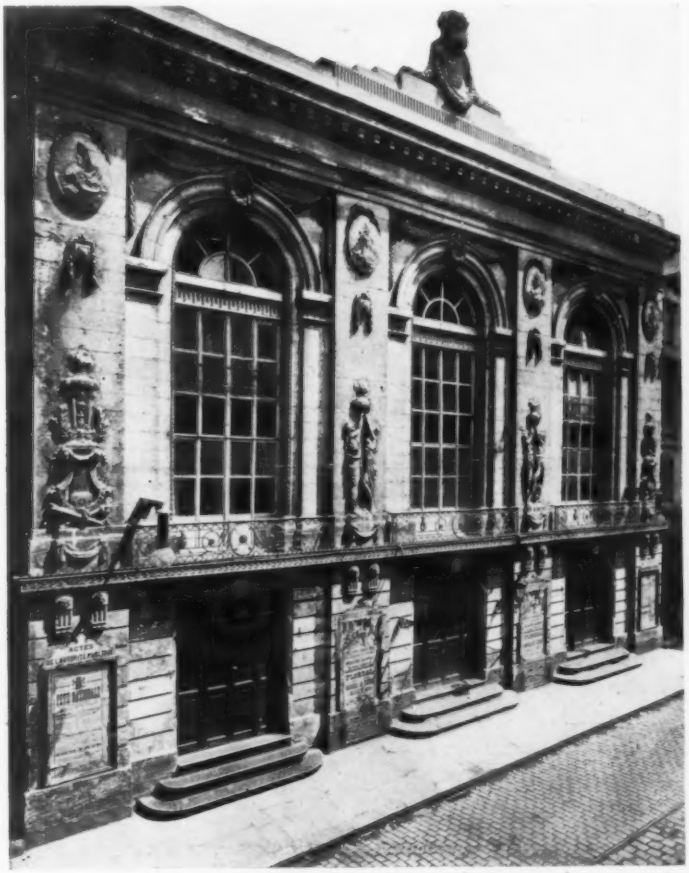


FIG. IV. OLD THEATRE, AMIENS
(*Jacques-Rousseau*, 1733–1801)

To quite a different type from the example at Bordeaux, but contemporary with it in date, belongs the façade of the fine old theatre at Amiens (Fig. IV), which is all that remains of a remarkable edifice erected by Jacques-Rousseau (1733–1801). The façade here, which received a "direct hit" during the war, and came off badly, is much more intriguing than that of the Bordeaux example, and one of the most distinctive and unusual buildings of the period extant. Observe how the front is divided by four wide piers, decorated by pairs of figures supporting a vase of flames and musical trophies, with laurel wreaths, nail heads, and sculptured oval medallions with ribbons thrown over the top. The only regrettable features are the nail heads midway on the piers, which could have been omitted with advantage to the composition. The entablature is plain; the cornice is surmounted by three steps, which carry the Royal arms and crown. The front of the ground floor is treated in the mild type of rustication which was then in vogue and which is always effective. The doors retain a prominent key; the consoles supporting the gallery which runs along the front are sculptured with pateræ and fluting, characteristically fine in type. In the window spandrels are the usual ropy festoons, which, when used like this, are just tolerable; but this type of garland and drop has been so dreadfully misused by designers during recent years that they have now become almost nauseating. The introduction of "swags" into any design usually denotes poverty of invention!

In this example, too, the feeling of breadth has been maintained, the proportions and

Victoria and Albert Museum

FIG. V. THE RUNNING FAUN
By Clodion

details are excellent, and the carving is magnificent, although in the illustration the size of the lower portion of the building seems less than it should be owing to the position in which the camera had to be placed.

Three extraneous influences affected the style. One was archæology, which taught artists to reproduce classical forms amd details more faithfully than formerly, though sometimes at the expense of vigour and life. The other influences were foreign, namely, English architecture of the classical type, and the Anglo-Chinese school of design, which attained great celebrity in the planning of gardens, etc.

Louis-Seize, as it affected the minor arts, is more difficult to appreciate justly than it is in architecture. Figs. II and IV show good examples of the art of the sculptor in stone in relation to architectural surroundings, the latter specimen being still suggestive of the influence of Goujon, while the former is a product of its time. In sculpture generally, the aims of the style were adopted. Fig. V shows "The Running Fawn" by one of the greatest exponents in the eighteenth century—Claude Michel, known as Clodion (1738–1814), perennially famous for subtle modelling, composition, grace in depicting action, and general beauty of form. Houdon was perhaps a greater man, but I wonder if his work was so expressive of the spirit of the age?

The school of wood-carving in this style undoubtedly stood very high, as will be seen in the illustrations of the rooms at Bordeaux and elsewhere. Unfortunately, the technical merits of the work of this school are sometimes too obtrusively perfect. Their designs are correct, clever, and often of great beauty, but one cannot ignore their occasional frigidity. Wicked paradoxes relieve one's ennui in contemplating them: a blunder, a sin, would mean salvation.

The designing and weaving of tapestry, the art of the bronze founder and the potter, together with the achievements by the *maîtres ébénistes* of the Louis-Seize period, especially Jean-Henri Riesener (1735–1806), were all

FIG. VI. ESCRITOIRE À TOILETTE
(Belonged to Marie Antoinette)

of the highest excellence. One of the best examples of cabinet work is the well-known *escritoire à toilette*, which was once the property of Marie Antoinette (Fig. VI).

Spain, probably, has greater reason to be proud of her hammered ironwork than any other nation. No country has surpassed, or even attempted to equal, the mighty metal altar and chancel screens which were forged in the early sixteenth century for the cathedrals of Seville, Burgos, Granada, and elsewhere. They are unique of their kind. But *fer forgé* has probably been more extensively used in France than in any other country. Beautiful gates, staircases, and balcony fronts in metal are essential characteristics of all French architecture. At the present time it is gratifying to record that in this respect French tradition is still upheld and such able artists as Messrs. Bagues and others can still produce work which is comparable with any achievements of the eighteenth century.

FIG. VII. BALUSTRADE OF STAIRCASE, PETIT TRIANON

The newel post which terminates the balustrade at the Petit Trianon (Fig. VII) is, of course, well known to all architects and designers, and of its kind it is probably the most famous example in France. It is obviously a splendid performance in metalwork; yet those who have not been in the *ateliers* in Paris and watched the process of hammering and forging metal can hardly realize how great is the result achieved. In this example the art of Louis-Seize chased ironwork culminates, its perfection forbidding the search for a "development" therefrom.

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

THE DRY-POINTS OF OLIVER HALL, R.A.

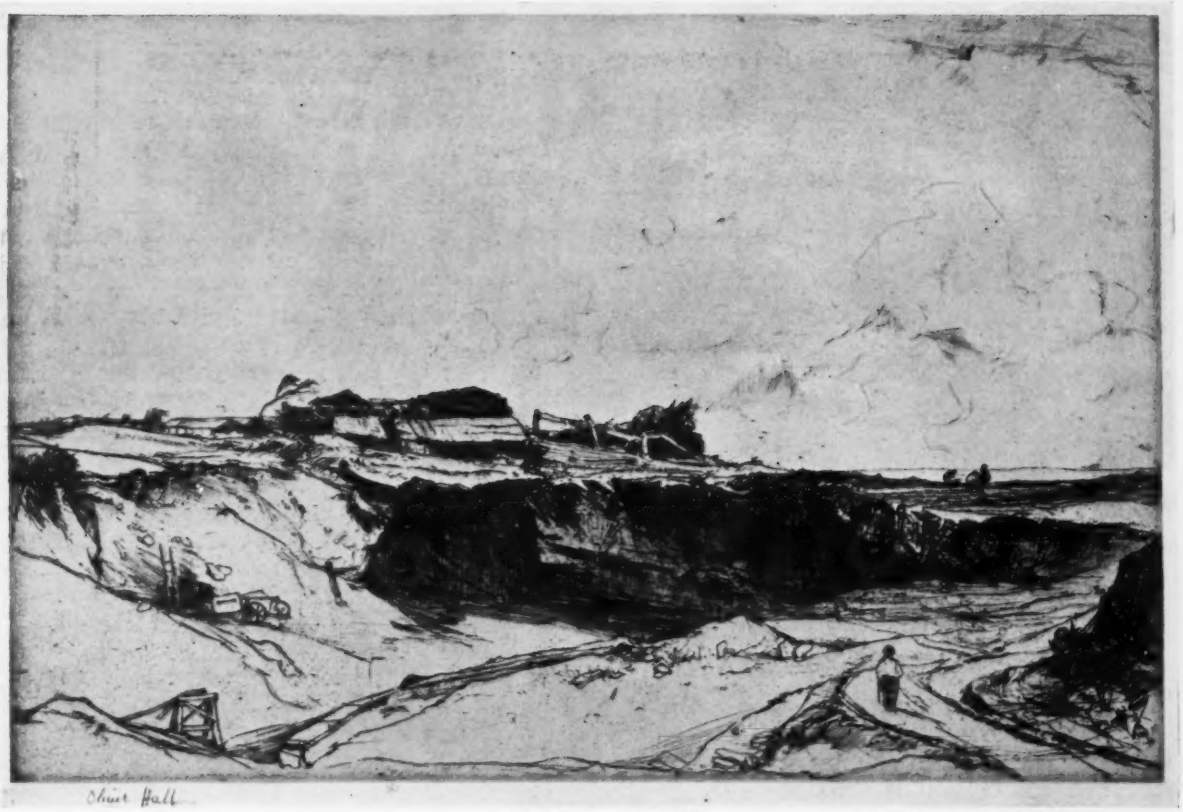
"TO record the passing moods of Nature as they change the aspects of landscape, especially when trees are expressively still or restless in the morning air, that is always the artistic impulse of Oliver Hall, a fine etcher of marked individuality and distinguished accomplishment. He sees landscape largely, with a spacious pictorial sense of atmosphere, and trees are generally the dominant influences of his composition. He feels intensely their living beauty, with their infinite variety and grace of line, their sensitiveness of temperament; and he records this with a vision entirely personal and an art full of vitality." This I wrote in a book of mine fifteen years ago, but for some unaccountable reason this fine artist either ceased for a time to ply his needle or dry-point, or he took no pains to circulate his prints. One recalls in those days such fine plates as "A Windy Day—Angerton Moss," "The Edge

10⅝" × 14⅛"

ALCANTARA BRIDGE (No. 2)
Dry-point by Oliver Hall, R.A., R.E.

Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.

of the Forest," " Trees on the Hillside," and many others; but with this distinctive achievement to his name—he simply and quietly seceded from the ranks of the etchers. Happily this secession, or what seemed to be a secession, is over and gone; he has come back, and with a characteristic lot of new plates, and a year or two ago the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers joyfully welcomed him again to its fellowship. Meanwhile he had, of course, gone on painting his grave and noble landscapes, so individual in tone, so distinguished in composition, until the Royal Academy was bound to take note of him, inviting him first to its Painter-Associateship, and not long afterwards to its full honours. But here we are concerned with his activities on the copperplate; and it is refreshing to announce that the good old Bristol house of Frost and Reed have published sixteen prints since last September and have recently had an exhibition of them in their London gallery. There is, for instance, " Grim Spain," a view of the Alcantara Bridge at Toledo seen in shadow, with the sun playing fiercely about, and the Plaza de Armas the key to the design. Then there is " Alcantara Bridge " (No. 2), showing the other side of this bridge which no etcher within reach of it can possibly avoid making a plate of. It is not, of course, the famous old Moorish bridge, which disappeared long, long since; but there is an irresistible fascination about this old bridge, its approaches and its situation. Mr. Hall's dry-point has splendidly found the texture of the stones and the rocks, caught the sunlight and shadow on the river shores and the water, and traced the fleecy clouds in the sky. " St. Martin's Bridge " is, of course, one of the Toledo plates, and excellent at that. Another fine



7⅝" × 11⅝" A SUSSEX QUARRY *Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.*

Dry-point by Oliver Hall, R.A., R.E.

Spanish plate is " Roman Bridge, Ronda," in which a road winds up from the bridge along a deep, rocky way to some buildings above, making a rich design. But here, in " A Sussex Quarry," is surely an etcher of a more individual kind than we have yet seen in these new plates. This is the country that Mr. Hall knows so well, and here over a succession of planes we get into the quarry, dark, rugged, and partially worked; wheelbarrows and other signs of labour are about ; and above, the wind is blowing gustily over the ground, the sheds, the shrubs, and little trees, and making the clouds to move lightly. An old man walking in the foreground, and three figures in the distance, carry the human interest of this very beautiful plate beyond the work in the quarry. Among other plates of particular charm and quality are " Estuary of Portmadoc," in which the contours of the hills are not lost in the clear air; " Vale of Festiniog," with the plain of the valley beautifully distinguished from the rising slopes of the distant hills, while the sky is treated as part and parcel of the landscape; and " Malmesbury Abbey," an architectural relic of past beauty handled most deftly on its one side of open country, with a valley dipping to a bridged stream, the other side being a huddle of houses. Then, in " Old Ash Trees," we have Mr. Hall returning to his old love of trees in the wind, and here we see how live a thing he makes of a tree that is weather-worn, how it takes a look of character and experience. Again, in " Mausoleum, Bardsea Park," there is another fine study of trees that have suffered the weather, while an exquisite little tree-study is that at Hayling Island. " Newbiggin " is a spacious vision, splendidly composed, and thoroughly characteristic both of the artist and the place; while there is one plate, " Timber Yard, Portsmouth "—I do not know when it was done, but I do know that it delights me enormously, and it might almost have been done by Whistler in his " Thames Etching "

10½" × 10½" *Published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd.*

THE FULLY LICENSED MAN
Dry-point by S. Van Abbé, A.R.E.

days, with the sailing boats drawn up to the wharves, the low water, and the street near by with its traffic. Yes, almost, but not quite: there is something of the Oliver Hall personality; but "A Sussex Quarry," not Whistler nor another could have done that—it is Oliver Hall all over.

A VIVACIOUS DRY-POINT

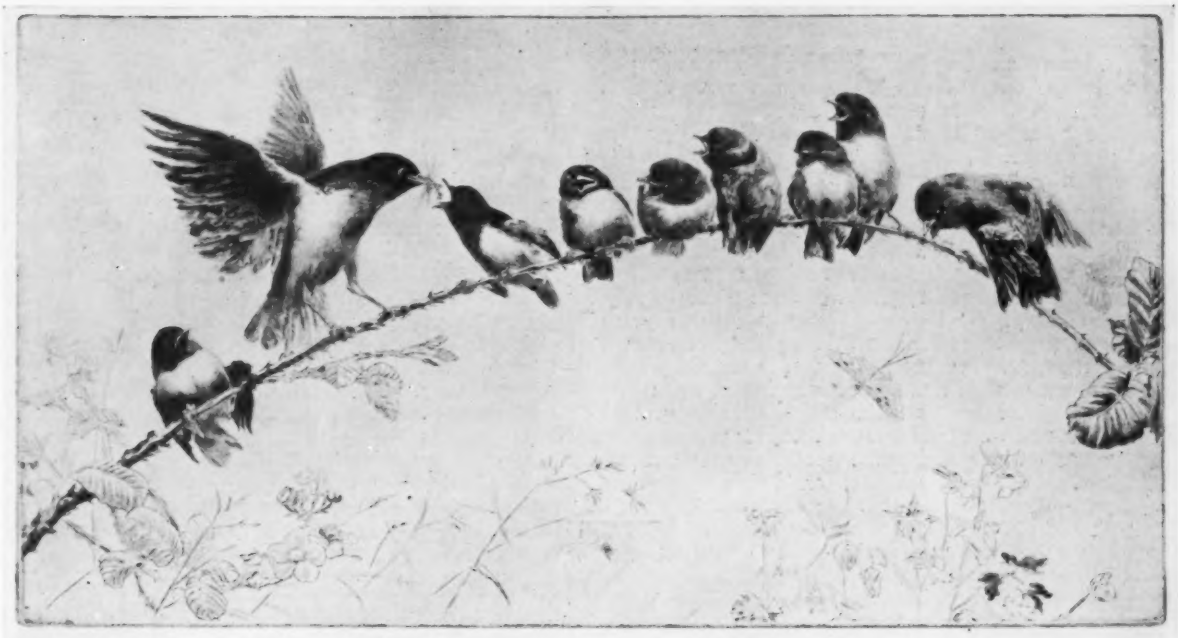
Mr. S. Van Abbé has undoubtedly a *flair* for true portraiture; his dry-point searches instinctively for the characteristics of feature as they relate to each other in building up a personality, and finds these, as it were, ready to his hand. Here, for instance, is "The Fully Licensed Man"—a publican every inch of him. There he stands behind his bar, his fat-fingered hands clutching the armholes of his waistcoat displaying his paunch, his double-barrelled chin and jowl aggressively importunate, the bristly little moustache above the set lips that hold the cigar, the snub nose, the heavily-lidded beady eyes, with the cap, so characteristic of the type, crowning the whole man. There he stands, the beer-taps at his right hand, a bottle of beer and tankard at his left, and a barrel behind him, ready to "take on" any customer for a drink or, maybe, for a bet on the next horse-race or prize-fight. This very live and well-informed dry-point hangs, not too modestly, in the Royal Academy.

A NEW NAUTICAL ETCHER

A new etcher of the sea is coming to the fore in Mr. Sidney M. Litten, and what is specially noteworthy in his plates is their sense of space and atmosphere. He does not give one the impression that he has drawn a boat or more, then added the waves of the sea, and anon put in some sky; but he sees his picture at once, and ships and sea and sky are all in relation. The result is essential truth. In "Becalmed," for instance, the quiet water before us is lapping some seaweed-covered rocks; then farther on, in the hot stillness, a man is slowly sculling a boat out to a two-masted sailing craft that lies becalmed. But beyond is a great expanse of hazy light over the sea, with one or two craft faintly defined, and a sky which is an etcher's triumph, so intuitively is it felt, so delicately bitten. In "Coming Home" the etching interest is all in the drawing of the breakers with their

13¼" × 10¼" *Published by Messrs. Arthur Bailey, Ltd.*

BECALMED
Etching by Sydney M. Litten



7¼" × 15" *Published by Messrs. James Connell and Sons, Ltd.*

EARLY BIRDS
Dry-point by L. R. Brightwell

spumy crests; but two fishing smacks are coming bravely along through the broken sea and the dirty weather. "Breakers" is a fine plate, reminding me somewhat of Mr. Joseph Gray in his treatment of the waves and the mist of the foam, as "The Smuggler" recalls in a way the manner of Mr. Briscoe; but in "Off Whitstable," with the oyster smacks in a choppy sea under a sky of menacing cloud, and again in "Fresh Paint," Mr. Litten would seem to have found himself; but I would ask him to reconsider the length of the near fishing boat.

MR. BRIGHTWELL'S "EARLY BIRDS."

Ornithology would be brightened as a study if it could always be illustrated by Mr. L. R. Brightwell's etchings. They show birds in a state of natural wisdom, each with its individual tendencies, but collectively characteristic, and disposing themselves with seasonable decorative effect. Here, for instance, in "Early Birds," the mother bird has just flown, with a broken dragon-fly or some such creature in its mouth, on to a branch of briar along which are ranged its brood of young. It feeds the first hungry bird; the second tries to keep its mouth closed and will not look; the others with open mouths contain themselves with such philosophy as they may, but one, seeing a small butterfly on the wing, is hungrily tempted to test its own partially-fledged condition. A very happy print.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of APOLLO

June 20, 1927.

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for having allotted so much space in your important Journal to Mr. Peter Spencer's comments on my book, "The Modern Movement in Art." But may I ask you to permit me to point out to your readers that the object of my book is primarily to submit that the character and value of a work of original art reside in that work itself as an epitome of the artist's enlargement of his experience, and that they cannot be ascertained by its effects upon any individual spectator or any particular group of spectators.

Mr. Spencer says: "We know one thing for certain. Mr. Wilenski has been obliged to create for himself an elaborate theory for the purpose of enabling him to enjoy

painting." I have not attempted to create a theory for this purpose. I have attempted to work out some classifications for the purpose of helping myself (and possibly other people) to *understand* certain forms of painting. I am as capable as the man in the street or the æsthete of *enjoying* pictures without the aid of theories. Like the man in the street and the æsthete, I know what I like, but I have not the pretension of the one and the other who imagine that because they like a painting it is for that reason good. The basic assumption of my book, as stated in the preface, is that it is the function of a critic to seek to arrive at a comprehension of pictures and not to rest content with a description of his own enjoyment of those which he may happen to enjoy.

Mr. Spencer says: "All art . . . is primarily an appeal to the emotions. It must follow that it is through the emotions one gets the clearest understanding of a painter's meaning." Here I would point out that the purpose of my book is to demonstrate that original art is not primarily or at any stage an appeal to the emotions or the intellect or any other function of the spectator. It is not an *appeal* to anything at all. It is simply a *statement* of the artist's enlargement of his own experience, produced from first to last without reference to its effect upon spectators. To assume that the original artist is concerned with the emotions of a man in the street or the æsthete when contemplating his picture is an assumption flattering to the spectator, but not in accordance with the facts. The moment an artist is concerned with the effects of his work on the spectator he ceases to be original and becomes an artist who is popular in kind.

Mr. Spencer says: "Diversity of motive sometimes leads to similarity of results." I have endeavoured in my book to demonstrate that diversity of motive frequently leads, not only to results that appear similar, but often to results which may *appear* identical; but that the works for that reason are not identical or even similar in character and worth. Mr. Spencer says that certain pictures by Matisse look very much like Chinese paintings. They undoubtedly do. But unless we can be certain that the attitude and motives of the Chinese painter were the same as those of M. Matisse we are not confronted with comparable things. In point of fact, most of us know nothing at all about the attitude and motives of the Chinese painters, and therefore we cannot understand their work. This is no more disgraceful than it would be in a Chinaman to fail to understand a painting by Rembrandt. The only thing that is disgraceful is to pretend to assess a work of art when we have no notion of what the artist set out to do; for that is to assess a work the nature of which we have not yet begun to understand. Confronted with Chinese painting we can like or dislike it, but we have no right in the first case to call it a good painting, or in the second to call it bad.

The question to ask before a work of art is not "Do I like it?" but "What is it?" For it is only in answer to the second question that the work's character and value can be ascertained.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

R. H. WILENSKI.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

NOT very long ago I discussed the projects of decentralization, so dear to certain æsthetes. Was it not a question of relieving Paris, not for the benefit of the ever-voracious Paris, nor to the advantage of the provinces, whose artistic life shows a powerful renewal, but for the benefit of art itself—if it be true that works of art find their shelter of immortality beneath the skies which gave them birth.

Since I wrote that letter, nothing very definite has been attempted in this direction. On the other hand, it is noticeable that the sensible and cultured traveller appears every day more ready to seek, among the vestiges of history, for some local signs of living art. Young painters, especially those of Marseilles and the Riviera, begin to find effective support from patrons before coming to face the perils of "the capital."

If M. Jean Ajalbert, of the Académie Goncourt, the director of the National Tapestry Works of Beauvais, has not yet discovered a painter with a future in the town of Jeanne Hachette, at least he has wished the weavers of the old royal factory to become the auxiliaries of "Young Painting." Every spring he organizes a "Season of Art," and it is undoubtedly to him, and to it, that we owe that concourse of tourists who appear to be holding a permanent competition in the elegancies of dress and of sport.

Beauvais, long ago classed as an "art city," has freed itself from the selfish yoke of the archæologists.

I rejoice, if it is entirely in conformity with the doctrine of living art, and, further, if it is in the true tradition of Beauvais. As a matter of fact the archæologists, who sometimes condescend to edit prospectuses for the "syndicates of local initiative," would have liked the "museum town" to outweigh the "art town." Nothing, however, could have been more inaccurate. Beauvais is at least as rich as Rouen in untouched specimens of Medieval and Renaissance architecture, and there is not one of these glorious buildings but still shelters life and activity. Many are the houses whose original destination has not even been altered. The remedy dealer at the sign of the Three Pillars no longer styles himself apothecary but Doctor of Pharmacy, former house-surgeon to the hospital—that is all the difference.

At the time when M. Jean Ajalbert took possession of the "manufacture" the institution was vegetating. Now, M. Jean Ajalbert has a good deal of taste for life. He is a writer with the temperament of a polygraph, a great stirrer of ideas. The ideas are practical because he started from naturalism. And, since he was educated in the "Garret of the Goncourts," it is natural that this sort of activity will lead him to awaken these ateliers of a sleeping beauty in Pompadour costume.

The Orientalism favoured by the circle of the Goncourt led M. Jean Ajalbert first of all to Indo-China, where he was not able to devote himself to the colony. He was not entrusted with the government of Saigon. So much the better, if he now produces wonders at Beauvais.

The writer, who had little practice of art-criticism, retained from his contact with the Garret at Auteuil not

only the love for things Japanese, but also a sympathy for Raffaelli and the Impressionists. It was sufficient to make him decide to ask the representatives of Young French Painting—those who in 1923 were in the position of the Masters of 1883—for the secret of restoring Beauvais to its true destiny. M. Jean Ajalbert was probably timid because he was not very well informed. Perhaps he had more of the naturalist's respect for all contemporary activity than fervent love for the aspects of modern art.

As a good naturalist, the new director began by providing himself with " documents." Benevolent guides conducted him round the galleries and pointed out the artists who were best qualified to furnish Beauvais with cartoons for tapestry. His attention was directed to Raoul Dufy, one of the most imaginative of the Fauves, and thereby the nearest to Picasso, who as yet frightened M. Jean Ajalbert. He was pressed to approach Georges Braque, the most legible of the cubists, who is by unanimous accord regarded as the true representative of the French spirit as illustrated by Chardin.

Being cautious, M. Jean Ajalbert wished to obtain additional proof. He opened a consultation in the " Bulletin of the Galerie Bernheim," naturally the least Liberal of publications. Still, the result was magnificent. The readers who were consulted answered : Dufy, Braque, adding to these all the intermediate names that you can guess; so satisfactorily that, resisting no longer, M. Jean Ajalbert could proceed even to the length of inviting help from the extraordinary linear fantasy of Jean Lurçat. Moreover, while M. Jean Ajalbert was still timid, he had the good taste to address himself to a painter of the quality of Taquoy, who excels in decoration and whose " Hunting Scenes " are both modern and yet in the elegant tradition of Oudry.

M. Jean Ajalbert has done better. Now that he is no longer afraid of anything, he has invited Mme. Rij-Rousseau, a rather tumultuous painter, more futurist than cubist, and who showed at the Exhibition of Decorative Arts some carpets of her own creation which, from the point of view of the craft, upset all the traditions. True, M. Jean Ajalbert has not gone to the extent of entrusting the management of an atelier to Mme. Rij-Rousseau, and the director, reasonably claiming that it is the extreme painter who submits to order, can flatter himself on keeping well within his double tradition.

Perhaps Beauvais would find it advantageous to invite artists to collaborate for a period indirectly. They, too, would not be given the management of an atelier, but what profit would not the weavers derive from a dozen conversations, some advice, and easy lessons on the art of today! I can picture to myself Marie Laurencin spending a useful fortnight at Beauvais—Marie Laurencin, or the too discreet Irene Lagut, who could enrich the factory with perfect cartoons.

The " season of art " at Beauvais permits also the exhibition of old works, cartoons or finished tapestries. Sometimes they are housed in the noble nave of the towerless cathedral.

The fact that the masterpieces of La Tour have been officially and gloriously exhibited at the Hôtel Charpentier, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, is not an absolute contradiction of this new and reasonable taste for decentralization. The exhibition was organized for the benefit of the Museum and School of La Tour at St. Quentin, which had suffered grievously from the excessive progress of artillery.

Fortunately, the wonderful pastels, whose dust is like the radiance on the immortality of the age of art, did not run any further risks than those of their displacement. Let us admit it, the Germans put them in a place of safety. They flattered themselves on the fact in a curious pamphlet full of the kind of pride that war promotes : " La Tour, by a German reserve corps."* The author has written lines on which there would be much to be said were it not so dangerous and did peace not deserve the greatest sacrifices. " The German high command has placed the immortal pastels in safety at the right moment. They have been removed to Maubeuge. We cannot think without alarm of the bombarded vaults of the basilica, so closely connected with the destinies of La Tour."

He added : "May a lighter and gayer edifice be erected for them after the war in the restored native city of their creator."

The hour has come. M. Hermann Erhard was right. The old museum of St. Quentin was not a very pleasant spot. It will be improved. We have no lack of good architects. But will there always be good administrators to choose them well when an international jury places Le Corbusier and Jeanneret at the head of a list of candidates for the construction of the League of Nations Palace ?

Simultaneously with the La Tour exhibition, there were also shown at the Hôtel Charpentier views of London, English landscapes, racecourse and theatre scenes by M. Jacques-Emile Blanche. It is certainly one of the best collections that has ever been seen of this artist, who is attractive in more ways than one, and who, quite apart from sympathy or antipathy, must be held to be not only an important artist, but one of the most representative figures of the period. What period ? some maliciously minded may ask. They can be told that they must seek the answer in the paintings of M. Jacques-Emile Blanche, the paintings which explain everything. We will return to this point. But the pupil of Gervex who was at the same time the friend of the Impressionists, of Helleu and of the English painters like Conder, has spoken. He told me one day :

" To tell the truth, I never see great artists in periods : they always seem to me to belong to the same time. But that is because I feel that I live very near to them and admire them so much that I am irritated by the current opinions of people who have in my opinion no sense of values, of planes or of categories."

M. Jacques-Emile Blanche cannot conceive of any recognition of painting except through the study of nature, but copied, imitated. In his eyes, some of Raphael's portraits are masterpieces as great and as *modern* as Gustave Courbet's " Bon Bock." It is easy to understand that such a disposition in a man of high culture achieved in perfect education should make this worldly painter a friend of the disorderly Impressionists, often mere students and more often possessing but rudimentary culture. It is less easy to explain his generous curiosity for the art of men whose birth he literally saw, and who all departed from the arts of imitation, going, like André Lhote, even so far as to oppose, in doctrine, Dame Painting to Dame Nature. Or, if it is absolutely necessary to explain, and if the generosity of sentiment and spirit, which is one of the virtues of the Master of Auteuil, does not suffice, we must suppose that the alliance is made possible by that horror of academism, of the conventional, of false classicism, belying nature without either appealing to the pure dream or to geometric abstraction which led him abruptly to turn his back on the teaching of Gervex.

* Two editions were sold out in Germany during the war.

A worldly painter? M. Jacques-Emile Blanche does not allow himself to be that. Nothing gives him so much pain as to be either praised or blamed, no matter which, for a certain " Jockey Club " or " white tie " spirit. He then pretends to be a solitary, a savage, and mentions in a loud voice the names of his liberally minded friends.

Let us grant him the benefit of this solitude in a long life of real labour, devoted entirely to art. But let us re-read (for Blanche is a writer of astonishing suppleness; a title will show the acuteness of his style: " Le bracelet tensimetrique ") the study he has recently published on the " Youth of Helleu." This Helleu, who is a sincere painter, who is, however, below mediocrity, invented a stroke of the burin that owes less to the drawings of Ingres than to the undulations of the coiffeur, Marcel. Vaunted by Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, Helleu passed for having realized the type of the woman of 1900. If this were true, but it is not, his aristocratic friends might have reproached him with having popularized, vulgarized it. In his cordial study M. Jacques-Emile Blanche gives due weight to the purer but abortive effort of a second-rate painter, disheartened at not being able to go beyond the success of " La Foire aux Vanités." But M. Blanche exalts, above all, the social activities of the painter: his success in the drawing-room, the favours he received in the boudoir, his triumphs as a gallant wit at the tables of the pretty, easy-going people of the " fin-de-siècle," such as Laure Eymann, " the friend of Paul Bourget."

The painter-writer describes in glowing colours the silk pavilioned yacht which the poor Helleu took to the English regattas at the time when it was the acme of chic for our middle class to " have their linen washed in London."

I ask him: What is the good of a vow of solitude when in the heart of this solitude there is such greediness for worldly dainties? It is true, we saw during the last years that the most discussed of the young poets, the most difficult, as the college pedants say, were received at the studio in Auteuil together with obstinate cubists. But it was only Jean Cocteau, whose portrait M. Jacques-Emile Blanche wished to paint. But Cocteau is like Blanche: an artist more excessively scrupulous than a Helleu, who despairs of the success of his clouds between two applications of the pot-boiler burin; sufficiently solitary to resist the advances of society for six months, and yet so haunted by worldliness!

What! There is an element and a very lively element of this worldly obsession in the admirable Max Jacob, a poet and painter of the first rank among the innovators, still half condemned; Max Jacob who, five years ago, retired into the worst solitude of the Monastery of St. Benedict! Do Jacob and Blanche carry on a correspondence that will make the fortune of the scholiasts of tomorrow?

I have been able to establish a connection between the art of M. Jacques-Emile Blanche and that of Fantin Latour, on account of their measured sense of luxury, reduced pictorially to plastic elements. A rose in a crystal vase for Fantin Latour.

In one of the most brilliant moments of his career, tempted by the melancholy of urban graces, M. Jacques-Emile Blanche could not make up his mind to paint views of the Gare Saint Lazare, of the Boulevard de Clichy, of the Mairie de St. Ouen as did Claude Monet, Camille Pissaro or J. F. Raffaelli.

He painted in London.

After so many years of discussion with himself, M. Jacques-Emile Blanche is right in offering us this old selection. It represents far more than perfect success. True, I saw at the exhibition some rather stiff diplomatists and members of the Jockey Club affected by this evocation of the London of their brilliant youth. But, for my part, I felt myself caught up, enveloped by the atmosphere of the London that clutched me by the throat on my first arrival. London of the mad lights, of the thousand scattered tones (a bus, a sign, the patine of a monument), equalling the wonderful green of the parks in tonal richness; modulations on those grey waters which are not all due to fog. It was still the pathetic London sung by the great poet Verlaine, then a small professor of French, who has translated all the insensible British enchantment with so few words, beginning with that sweet *féerie*, also outside all periods, the Channel crossing:

> Le soleil luisait haut dans le ciel calme et lisse,
> Et dans ses cheveux blonds c'étaient des rayons d'or;
> Si bien que nous suivons son pas plus calme encor
> Que le roulement des vagues, o délice!

Impressionism originated with Boudin, " the master of the skies," who gave lessons to the little Claude Monet at Dieppe. I do not say that the English series of the friend of the Impressionists takes us back to Boudin. Impressionism went beyond Boudin, so it would be a defeat; and I record a victory. But we have condemned Impressionism in spite of the liberations due to it, because, limited to itself, it had no destiny, never having had in any degree the sense of lasting. Formed by it, M. Jacques-Emile Blanche rediscovers in London the idea of construction which Boudin, a secondary but conscientious master, possessed as a frank classicist.

M. Jacques-Emile Blanche, who is, it will be seen, rather complicated, is not easy to satisfy. My sincerity caused me to disagree for a long time with this honest man, mad about truth. I succeeded in satisfying him by comparing his scenes of the theatre with the scenes of the theatre by Max Jacob, who has never set foot in London, which would madden him for more than a season.

Briefly, M. Jacques-Emile Blanche's distinguished Anglomania was never so little in evidence as in these English views that have such a power of evocation! Miracles of art? Miracles are always a triumph of equilibrium.

Speaking so much of solitude I should inevitably have been driven to name Guillaumin, even if the news of his death had not come to sadden us. An old oak of the Impressionist wood, where there was nothing but oaks, he falls at the age of 87; after Monet. Now it is finished. Impressionism has no more representatives: nothing but witnesses.

A scrupulous artist, Guillaumin possessed a force and clear consciousness which enabled him to impose the legend of a temperament. As a matter of fact, Guillaumin had chosen his school well. Anywhere else he would have needed more refinement, more creative audacity, less immediate contentment in order to shine. Oh, not self-contentment! The artist is always uneasy, always worried. Among the Impressionists Guillaumin was certainly the one who thought with the greatest amount of candour that nature had been made, and so well made, for the requirements of Impressionism. He was not obliged to seek his way. At the age of forty he won the great lottery prize, which liberated him from bureaucratic servitude.

He then followed his taste for painting. In 1880 there was still some merit in adhering to the much-discussed Impressionism. It no longer required lengthy inquiries.

Guillaumin specialized in views of the Creuse. For the last seven years the old man lived a vegetative life. He knew nothing of the sudden outburst of his glory. The speculators had thrown themselves upon his work, assured of receiving the support of disinterested writers on art, who are content to honour a good man.

I must signalize one event coming at the end of the season—the exhibition of a Hundred Drawings by Picasso at Paul Rosenberg's. Everything has been said about Picasso's drawings. An adversary of quality has even uttered : " They might be taken for the drawings of a master . . . all forged ! " But the intelligent enemy would have found it impossible to give if only two names of masters whose drawings they might be.

Picasso, who has rediscovered the sources of imagination, has not only invented subjects. He was—not only on account of cubism, which for him was a localized momentary consequence—and he remains an astonishing creator of *forms*. He is a tremendous natural philosopher—this great poet !

We have heard a great deal of Russian music. I will say nothing about it as London has not been deprived of it either. Rather than speak of Serge Koussevitzky, I will say something of the debuts at the Opéra of M. D. E. Inghelbrecht, a young French leader of the orchestra, who, just after the war, had the merit of preparing a public for M. Koussevitzky himself. What writer on music will find the time in the midst of contemporary production to write the history of this truly heroic period of our musical life : the concerts given in the hangar, rue Huygens, where the *Six* and the Ecole d'Arcueil grouped themselves round Erik Satie at the performances of the " noble music hall," if I may so call it, given by Jean Cocteau at the Champs Elysées ?

How was M. Inghelbrecht received as a composer ? Very well, and even by those who had not always been too indulgent to his conductor's baton. M. Inghelbrecht had the wisdom to select a theme which was both grand in style and modest, almost easy-going in proportions : the " Devil in the Belfry," by Edgar Allan Poe. An excellent conjuncture for a beginning.

The young composer's music adapts itself with spirit to every moment in the farce. At the same time this spirit is never a dissolvent of passion or of poetry. On the other hand, M. Inghelbrecht remembers that he is dealing with a farce, and is conscious that the epic element is only apparent.

Is the music of the " Devil in the Belfry " gay ? This point has been very much debated, and was the subject of very lively arguments on the very night of the dress rehearsal. Is Edgar Allan Poe a gay writer ? I will ask in my turn. I should first of all praise M. Inghelbrecht for having chosen the theme of the " Devil in the Belfry " on the strength of a complete knowledge of the works of the great American. I suspect him favourably of prizing very highly the philosophical dialogues of the " Tales of Mystery and Imagination." He would thus steep himself in the permanent " magic " characters of Poe's work. His success lies in having translated this with funambulatory resources. A ballet can never be a comic work in the proper sense. M. Inghelbrecht has not even dreamed of that. Great applause greeted the " hors d'œuvre " in the shape of an unexpected introduction of a childish roundelay and the motif of the final dance with its satanic but by no means mad rhythm. Intelligence governs the young musician. Does his reason, his submission to the control of reason, paralyse him a little ? It might have appeared that the want of development in the work proceeded less from a definite voluntary taste than from some impotence — an impotence to abandon himself when certain stars with obscure, occult, indescribable forces, which always participate in the birth of a masterpiece, ascend the sky.

The painter Per Krohg designed the costumes and decorations for the " Devil in the Belfry," which added greatly to our enjoyment of the evening.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE great event that is arousing so much interest and is throwing Berlin into a state of excitement is the Moabit Art Exhibition. It has hitherto been either dull or extreme, and has now suddenly become an undertaking of the greatest importance.

This time a number of Berlin artists' associations have grouped themselves into a cartel without thereby losing their independence, and have filled the smaller half of the Glaspalast with pictures and sculpture under the leadership of Eugen Spiro, who has proved the value of his organizing ability. On the other side of the Glaspalast the *Juryfreien* (Independents) have arranged their own exhibition, and their leader, the painter Sandkuhl, has also shown an absolutely devotional idealism. Both exhibitions are remarkably interesting, far more alive than the academy; they are very well hung, though perhaps a little too broadly in the case of the *Juryfreien*, and in going through the rooms one's interest is continually sustained. It is impossible to enjoy everything at once. The Glaspalast is far more fruitful in this form than formerly when the Verein Berliner Künstler represented the conservative party in this parliament, and the November group the radicals. The problem is not altogether solved yet, since many of the independent pictures might just as well hang in the cartel, and there is a sort of contradiction between the limitations on the one side and the liberty on the other, just because so much good work is done on both sides. Gradually these two bodies will unite and will develop into a sort of great parliamentary exhibition as a complement to the senate of the Academy. But a fine new building will be needed for that.

Nearly all the good painters of the day are represented in the cartel wing, and almost without exception by good examples—though, of course, as usual, there have been concessions. Our attention is attracted by several special exhibitions. Drawings by Liebermann, Käte Kollwitz,

and Engel have been brought together. One room has been filled with brilliant portraits, another with flowers. The painter Maria Slavona, one of the most facile of modern artists, has a room to herself. The Russian, Malewitsch, the chief representative of the Suprematists, gives an example of this tendency. The Constructivist, Baumeister, of Stuttgart, also has a room to himself, and directs our interest on the serious objective work with which he treats the problems of style, the relations of the human body to mathematic forms, the stereometric modelling of all reality according to an iron law. These special exhibitions will be replaced by others, so that there will always be fresh attractions. In another place we see the paintings of the former Worpsweder, Vogeler, who, as everyone knows, jumped from the Biedermeier style to Communism. His fantastic opinions are apparent in his paintings, which, though small, give a Communistic declaration of faith in their rich, mosaic-like juxtaposition. His paintings were to have been removed from the children's home, Barkenhof. Now everyone can judge to what extent these things are dangerous for the community. Finally, I should like to mention in this section the exhibits of the Society of Architects, " Der Ring," which is concerned with the construction of the new thoroughfares in Berlin between the Zentralbahnhof and the Regierungsplatz at the Reichstag. Alongside are hung the works made for Paris by Haussmann, whose thoroughfares have become the paradigm of this art.

On the side of the *Juryfreien* we find, as usual, a little dilettantism, but also a great deal of unknown talent. We reject the sweet, spongy art of Ewald, but Feigler's warm paintings are interesting and so is the pictorial architecture of Geigenburger or the sharp Spanish scenes of Klaus Richter. But we are not at first gripped by details, lingering rather in the gigantic exhibition of Russian revolutionary posters by Maiakowsky, which have been very skilfully executed in the style of the popular prints. Glancing at the perspective garden court by the great landscape gardener, Pèpinski, and passing through a collection that has been set up as a model of its kind, our interest is finally arrested by the indescribably magnificent exhibition of religious art, which occupies all the back rooms of this section. The like of it has never yet been seen here. The best architects, painters and sculptors have collaborated in creating a whole series of church interiors around a square, completely carried out in the modern style. There is a passengers' room for Bible-reading and a chapel for the crew of a ship; a very fine evangelical baptistry by Bartning, decorated with beautiful network; a Catholic church of the Passion, modern in form; another very severe Catholic church interior, for which Ploutke has provided the altarpiece. A hall for worship by Kampmann is quite in the modern style—bands starting from a picture of Moses run round the walls and enclose the visitor. A very modern chapel by Kulvjansky is designed entirely in abstract forms—those quiet and delicate divisions of space produce an effect in themselves and need no further decoration. Hönig has built a chapel with a picturesque dim light effect, which Jaeckel has covered with paintings. Waske has painted an altarpiece and the stained glass windows for an evangelical chapel by Glantz, which is intended for a country estate and has been evolved out of a coach house. Graessner of Weimar has created an evangelical sacristy and baptistry on very serious lines. There is also an evangelical confirmation room with very successful modern certificates of confirmation. Sandkuhl himself has contributed an unfinished oil-painting for the council room of the home mission. Harry Rosenthal's synagogue is very interesting; conceived entirely in cubic forms without any demarkation of the altar, it is a modern meeting-house. The great Hamburg architect, Höger, who built the Chile-House and the new Scherk perfumery works in Berlin, is represented here with a mortuary chapel which has not been planned according to the average of ordinary ecclesiastical architecture. And all this is filled with sculptures and paintings of religious subjects, so that one is almost led to suppose there is a renaissance of this branch of art. The impulse is certainly there; it is bound to appear a little theatrical in an exhibition, but the seed has been sown.

One-man shows are numerous. Even a tree-feller is exhibiting his pictures at Nierendorf's. He is called Dietrich and paints very precisely and objectively, somewhat like Rousseau in Paris and by no means without spirit. That is very remarkable. It is to be hoped that his sudden fame will not do him any harm. At the Wasservogel gallery we see pictures by Ernst Stern. He is a very decorative and a very fashionable artist and he paints even life ornamentally in elegant, swinging forms—but he is well known. The best of these exhibitions is devoted to Cézanne in Flechtheim's new gallery, presenting him only as draughtsman and watercolorist. It is delightful to observe the tender side of this strong man, and to see how lightly and delicately he can treat the nude, how vaporous the landscapes grow—only a few patches of red, blue and green, a mere suggestion of actuality, but full of poetry. The finest of Cézanne's watercolours are in the possession of Paul Cassirer's family, but these, unfortunately, do not figure in the exhibition. They can, however, be seen in the perfect reproductions of the Marées Society. Now I mount into the Bellevuestrasse, where art dealers are to be found in nearly every house. Formerly there used to be such nice shops for arts and crafts, but the great art trade with its world business is gradually conquering the whole district. It is amusing to walk about through the endless galleries, the eyes resting now and again on one of the back-gardens which have now become so grand. J. Tannhäuser, of Munich, has built a new establishment and is holding a great exhibition of German painting and sculpture. It is quite representative. Upstairs there are a number of Liebermanns, including some rare old pieces, many Corinths and Slevogts, very fine Menzels, among them the landscape of the " Schafgraben," which corresponds today to the Potsdam bridge, and the seldom-seen picture, " Disturbance," in which a pianist, with a remarkable old-fashioned bearing, is interrupted by a visitor. There are good Leibls, Schuchs, Spitzwegs, and Feuerbach's musical spring; many Thomas and Marées' old self-portrait. Below, modern paintings have been brought together—a very choice selection of nearly all the well-known painters, of which perhaps Chagall's " Jew Reading " is the most interesting. Not far off, in the Künstlerhaus, Hinrichsen has arranged a large exhibition under the heading, " The Creative Woman in Art." It is a collection of pictorial and plastic work by dead and living women, which, it must be admitted, once again shows that, with the single exception, perhaps, of Käte Kolwitz, female art is lacking in originality. Apart from the well-meant but somewhat unsteady pictures by Dora Hitz and the genuine naturalism

of Paula Becker-Modersohn, we find the best recent performances among the little gallery of works by the highly gifted Maria Slavona, the portraits and an almost Corinth-like painting called " Die Schwere Stunde " by Charlotte Behrend, a delicate boy by Sabine Lepsius, a very animated portrait by Ischi von König, of Hannover, the outstretched sculptures of Milly Steger, remarkably powerful sculpture by Emmy Roeder, and a spirited revolutionary head of Stravinsky by Ilse Schaffner.

Wertheim has devoted a whole house nearby to his antiques, and offers on the upper floor an exhibition of Italian seventeenth- and eighteenth-century painting which has been arranged with the help of the Italian Ambassador, Bode, and Voss. This period of so-called Mannerism has long been despised and has seldom been collected. In 1922 Florence organized a rich exhibition of these schools in the Pitti Palace, and in 1925 the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London arranged a smaller exhibition of the same period. Now Berlin is attempting it. Usually only private collections are sought, but these did not suffice, the German collectors having bought mainly Italian Renaissance and early Netherlandish works, so the dealers themselves, who are now concentrating on this period, have co-operated. It will not be easy to spread the taste for the baroque ecstasies, the restless colours and conventional subjects of these painters. However, their decorative value is great. Several things, as, for example, the luminous female portrait of the late Venetian, Carriera ; the cavalry encounter by the Neapolitan, Falcone ; the ascetic St. James, by François ; many Guardis, a fine Regatta and a luminous view of Murano ; the remarkable late-Italian genre-scenes by Longhi, including the famous dancing lesson, and, above all, Magnasco, already a darling of our public, with his very decorative landscapes with women washing ; a fine country scene by Piazzetta, many sketches by Tiepolo amongst others—all this strikes even the art lover who is not a student as valuable. But from the point of view of art history, this exhibition will prove very fruitful and will enable a hitherto unfamiliar sphere to be newly studied.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GENESIS OF JAZZ: THE APPEAL OF JAZZ, by R. W. S. MENDL, M.A.Oxon. (Philip Allan & Co., Quality Court.) 6s. net.

This is an interesting little book, the first about jazz, if its claim be justified, to be published in Great Britain, and one that may be commended alike to the orthodox musician and the jazz enthusiast. The one will see that his dislike is based to some degree on prejudice, and the other will have less excuse afterwards for thinking that jazz contains all the law and the prophets. Mr. Mendl is at once a lover of the classics and an admirer of the vital rhythms of ragtime as of the colour that the jazz orchestra has introduced into music. He is learned, too, in its ephemeral tunes which have a generous life and a speedy end, and we meet in his pages old friends which we had thought quite forgotten. The main criticism I should make of the book is that it takes too exclusively a modern view of the problem. Jazz is no novelty. It had a wide vogue in the eighteenth century, when it filtered through to Western Europe via Vienna from the military bands of the Janissaries. It was exploited by Mozart, and the Turkish instruments of percussion received their apotheosis from Beethoven, who introduced them into the Choral Symphony. If we go farther back to the Troubadors we shall find an analogous interplay between the music of Europe and that of Africa. Europe has always been more interested in the melodic side of music as Africa has been in its rhythms and timbres.

The obvious weakness of jazz, or, rather, ragtime, lies in the monotony that attaches to syncopated common time with which it is practically alone concerned ; and a study of the most highly evolved negro music, such as one finds, for example, in Ashanti, does not bear out the general supposition that the syncopated rhythms of jazz are characteristic of it. The drum music of Ashanti shows us a traditional art in an advanced stage of evolution, in comparison with which the normal ragtime appears as " poor trash " of the low-class dancing hall. Jazz's extraordinary popularity is certainly due in no small measure to the decay of the popular standards of taste caused by the increasing part that machinery and machine-made things play in our daily lives. Mr. Mendl has a chapter on the future of jazz. Perhaps the only thing one can postulate with any certainty is that whatever takes its place will be still noisier and more essentially banal.

H. E. W.

INGRES, HIS LIFE AND ART, by L. FRÖHLICH-BUME, translated by MAUDE VALERIE WHITE. (William Heinemann.) £4 4s.

Whether one likes Ingres or not seems to be a matter of constitution. The younger generation of today, in so far as it wishes to be " modern," is by that token inclined towards him. Ingres' principal characteristic is definition. This could hardly be otherwise since he staked his faith upon the " line." Unfortunately, however, he also, as Mr. Fröhlich-Bume repeatedly points out, " never attempted to produce anything beyond that which actually presented itself to his view." Consequently there was an inherent conflict in the whole of his art which perhaps is most conspicuous in his portrait of Cherubini, where the ideal and the real, actuality and imagination, are in open war upon each other. This, however, the author of this handsome volume would hardly admit. She is an enthusiastic admirer of the classic, which, in her view, has always " most successfully revealed the intrinsic originality" of the French. That again appears to be a matter of constitutional opinion, there probably being quite as many Frenchmen who would deny its truth as there are who would uphold it.

It is no doubt as a portrait painter that Ingres deserves the greatest admiration and all the praise which Mme. Fröhlich-Bume gives him and which the illustrations in this book confirm. No fewer than 80 plates with a printed surface of about 8 by 6½ inches, and representing very nearly the whole of Ingres' *œuvre*, make this book indispensable for reference purposes and, beautifully printed as they are, intensely desirable to anyone who recognizes the significance of Ingres, who—whether one admires his art or not—was one of the outstanding personalities in the art of the nineteenth century. The translation is, it should be added, adequate.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Musical Comedy.—The other night I went to "Castles in the Air," Mr. Cochran's production at the Shaftesbury. It is, I think, the first musical comedy I have seen for about a year, when I did seven or eight and duly recorded in this section of APOLLO my respect for the only art form in the theatre today which is ruled by conventions as unyielding as those of the classical Greek drama. "Castles in the Air" conforms to type with the same rigid precision. It treats of the clash of good and evil, or rather of good and good (a far graver theme) in its own simple and austere terms. The hero is young and a Ruritanian Prince in the disguise of an American "college boy"—very charming are these products of the higher education of the campus and so much more candid than our own youth who have breathed the air of Fenner's—and he falls in love with a chocolate girl who has millions and millions. Of course, the hero doesn't know this; nor does he know that Helen Gilliland, the chocolatière, who might turn a more powerful intelligence than this Prince Charming possesses, has only changed places with the real chocolate girl for a lark. All he knows is that Aphrodite is a great goddess and that he is passionately in love. The scene changes, at the whim of a millionaire banker, from a New York country club to a Royal château in Eastern Europe. The hero—who never really believed that he had any princely qualities except those which a 100 per cent. American acquires by natural right, and had only assumed the title through the whim of his equally needy college pal—turns out to be the missing Crown Prince whom his mother, the Queen Regent, had thought to be dead. He has to take the reins of misgovernment and ascend the throne which he is debarred from sharing with a mere commoner, even though her own fortune exceed the whole capitalized value of his kingdom. What shall he do? Be a man and love, or be a king and rule his brightly-dressed people whom, I should have mentioned, a wicked Chancellor in top-hat and redingote, the protagonist of the theme of evil which is the counterplot to the main theme of good versus good, is now exploiting. The heroine, with a self-restraint learnt on the lawns of the country club in West Chester, will not influence him. Good must struggle with good at the expense of an heiress's tears. And the curtain falls on the second act to our feelings being duly harrowed at the victory of Duty over Love. So far, so bad.

Musical comedy, however, surpasses the Greek drama or modern opera in providing solutions. Death is a transpontine method of resolving the difficulties into which noble natures fall. Our heiress has returned to America and suffers terribly. Dancing offers her no more pleasure; one doubts whether even cigarettes and cocktails can afford her any solace. Suddenly the hero enters. He has renounced Ruritania, Duty, and Brilliant Uniforms for Love. He is now free to marry the daughter of democratic America. (So, at least, I gathered, but I must confess that my attention, which had been strained for three hours, was beginning to wander. The concentration necessary to follow musical comedy is not to be lightly acquired.) Anyhow, Young America refuses him, not because she has ceased to love, but for the good reason that women are creatures of instinct, and her instinct tells her that Love is only worth having when it has been made to square with Duty. So the young Prince exits sadly, leaving a no less sad Princess down stage. Does she sing? I forget. All I know is that immediately afterwards a messenger arrives from overseas bringing the news that the Parliament of our Ruritania has repealed the obnoxious law about Royal consorts; and when the Prince returns from the wings, whither he had retired disconsolate the moment before, the lovers fall into each other's arms and the curtain falls without the chorus witnessing their rapturous embrace.

Where it resembles the Russian Ballet.—I have described "Castles in the Air" at some length, because this section of APOLLO should deal with tendencies, and Mr. C. B. Cochran has the reputation of being a showman with a *flair*, a genius, or whatever one likes to call it, for holding up the mirror in which contemporary London can see its problems stated in terms of art. And it forms an interesting contrast to "Le Pas d'Acier," the new ballet which was one of the events of the recent season at Princes Theatre. Both have this in common—that they aim at presenting their conception of life through rapid movement. It may be that the so-called restlessness of the age is exaggerated and that in all essential things we act with no more speed than our forefathers. I have not heard doctors declare that the processes of digestion are any more rapid than they used to be; the modern girl, I understand, takes just as long as her mother to fashion a child; the British workman, so they say, is too slow over his job; and I am tired of reading that our statesmen nowadays have not that lightning power of decision which Palmerston and Disraeli possessed. All this, however, is beside the point in question, which is that we live, conventionally, in an age that draws its spiritual sustenance from the noisy and unceasing rotation of wheels. We may still admit that those of God grind, but it would be a heresy to assert that they grind slowly. Mr. Cochran and M. Diaghileff, therefore, who in the instances I have mentioned have shown normal reactions to the current belief, attempt to express it by very similar methods. The chorus of handsome and well-dressed young men and women in "Castles in the Air" enters more often than one would have thought possible, and indulges in rapid movements, assisted occasionally by lusty singing. The members of the Russian Ballet show us a series of movements of a kind not less conventional to the *genre*. In both cases is the same underlying suggestion that the basis of life is mechanical, that the flux out of which we have been evolved is governed by kinetic principles. At least so it is permissible to argue without being unduly fanciful. I do not say that in either case the suggestion is made with the subtle persuasiveness that one likes to think is the virtue of the masterpieces. It is there, nevertheless.

Their Differences.—Where the two differ is in their values. "Castles in the Air," in showing the essential tragedy of human things—for what musical comedyite can take a happy *dénouement* seriously which is brought about by a Ruritanian Parliament?—stresses the importance of money; "Le Pas d'Acier" would apothecsize work.

Here again neither succeeds perfectly. But I think Mr. Cochran's production has it over M. Diaghileff's. Personally, I am not impressed with the kind of significance which the characters of musical comedy attach to money. I could buy with it things I should prefer to champagne and an endless succession of Charlestons. But this is only an idiosyncrasy of mine and does not affect the importance of a sound bank balance. On that matter musical comedy audiences are at one with its many confectioners; the theme is life, but life against a background of wealth. Love is the numerator, pounds or dollars the least common multiple of human activity. The same thing cannot be claimed of " Le Pas d'Acier." Those who frequent the Russian Ballet are most intelligent persons, and the *élite* of the stalls are able to afford twenty-four shillings for their evening's entertainment. But I should not say that they had any predilection to manual labour. Maybe that is the reason why " Le Pas d'Acier " stirred them to wild enthusiasm. They derived the same sort of pleasure from it that a freethinker receives from going to mass. Sentimentalism? Possibly it is. Still, to the clear vision of the musical comedyite it seems indistinguishable from sloppiness. None of them would be a party to what borders on self-deception. A musical comedy designed to show the true inwardness of the life of the workers—the thing has only to be stated to demonstrate how fantastic it is. Nevertheless, at the Gaiety and the Shaftesbury it is recognized that humility is a virtue in the critic. You would have found it hard at Princes to discover anyone for whom Prokofieff offered difficulties. I heard one " fan " at " Lido Lady " inform a friend, who was hearing it for the first time, that several visits were required to apprehend the music properly. That is why I have said nothing about that of " Castles in the Air." I, too, will be humble, if such a state is compatible with recording the awful ennui which the efforts of the American male comedian inflicts upon me. He is at his most terrible in " Castles in the Air."

Spanish and French Music.—I have spent so much of my allotted space of inches on these uplands of ideas that I have none to discuss the place which " The Tale of a Soldier," given at the Arts Theatre Club, should take among these high, tendentious hills. Stravinsky's music was forthright and had the sort of public-house atmosphere which is supposed to surround the story. But Ramuz's libretto, as translated by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, was dull and pretentious; for which I don't blame Mrs. Newmarch. Borrow might have done it, but he would certainly not have chosen heroic couplets. Nor have I any room in which to lead such readers as have stumbled with me on the rough places of musical comedy and Russian ballet back to the meadows of absolute music where one can wander in peace without being worried by foolish thoughts of good and ill. Luckily my responsibility in the case of Manuel de Falla, who visited London and gave a concert of his works, has been taken off my shoulders by Mr. Percy Colson. His cosmopolitan sympathies have surely detected the importance of de Falla's contribution to contemporary music, as his historical imagination has emphasized the necessity of looking at de Falla as the heir of the Spanish composers of the eighteenth century; of Padre Antonio Soler, the Scarlatti of Spain who greatly influenced the Italian master; of Mateo Albeniz, father of Pedro; of Cantallos, whose very Christian name has been forgotten. And as for Auric and Poulenc, who gave a concert together at the Baroness d'Erlanger's house and also played a two-piano duet as an interlude at the Ballet, I have written of them at length in the APOLLO of August last; the remarks I offered then have since been translated into various languages. I have taken the trouble to reread them through in English, and they seem to me, so far as they go, fair and just.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Leicester Galleries: Contemporary French Paintings

This exhibition is a kind of return courtesy for the English exhibition which has been sent to Paris under the Duveen auspices. It is probably equally difficult to judge as an expression of national art or national tendencies. Although the more orthodox section will be exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries the company at the Leicester Galleries is decidedly mixed, seeing that it includes all schools from the highly respectable one of Edgar Maxence to the entirely irresponsible one of Marc Chagall. What, by the by, this latter Polish (or Russian?) artist has to do with French art is not quite clear. His picture " Hôtel de la Poste " (90) is excellent tomfoolery, but I believe he is taken *au grand sérieux* abroad. Edgar Maxence paints in the manner of the Baron Leys school in Belgium. His " Red Missal " (15) is an admirable piece of academic craftsmanship, but I cannot believe that, in spite of its anxious, tight realism, the hands of the young lady are her own property: they are wonderfully painted in every detail, but seem to belong to an older person. Similarly, one finds Ernest Laurent's " La Dame aux belles épaules " (13) equally carefully painted, but in the manner of the Impressionist precisely deficient in the rendering of the " belles épaules " or, rather, the right one. For sheer painting I find nothing more beautiful than a little sketchy Derain, " In Japan " (52), and the " Still-life " by Matisse (70), though I cannot see that it is improved by the " Chinese " perspective of the table. After the wonderful show of Segonzac's at the Alpine, one comes upon his unpleasantly coloured " Figure Composition " (73) with something of a shock. The early " Paysage " (88) by Derain, however, is also a disappointment. The sunny and strict Impressionistic realism of Jules Flandrin's " Palais de Justice, Paris " (51) is another surprise; so is the slightly sugary, but not unattractive painting " Tub " (21) by Forain the etcher. Daragnès, the wood-engraver, exhibits a landscape somewhat reminiscent of an early Corot: " Le Revest " (33) and Raoul Dufy, a Raffaelli-ish impression of a " Paris Boulevard " (79). The exhibition thus gains interest for those who can make comparisons. Even the general public, however, will find much to attract and intrigue them. For example, Charles Dufresne's " Nativity " (81), difficult to make out, except as a fine piece of colour; L. Buffin's " Au pont du Campan, Haut Pyrenées " (86); Albert Marquet's simple " Harbour of Bougie " (89); Jacques Blanche's gay " On the River, Lunch Time " (37); Gernez' storm-laden " Harfleur " (56); and Picard Ledoux' forceful " Terrasse " (76), are all things which can be appreciated without foreknowledge of any kind. One of the best things here, with the exception of a minor

defect, is the very dignified painting of Maurice Asselin's "Country Girl Reading" (74); Vlaminck's "Country Hostelry" (65) has a kind of rugged truth, and Hugues de Beaumont's "The Visit of Poor Relations" (66) finally will captivate all who like to see a story well told and incidentally very well painted. There are other paintings worth mentioning, such as a charming "Vuillard" (23), "A Decorative Charlot" (34), but space forbids.

Walker's Galleries: The Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of Early English Watercolours.

The great discovery in this exhibition, so far as the present writer is concerned at all events, is W. R. Beverley, whose "Misty Day" (16) is a most exquisite little work, so exquisite, in fact, that one would have liked to carry it away by main force. Almost equally delicate, but not quite so happy in composition, is "The Norfolk Broads" (17), whilst "Sunset—Coast Scene" (14), "Scarborough" (15), and especially "Rain at Sea" (13) are distinguished by their colour and more decorative effect. Beverley was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1824, and died at Hampstead in 1889. He is today quite forgotten, though Mr. Frank Emanuel deserves the gratitude of all lovers of exquisite painting for having drawn attention to him some six years ago in an interesting biographical notice which appeared in Mr. Walker's admirable little "Quarterly." Beverley died as "the long acknowledged chief and doyen of English scenic artists," *teste* George Augustus Sala. In view of the extreme delicacy and subtlety of his colouring, his connection with scene painting is about the last thing one would suspect. Beverley, however, definitely believed that "no other school of painting exists than the studio of the scene painter proper." Curiously enough, his large watercolours, such as "Fresh Breeze—Fishing Yawl Making for Port" (10), though full of technical knowledge, have the kind of market ware effect which one associates with Copley Fielding. His small paintings, on the other hand, make him a companion fit for Bonington, Turner, Constable, and—Whistler. Beverley is the discovery. The exhibition includes, however, a good number of interesting works, for example, "Filey Brig, Yorkshire" (33) by H. B. Carter (fl. 1824–1830), a harmony in blacks, greens, and browns, relieved by white reminiscent of the colouring of certain common seashells; a "Figure Subject" (34) by J. J. Chalon, R.A., likewise distinguished by its colour and its happy composition. J. Farington, of Diary fame, surprises by the very personal colour-scheme and draughtsmanship of his "Fishing in a Mill-stream" (55). Rowlandson's lovely calligraphic "hand" is to be seen to advantage in "Haymakers—Scene in Cornwall" (91) and "Lodgings to Let" (92). Other specially attractive things are Callow's "Goodrich Court" (27), a watercolour *painting* (i.e. not like his usual manner with artline drawing), and suggesting—Wilson Steer! Two fine classical compositions in monochrome, "Villa d'Este, Tivoli" (50) and "Vesuvius and the Convent of San Salva" (51) by J. R. Cozens, and the "Ponte Molle" (113) "by J. M. W. Turner, after Cozens, possibly outlined by Girton." In view of certain modern developments the curiously "wiggely" foliage, as painted by H. Wigstead in "The Village Parson" (121) and "The Chaise" (122), should cause some comment. He flourished between 1784 and 1798—long enough ago to become fashionable.

Dunoyer de Segonzac at the Alpine and the Independent Galleries.

The Alpine Gallery is a more or less square room; one sees, on entering, practically all of its four walls at once. I can think of nothing more trying for an artist than this simultaneity of view of his works. Very few can stand this trial of their genius and emerge from it unscathed. Segonzac's paintings pass this test. There is something sublime, almost heroic, in his manner of handling pigment. He seems like a giant handling thick brushes and trying by means of bold touches to communicate subtle, often tender, emotions. His colours are difficult to describe; as a rule luscious green is contrasted with a pinkish brown, and a blue and white in sky and water are the "liaison officers" between the two. His early work is sombre and brown, as, for example, in (1) "Nature Work," (7) "Les Buveurs," or (25) "Le Printemps." His very latest work is, on the contrary, very white in its lights, as in (28) "Les Canotiers," but heavily painted in its green or brown shadows, and so, perhaps, too loud as mural decoration. His manner is manifestly a fruit of impressionist teaching, and his recent habit of playing with vanishing perspectives, as in (32) "L'Eglise de Champigny," (33) "Le Pont de Joinville," (37) "Sous le Pont de Joinville," (39) "La Marne," or the strained foreshortenings of such earlier work as (23) "Le Nu au Journal," shows that he is imbued with the modern idea of achieving movement and recession in order to stress three-dimensional design, even at the cost of common sense, as in the aforesaid "Nu," which is the merest ignominious "peg" to hang a design upon. Recognizing his powers as one must, one can only express the hope that he will subordinate his interest in design as such, and resort to his earlier interest in subject, which makes his "Le Forêt" (26), a blue-green harmony, so impressive a piece of painting, and his "Les Buveurs" (7) a masterpiece worthy to be ranked with Daumier.

The Beaux Arts Gallery: Pictures and Drawings by William Nicholson.

Mr. William Nicholson's paintings are so seldom publicly exhibited that his present show is in the nature of an event—the only pity is that it could not have received a setting more suitable to its qualities. His pictures need plenty of space on account of their subtle eloquence. I know of no other English painter who has so much to say in sheer paint. He is a good example of the artist to whom "form and substance are one." His development from the now famous "Mrs. Stafford of Paradise Row" (11) painted in 1905, and the "Déjeuner de Marie" (16) of 1911, to his latest still-lifes such as "Persimmons" (34) or "Anemones" (67), demonstrates a refinement of this unity. It is the play of the brush that one admires in his works, which are for that very reason difficult to describe and hard to appreciate in words. In his earlier paintings the arrangement of the subject—a certain whimsicality in its choice and composition, his sense of colour and of tone values whether in portraiture or in his still-life paintings—arrested attention and caused him to be admired as an extremely able and very original artist. He has become much more than that, since he has adopted a kind of calligraphic technique which makes one value his pictures, not so much for what they represent as for the manner in which he makes his pictorial statements. I am afraid this sounds all very clumsy and ineffectual. The only way in which to gain an insight into its meaning is

SELF PORTRAIT
By Sir William Orpen, R.A. (c.1904–6)

to go and look at the pictures themselves and to compare picture with picture, paint with paint: for example, " Still-life with Grapes " (31) with " Welsh Bread " (24) and with " Fish " (55)—this latter is one of his very finest works—or " The Studio in Snow " (33) with " Sutton-Veny in Snow " (46) and " Cattle in Snow " (3); or the rainy and windy " Hill above Harlech " (15) with the vanishing " New Road " (53) and the very stormy " Storm, Falmouth " (13), a picture which has more space-feeling than is usually the case with him; and the strangely tropical " Hotel Robinson " (37), which is in Brittany but looks as if it ought to be in Biskra or the Bermudas. Miss Jekyll's " Boots " (75) suggest interesting comparisons with Van Gogh's " Tramp's Boots " that were shown not long ago at the Leicester Galleries, and the curious will wonder how much Orpen owes to Nicholson, though " Le Tricolor " (8) suggests a repercussion.

It is to be hoped that this exhibition may be a forerunner of a more comprehensive show. The extent and variety of Mr. Nicholson's work would almost be sensational.

The Lefèvre Galleries: Paintings and Watercolours by William Rothenstein.

This exhibition is a little disappointing, mainly because Professor Rothenstein shows no recent paintings at all, and even his watercolour drawings include very little new work and far too few of his Holbeinesque sanguines.

Probably his best portrait-painting here is the study of a student (" Barnett Freedman ") of 1925. Amongst the landscapes there is, perhaps, none better than " Cliffs at Vaucottes " (of 1909), though the " Farmyard in Burgundy " (of 1907) and " Spring Evening—The Golden Valley " (of 1917) are as good. The " Storm " (of 1913) stands in a category by itself: it is the only one which has, apart from its surface value, an associative sense of eeriness. " The Bengali in Meditation " (of 1923) possesses, in addition to its colouristic attraction, a psychological interest. Amongst the portrait drawings the somewhat cruel portrait of " Frances Cornford " is outstanding. The " Maurice Baring " head misses the humorous nonchalance of the original.

The whole exhibition, however, hardly does the artist justice, so that his new wall-painting in St. Stephen's Hall really gives a better idea of his powers than this mixed show.

The Redfern Gallery: Etchings by John B. Souter and Works by George Bissill.

Mr. John B. Souter's etchings are somewhat elaborate in workmanship, a little paint-like in quality, and have a tendency to lose the clarity in design which is half the battle in etching. If this criticism seems severe it is made only because he is an artist of considerable power, as is shown in the portrait of an old man, " Keith Leask " (3), in the fine head of " An Aberdeen Minister " (19), in the striking composition " Nirvana " (20), the dry-point " Girl with Braided Hair " (22), and the Palmeresque " Quirk's Yard " (18)—all works with none of the defects of his overworked landscapes.

Mr. George Bissill is said to have been a coalminer, but his painting has none of the qualities one associates with this primitive trade, except, perhaps, a certain grey-black-yellow depression. His painting follows the latest modern tendencies, and is, therefore, highly sophisticated. His " Harlequins " are unthinkable without Picasso, for instance. The most interesting pictures here are " Hay-ricks " (34), " Trees and Buildings " (29), both watercolours, and " Farm Buildings " (28), an oil.

THE STORM
By William Rothenstein

The Twenty One Gallery: Drawings by Robert Austin.

The new "Twenty One Gallery" at 15 Mill Street, Conduit Street, is a great improvement on the old, and its first exhibition here inaugurates the new premises with singular success. Mr. Robert Austin could not be the fine etcher he is were he not an impeccable draughtsman. All the things he shows here are a proof of this latter quality, so that it is almost difficult to single out any item for special praise. "St. Peter's from the Pincio, Rome" (38), and the slightly Griggs-ish "Duomo, Arezzo" (42), appeal especially amongst his architectural drawings done some years ago as a Prix de Rome scholar. Amongst the Majorca drawings "Coiling Lines, Soller Post" (27) stands out by reason of its unusual design. Perhaps the most interesting section is that of the portrait drawings. They are most excellent likenesses, for example, of "Graham Wallas" (9) and "Harry Morley" (10) and "Stephen Walsh" (2), and, despite the fact that they are over life-size, not in the least disturbing. Moreover, the artist has added charm to his consummate craftsmanship by not drawing them in the Holbeinesque angle of vision.

St. George's Gallery: Drawings and Caricatures from the Sketch Books of Sidney H. Sime.

Unprejudiced appreciation of modern art presupposes a kind of athletic training of the mind which must be kept supple and able to balance itself under all sorts of conditions. To step, for example, from the Segonzac show at the Alpine Gallery, round the corner of Conduit Street, into the St. George's Gallery, where Mr. Sidney H. Sime is showing drawings and caricatures, is to cease from tossing the caber in order to practise tight-rope walking. Segonzac deals with mass, Sime with line, and a very fine and taut one it is, too. He is a survival from the 'nineties, very much alive, it is true, but a survival nevertheless. For his appeal is first and foremost literary: even his charming and disarming foreword, in which he professes to commiserate with the "critic," is a proof of this. His drawings and caricatures clamour for publication in book forms. His landscapes, such as "Twilight" (12), "Wastelands" (13), "Floating Island" (18), and the uncanny "Wild Beast Wood" (17), demand a sort of browsing leisure or ruminating attention from the spectator. Even his schemes for "Wall Decoration" (71, 74, 75, 76) have the kind of literary interest which Morris associated with decoration. They require an attitude of mind which is very different from that of today. One should, in this respect, compare his "Flower Groups" (87, 89) with his "Basket of Flowers" (79). The former are careful studies of roses, etc., from Nature, only thrown out of tone by the black background: the latter is a calligraphic mosaic, which would lose more than half its meaning as a wall decoration. The only picture which holds its own as a painting is the astonishingly inventive "Waterfall" (88).

The humour—generally broad, but sometimes subtle—however must appeal to everyone whether he be a critic, a partisan of art movements, or merely a "man in the street." Amongst the best are "The Baron's Butler" (41); "My Head is Bloody, but Unbowed" (47); and "Landlord of the Rusty Shovel; Churchwarden" (57). They are, however, all amusing, done in a manner somewhat reminiscent of "Max," but with greater knowledge of draughtsmanship. "Art," says the artist in his preface, "is a way of doing things with infinite variety to cheer our lonely souls for a brief space against bleak eternity. Besides, it is great fun." Sime's is, any way—but one is surprised that this artist should think of eternity as "bleak," or is this the cloven hoof of the 'nineties showing itself?

Arthur Tooth and Son's Gallery: Spanish Bullfighting by Roberto Domingo.

M. Roberto Domingo is by nature an illustrator who uses his paints rather as if they were chalks or charcoal. These pictures of bullfights and other Spanish subjects give the impression of lightning sketches. The colour—and some of it is very brilliant and superficially attractive—seems to be a matter of secondary consideration; it merely "happens" because it happened to be in the subject before his eyes, but hardly forms a part of a carefully considered design. His strongest point is his draughtsmanship, which is exceptionally good—rapid and dead sure in most cases—and, be it remembered, the scenes he represents are full of momentary actions. Amongst the most brilliant bullfight scenes are "Esperando la Hora" (21), "Un Coleo" (27), "El Idolo" (37), and "Descanso" (28). By contrast, the half-religious "La Cruz del Campo" (16) and "La Semana Santa" (7) are almost monochrome grey-green in scheme and, like several others in this key, really the better paintings.

The Warren Gallery: Recent Paintings and Drawings by Edward Wolfe; Drawings by E. McKnight Kauffer.

I tried hard and sincerely to work up an enthusiasm for the paintings and drawings by Edward Wolfe, because they have an unusually distinguished backing; but without success. I can see some merit in such things as "Arab Woman" (7), or "The Blue Vase" (18), or the "Fatima" (29), both as regards design and colour; but, to adapt a famous saying of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, "We are not moved." A masterpiece owes its existence to intense emotion and a corresponding skill for utterance. Respectable works of art may also be produced by great skill expanded upon lesser emotions, and very admirable curiosities by intense emotions uttered without skill. I cannot see that Mr. Wolfe's work fits into any of these categories—but that may be my misfortune?

For Mr. McKnight Kauffer's illustrations for "Benito Cereno" I have such admiration as one who has not read Melville's "Tale of Adventure" may express; that is to say, they seem to me full of daring and originality and power. How far they are in consonance with the text I cannot judge, but I suspect a discrepancy between the literary and the artistic manners. HERBERT FURST.

[*A number of Notices are unavoidably held over.*]

Our Colour Plates

Among the colour plates in the present number a special word of explanation is demanded by the lovely Chinese fresco in the possession of Messrs. Yamanaka. This was brought from the Fu-lungssu in the village of Huang-wang, south-east of the Castle of Chang-Hsien at Ping Yang-fu, province of Shansi. The subject is a female Bodhisattva seated in profile, in the Bodhisat pose, with legs pendent and crossed at the ankles, the head shown behind a nimbus which crosses the shoulders. The headdress is floral, with chignon and pendent streamers; both hands making the Vitarka mudra. The fresco measures $24\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{3}{8}''$

RECENT ACQUISITIONS BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By W. G. CONSTABLE

THE past few months have been exciting ones for the National Gallery. A busy season at Christie's culminated in the sale of the Italian pictures from the Holford collection; and just before this came the announcement that Mr. R. H. Benson's superb collection of Italian pictures had been sold *en bloc* to Sir Joseph Duveen. Whether, out of the hurly-burly, something could be secured for the nation became an acute problem. In neither case did the situation seem favourable. The one transaction was given the greatest possible publicity, the other was unsuspected until its completion. But private generosity triumphed where public resources were inadequate, and as a result the National Gallery has been enriched by three works of capital importance.

First in time came the " Portrait of Lord de la Warr," presented in memory of R. S. Holford and Sir G. L. Holford, by nine members of their family. R. S. Holford it was who built Dorchester House and therein gave full rein to the genius of Alfred Stevens; rebuilt his family seat at Westonbirt in Gloucestershire, and developed its famous gardens and arboretum; and filled his houses with the famous collections whose care and arrangement was one of the principal delights of his son. From Westonbirt the " Lord de la Warr " was exhibited at Burlington House in 1908, and at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1909 and 1921–2, as by Guillim Stretes, a shadowy figure among the immediate successors of Holbein at the Court of Edward VI, known only by some references in the Royal accounts. No work certainly by him survives, and the only picture which there is the slightest reason to connect with his name is a full-length portrait of the Earl of Surrey at Arundel. From this, however, the " Lord de la Warr " differs markedly, being much nearer to Holbein's own work, though it lacks the feeling for construction and the certainty of touch of Holbein himself. A more recent attribution to Gerlach Flick, a German follower of Holbein who worked in England in the middle part of the century, has more to be said for it; but comparison with signed examples of Flick's work are not at all convincing. Thus, at present, the picture must be described as of the English School of Holbein. It is a piece of vivacious, if not profound, characterization of a swashbucklering young nobleman, whose black cloak and doublet set off the scarlet jerkin and trimming of gold lace, making up an attractive and well-designed scheme of colour against the grey background. He wears a ring whose bezel carries the arms *argent, a fess dancetty sable*, which are those of the West family. The costume of short cloak, flat feathered cap and trunk hose, suggests a date of about 1550, and, with the age of the sitter and the traditional title, makes it probable that the portrait is either of Thomas West, ninth Baron de la Warr, who died in 1554, or of his nephew William West, first Baron de la Warr of the second creation, who was born about 1520 and died in 1595. As an addition to the so far scantily represented school of portrait painters who worked under the Tudors, the picture is a most valuable addition to the gallery.

To this same school belongs a fine full-length portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham, dated 1544, which has recently been lent to the Gallery. The design is very dignified, and cast shadows are used most skilfully to suggest space round the figure. The handling of the head is a trifle coarse, but very suggestive of character, and were it not for the weakness of the hands the picture would stand comparison with much of Holbein's own work.

From the Holford collection also came the well-known " Lucrezia," by Lorenzo Lotto, which had hung on the walls of Dorchester House for many years, and had been exhibited at most of the important exhibitions of Italian pictures in London. It was purchased at the Holford sale after a sensational contest, with the help of gifts from the Benson family and from the National Art-Collections Fund. The picture takes its title from the drawing which the sitter holds, representing the nude figure

of the Roman Lucretia about to plunge a dagger into her breast, and from the inscription on the paper lying upon the table, *Nec ulla impudica Lucretiæ exemplo vivat*, which Mr. Benson (in his catalogue of the pictures at Dorchester House) felicitously parallels from Shakespeare :

> "No, no," quoth she, "no dame hereafter living,
> By my excuse shall claim excuses giving."

Not, indeed, that Lotto's sitter suggests the moral stature of a Lucretia. Her protesting and resolute gesture is that of an actress, and is belied by the sensuous, highly-feminized atmosphere with which the painter has invested her. Possibly she is a Venetian great lady, more probably a model or light-o'-love, tricked out to make material for one of Lotto's most resonant pieces of colour. Now that the surface dirt has been removed, the orange-red and green of the dress, set against the grey-green background, sing out as they have not done for many years.

One detail of the costume which invites comment is the head-dress or wig of curled wool, tied with silk bows, not unlike the silk wigs which are today so fashionable for fancy dress. With the addition of the "Lucrezia," the representation in the National Gallery of Lotto, that chameleon among painters, becomes tolerably complete. The "Lucrezia" was painted shortly after Lotto went to Venice about 1527. Its closest parallel in Lotto's own work is the "Santa Conversazione" at Vienna, in which the attitude and type of St. Catherine are very similar to those of Lucrezia, while the billowy opulence of the drapery and the freedom of the brushwork provide other points of resemblance. In both works, in fact, Lotto makes a brief return to experiments under the influence of Palma Vecchio. I do not see in the "Lucrezia" any convincing signs of Titian's influence upon Lotto, though evidence of that influence appears in another work of about the same period, the "St. Nicholas of Bari" altarpiece in the Carmine at Venice. Indeed, as Mr. Berenson remarks, the "Lucrezia" lacks the Titianesque fusion and glow of the Carmine picture. Yet, in temper, the painting is thoroughly Venetian in its opulence and emphasis on the things of the flesh, modified here but slightly by Lotto's own sentimental tendencies. When it takes its final place in the Gallery it will find its most fitting company in Palma and Paris Bordone.

In vivid contrast to the Lotto is Correggio's "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother," from the Benson collection, which the Gallery owes to the magnificent generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen. In modern times it was first recognized as a Correggio by the collector and connoisseur Carlo Bianconi, when he saw it in Milan. It later travelled to Florence into the collection of Professor Parlatore, from whose heirs it was bought by Mr. Benson. Since then it has been acclaimed, by all who have a right to an opinion, as among the finest of the painter's early works. In proportion to its fame it is comparatively little known, since in recent years it has hung at Buckhurst Hill, Mr. Benson's country house. That, perhaps, accounts for the opinion which has been expressed, that the picture is considerably damaged, a view which may have its origin in Morelli's remark that it "is unfortunately much restored." In fact, searching examination has proved the picture to be in remarkably good condition for a work of its date, and exceptionally so for a Correggio, who has suffered more than most painters from the attention of restorers. As to the exact year in which the picture was painted there has been, and always will be, dispute, until documentary evidence is discovered. But a generally accepted view regards it as of the same period as the well-known "Nativity" in the Brera Gallery, formerly in the Crespi collection at Milan, and gives both of them to the period 1512 to 1514. This is the time at which Correggio probably came into touch with Dosso Dossi. In 1512 the latter was in Mantua working for Federigo Gonzaga, and though he had not then attained his full fame, the mysterious and romantic elements of his art, which have a counterpart in the poetry of Ariosto, had already won the attention of his contemporaries. About 1507 Costa had succeeded Mantegna as Court Painter at Mantua, and it seems likely that Correggio accompanied him thither.

Dosso's use of light to emphasize and reveal the dramatic elements of a scene clearly fired the imagination of Correggio, and provided his starting point in both the Brera and National Gallery pictures. In the "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother" Correggio has selected one of the most moving incidents in

the life of Christ—the moment when He bids farewell to the Virgin immediately before His Passion. Christ kneels, His arms folded, the embodiment of humble devotion, while His mother falls fainting into the arms of one of the Marys, and St. John behind clasps his hands in ineffectual distress. The scene is set before a pillared portico, beyond which to the left are seen hills and the Sea of Galilee. The evening light falls sharply upon the figures, throwing them into relief, while a late gleam, shot across the dark blue sky and reflected in the lake, emphasizes the gathering gloom upon the hills. So simple, so inevitable, does the treatment of the individual forms and their relation one to another appear, that the immense technical mastery of the artist is completely subordinated to what he wishes to express. Each individual figure has an almost exaggerated solidity and weight, and they and their setting are woven into a massive design full of subtle secondary rhythms, which increase the picture's emotional effect as they are more fully studied and understood.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE (1790) *National Gallery*
By Sir Thomas Lawrence

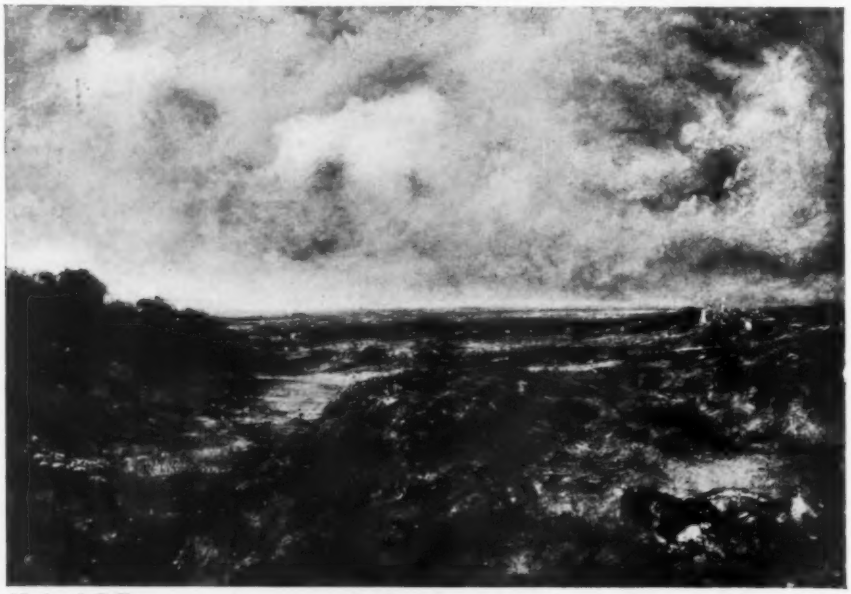
The picture is a striking example of how irrelevant is size to monumental quality. Its dimensions are small (34 in. by 30 in.), yet it is far more imposing than the largest *machines* of, say, Charles Lebrun or J. L. David. Colour saturates it. The yellow-grey of the portico and near landscape, the blue-green of the lake and distant hills, and the purple-grey of the clouds, are repeated and intensified in the yellow, blue, and dull rose-pink of the robes of the standing figures, leading up to the startling white of Christ's robe, set off by contrast with the scarlets of His own mantle and that of St. John. Yet, for all its intensity and dramatic emphasis, local colour throughout is modulated with the greatest subtlety according to its relation to the light, with Correggio's own peculiar mastery. In particular, the white of Christ's robe is a marvel of sensitive handling.

But though Correggio thus rivals the greatest of his contemporaries in organization of formal elements, he passes beyond them in the expression of drama and of deeply-felt emotion to an extent that makes him comparable with Giotto, and, above all, with Rembrandt. The sorrow, sympathetic but uncomprehending, of St. John and Mary

redoubles its intensity in the Virgin and finds answer in the resignation and profound understanding of Christ; while over the whole broods a foreboding of the tragedy to come.

Whether or not the emotions here expressed are sympathetic to the modern spectator is irrelevant. The age was one of transition from the faith of the Middle Ages to the paganism of the High Renaissance, and already the exaggerated sentiment of the Counter Reformation is foreshadowed. But the character of Correggio's feelings does not detract from their sincerity or the effectiveness with which he conveys them. So perfectly are means adjusted to ends, that it is practically certain that "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother" is later than the "Nativity," in which the use of light for dramatic emphasis and the keying of landscape to the mood of the figures is less certainly and effectively achieved. Thus, the National Gallery picture closes one phase of Correggio's work. Never again did he seek for or attain similar dramatic intensity. His power to use the human figure in design, his subtlety in the treatment of light and colour, his response to feminine beauty, increased; but they were put at the service of an art mainly expressing man's joy in life and confidence in his own power to subdue the world.

To the pictures thus obtained in exceptional circumstances others have been added by gift or purchase in more normal fashion. Conspicuous among these are two full-length, life-size portraits, one of which is the generous gift of Baron Emile d'Erlanger and his brothers, made in memory of their parents. This is a portrait of "Joseph de Rigaud, Comte de Vaudreuil," by François Hubert Drouais, and is signed and dated 1758. Drouais is not a great artist, but he is a painter of some accomplishment, whose vogue in his own day has been fully maintained in modern sale rooms. The portrait of the Comte de Vaudreuil reveals the painter at his best. The design is effective, the colour harmonious, and the handling has all the suavity which made Drouais one of the favourite portrait painters of the Court of Louis XV. The painting of eighteenth-century France still lacks adequate representation in the National Gallery, and apart, therefore, from its intrinsic merits the d'Erlanger gift is of special value to the Gallery and provides a fine and much-needed centrepiece to one of the walls in the French Room. The subject of the portrait



National Gallery

BRANCH HILL POND

By John Constable

is a figure of some interest. He is not the Marquis de Vaudreuil who won fame in 1756, when in command of the "Arethusa," by fighting two English frigates for over an hour, until compelled to surrender by the arrival of an English man-of-war; but is the Comte de Vaudreuil, a younger member of the same family. He was born in St. Domingo, of which his father was Governor-General; and so it is that Drouais represents him as pointing to that island on a map of South America. After serving in the Seven Years War, he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was appointed Grand Falconer of France. An intimate of the Royal family, he accompanied the Comte d'Artois into exile after the outbreak of the Revolution and eventually settled with his wife in England, and later in Scotland, where his second son was born. He returned to France in 1814, was made Pair de France, and was Governor of the Louvre until his death in 1817. Thus, the picture has a special historical interest to English people, apart from its artistic value.

National Gallery

THE THAMES BELOW WOOLWICH
By James Holland

The second portrait is of Queen Charlotte, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1790. This recently came from the collection of Lord Ridley to Christie's and there attracted comparatively little attention. At the sale it was bought in, but was later purchased by the National Gallery. The picture was covered with a thick layer of dirt, but is otherwise in perfect condition. The National Gallery has many examples of Lawrence's work, but they represent the later and more slipshod and superficial phase of his work. The "Queen Charlotte," however, belongs to the period when Lawrence had still a reputation to make and, in the teeth of competition with Hoppner and Raeburn, could not afford to rely on precocious dexterity alone. Consequently the "Queen Charlotte" is not only carefully planned in design, with Lawrence's favourite device of a large empty space at the top of the canvas to enhance the dignity of the sitter and to give a suggestion of romantic mystery, but is a brilliant example of technical skill boldly used but kept well under control. It is cookery, but of an excellent kind. There is still a flavour of Sir Joshua Reynolds about the whole, but the colour contradicts Sir Joshua's precepts as effectively as ever did the "Blue Boy," being in the main an arrangement of blues, whites and blue-greys against dark greys, with warm colours used only in the pattern of the carpet, and in the autumn foliage of the trees in Windsor Park, seen in the background on the left. This use of cool colour, the slick handling, and the vignetting of light round the figure, combine to produce notable resemblance to certain Goya portraits.

Another group of acquisitions consists of landscapes. Early in the year a bequest by

Miss Susan Field took effect, and gave to the Gallery " Branch Hill Pond," by John Constable, and " The Thames Below Woolwich," by James Holland. The Constable is a very sensitive piece of work, in which the distance and sky are especially delicate and atmospheric. The foreground Constable either feared or neglected, and it is consequently somewhat chaotic and formless. The picture has a special biographical interest, from an inscription on the back written by Edwin W. Field, the solicitor and amateur artist who was a friend of Constable. This inscription runs, " From Constable's death in 1837 till July 1866 this sketch of Branch Hill Pond on Hampstead Heath and the House called the Salt Box, just as it was when Constable and I were Hampstead neighbours and friends, was the property of our common friend, William Purton, Esq., now of the Wood House, Cleobury Mortimer. Mr. Purton's name is frequently mentioned in Leslie's life of the painter. July 1866 I bought the sketch from Mr. Purton. Constable told Purton that the sky so satisfied and pleased him that he never would touch the canvas again for fear of spoiling it." The Holland, according to an inscription on the back, was painted in 1843, and is therefore a tolerably mature work. It is a bold piece of design, in which the

National Gallery

MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE

By R P. Bonington

procession of low-lying clouds towards the horizon is effectively used to balance the sweep of the river; and there are subtleties of treatment in the sunlit distance which recall Crome.

A complement to these two pictures is a charming little "Mountain Landscape" by R. P. Bonington, the gift of Lord Ivor Churchill. This is painted on paper mounted on a panel, and is evidently a sketch made on the ground. Bonington seems to have put in the background first, and to have forgotten to allow for the change in the position of the sun when he came to the foreground, since the shadows in the two cases are not quite consistent. The handling has all Bonington's characteristic facility, but turned to more serious purposes than usual, in realizing the solidity and stately rhythm of the forms of the distant hills. It is understandable how a competent judge, on a first glimpse of the picture, came to exclaim "Hallo, an early Corot!" It is by no means impossible that Corot should have seen Bonington's work; and such a picture as this might well have influenced him to some extent.

Finally, the Gallery has acquired by purchase the fine "Landscape in Gelderland," by Philips Koninck, from the collection of Lord Northbrook. It is a particularly impressive example of the painter's work, which does something to compensate for the absence of a Rembrandt landscape in the Gallery. Rembrandt's subtle interweaving of light and shade, his suggestion of infinite distances filled with light and air, and his power of using landscape to convey a strongly personal emotion, were beyond Koninck's range. But Koninck has caught something from his exemplar by using great cloud-shadows sweeping across a plain to unify petty detail and to suggest the dignity and menace of great open spaces.

National Gallery

LANDSCAPE IN GELDERLAND

By Philips Koninck

THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL OF KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI*

By J. E. McPHERSON

BEFORE the signing of the Armistice terminating the World War, some nine years ago, the seed of a mighty impulse took root in the consciousness of the people of Kansas City and of the public Press, almost simultaneously. There arose a spontaneous demand that some adequate memorial should be erected in gratitude and appreciation of the sacrifices of our boys in the World War.

On November 29, 1918, the City Council called a mass meeting " for the purpose of arranging for an appropriate memorial expressing the appreciation of the people of Kansas City, Missouri, of the service and sacrifice of the soldiers, sailors, and citizens during the European War which is just ended." At the mass meeting Mr. R. A. Long presided at the request of the City Council. This mass meeting resulted in the selection of a committee of one hundred citizens to initiate the enterprise, and to be eventually incorporated as a legal entity to carry out its ultimate aims. In order that the widest possible representation of all groups should be assured, a temporary advisory committee of one hundred and fifty was also appointed.

The joint committee was authorized to determine the scope of the memorial (i.e. whether it should be constructed by Kansas City or whether the residents of contiguous territory should be invited to participate), the character of the memorial, its location, the amount of money to be raised, and the plan for raising the money.

At the meeting on March 27, 1919, the recommendation of a subcommittee that the memorial should be built in Kansas City by Kansas City was formally approved by vote of the joint committee.

To ascertain public sentiment as to the general type of memorial to be erected, most exhaustive means were employed. Individuals, experts, organizations, and societies were urged to express their views in writing or through the Press. For the free expression of opinion, neighbourhood meetings were held in the high schools, to which meetings fifty-five thousand invitations were distributed by the school children. Information also was sought and reported as to what other cities were doing in the way of memorials. To acquire information as to the notable monuments and memorials of the world, the significance of the various types, to secure expert advice as to what form an appropriate memorial should take, and to enable the members of the joint committee to vote more intelligently, thirteen meetings, to which the general public was invited, were held between January 16 and March 21, 1919. These meetings were addressed by some of the most eminent architects and sculptors of the country, who discussed the notable monuments and memorials of the world, showed stereopticon views of many of them, and made suggestions as to appropriate forms of memorials. Certain of our own members delivered addresses advocating particular types.

After ample opportunity had been given to all to express their views, a formal ballot was taken by the joint committee at a meeting on April 3, 1919. During the discussions seven different types had been proposed, and the ballot was so prepared as to give opportunity to vote for any one of these. The ballot resulted practically unanimously in favour of " a monument plus a building." The general type only was purposely acted upon so as to leave as great scope as possible to the vision and inspiration of the architect.

The next question was how much money should and could be raised. It was agreed by all that it must be commensurate with the great object in view. The sum finally agreed upon, greatly in excess of what most of our citizens thought ample, but largely upon the insistence of Mr. Long that no less sum would be sufficient and upon his assurance that it could be procured, was $2,000,000. This sum was staggering even to many of those who knew the potentialities of this city. From our experience in war campaigns there was but one

* Such has been the dearth of æsthetically satisfying war memorials in Europe, that we feel sure our readers will be interested in this remarkable American solution of a problem which is still an acute one all over the world.—EDITOR, APOLLO.

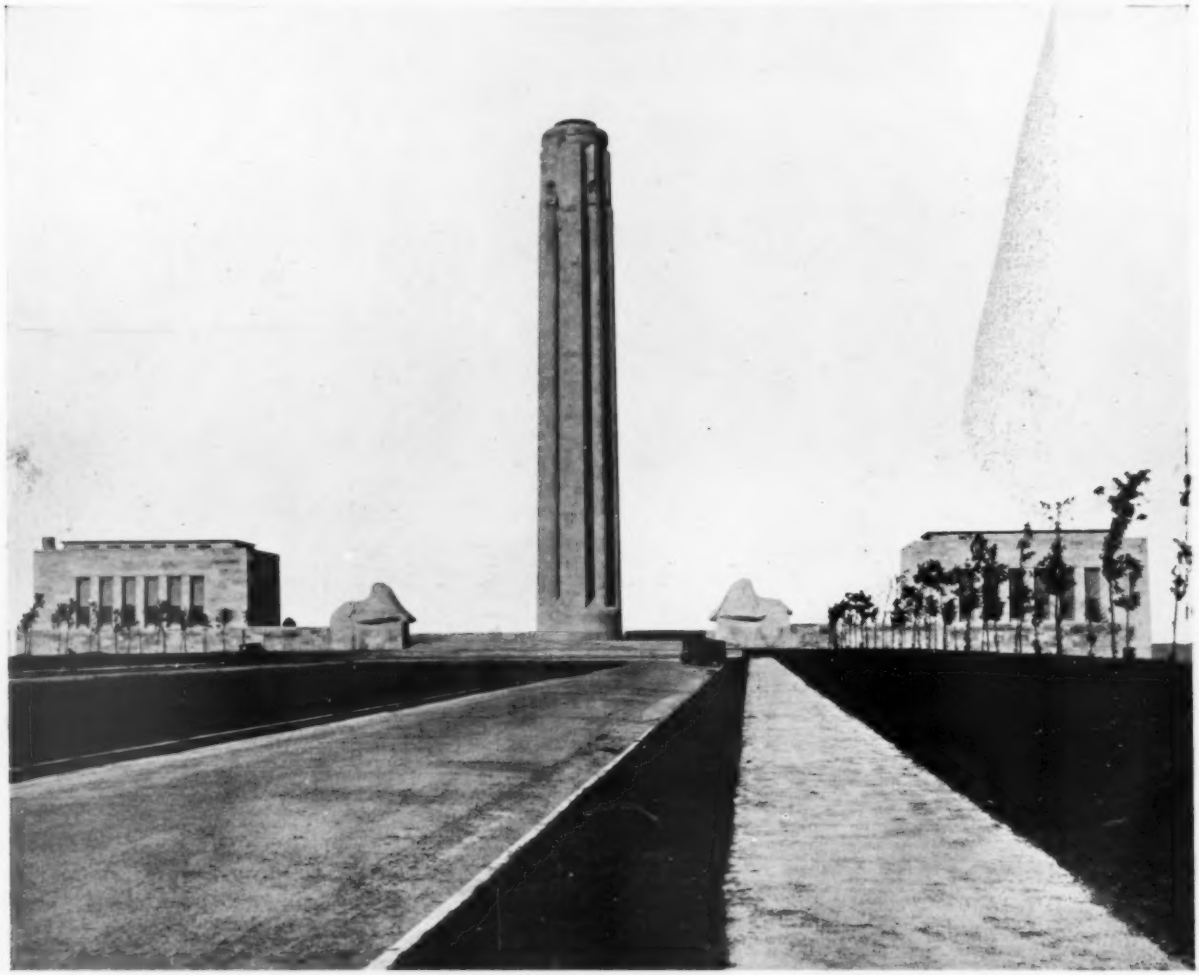
DETAIL OF THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL, KANSAS CITY

way to raise it—that of public subscription. The campaign began on October 27 and closed on November 5, 1919, with total subscriptions of $2,051,506.57. There were more than 83,000 subscribers—men, women, and children—which means more than one-fourth of our then population of 325,000 participated in this great offering. The accomplishment of raising a fund of this magnitude for such a purpose by popular offering is believed to be without parallel in any other city of the United States, irrespective of population.

The site unanimously approved for the memorial consists of a tract of 33 acres lying south and west of Station Park containing 8½ acres, and connects with Penn Valley Park containing 132 acres, so that in effect the setting of the memorial is a great park of 173 acres. In this site Kansas City is exceedingly fortunate. Adjoining Station Plaza on the south, thus forming the gateway of the city, this site is of commanding elevation, at its highest point 134 ft. above the level of the Station Plaza, readily accessible to the centre of population, and its topography is rugged, varied, and picturesque. This ground was acquired for park purposes by the city by condemnation proceedings at a cost of approximately $1,000,000.

A momentous problem in this movement was the selection of an architect. Upon recommendation of the American Institute of Architects, Mr. Thomas R. Kimball of Omaha, past president of that organization, was

retained by the Liberty Memorial Association as its professional adviser. By his advice a competition was held, open to all local architects, and in which certain architects of the United States known for their ability and accomplishments in the designing of memorials were invited to compete. Mr. Kimball formulated a programme designed to secure the architect best qualified to guide the Association to a worthy conclusion of its great undertaking.

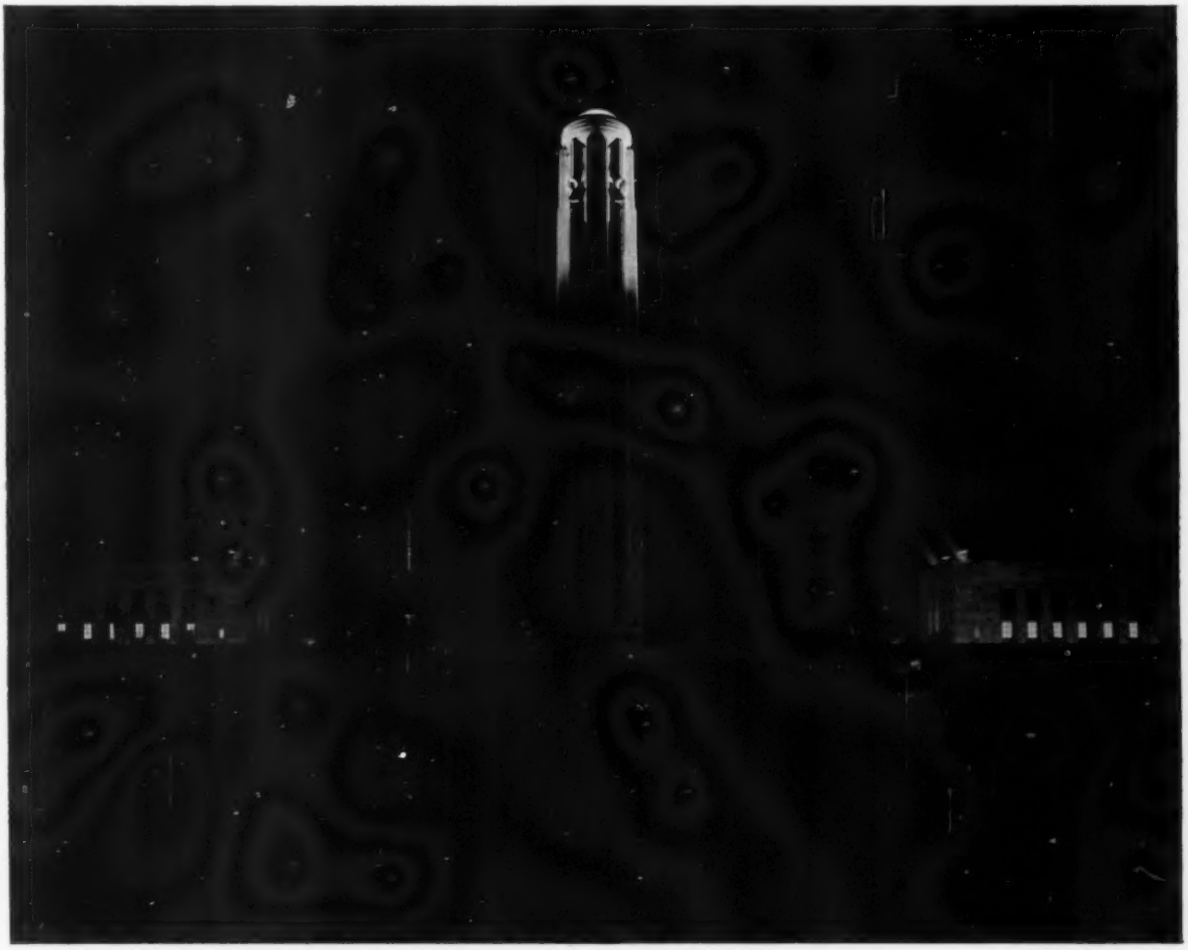


THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL, KANSAS CITY

In this programme it was announced that the Association hoped to obtain from the competition " an inspiring monument worthy of the record of which it is to be the messenger —a symbol, not of war, but of peace, and the dawn of an era of peace."

Among the competitors were Bliss and Faville, San Francisco; Paul P. Cret, and Zantzinger, Borie and Medary, Philadelphia; Bertram G. Goodhue, and H. Van Buren Magonigle, New York. The programme specifically provided that a jury should be selected which should have the absolute power of selecting the winning design and thereby the architect for the memorial. The jury was selected—one each by the local competitors, by the Liberty Memorial Association, and by the invited competitors; one by those three; and the fifth by the Liberty Memorial Association. The nominations resulted in the selection of a most distinguished jury, consisting of James Gamble Rogers, New York; W. R. B. Willcox, Seattle; Louis Ayres and Henry Bacon, New York; and John M. Donaldson, Detroit.

The design of H. Van Buren Magonigle received the unanimous award of the jury. A contract was thereupon entered into on July 12, 1921, by which Mr. Magonigle became the architect of the Association. Mr. Magonigle named as his collaborators Robert I. Aitken, sculptor, and the late George E. Kessler, landscape architect. The contract for erection and the frieze on the north wall, was completed and dedicated in the presence of President Coolidge, Secretary of War Davis, many other distinguished guests, and a vast concourse of our citizens on November 11, 1926. Since that date the Association has instructed Mr. Magonigle to prepare designs for steps and approaches on the north, and has retained



THE LIBERTY MEMORIAL, KANSAS CITY. BY NIGHT

was awarded upon competitive bids to the Westlake Construction Company of St. Louis, and work began on July 5, 1923. At the time of letting this contract certain steps and terraces leading down from the Memorial Court to the north, provided for in Mr. Magonigle's design, were eliminated on account of excessive cost of construction. The memorial, with the exception of these steps and terraces Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted to collaborate with him in plans for landscaping of the grounds surrounding the memorial.

Conceived as a living expression of the gratitude of a grateful people " in honour of those who served in the World War in defence of Liberty and our Country," Mr. Magonigle's design signifies : " The Flame of Inspiration guarded by the Spirits of Courage, Honour,

Patriotism, and Sacrifice, burning forever upon an altar high-erected in the skies, a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."

The memorial consists of three units—the great central shaft supporting the sacrificial altar and two buildings, Memory Hall on the east and the Museum Building on the west of the Memorial Court, all flanked on three sides by massive walls of masonry. Indiana limestone of wonderful texture and beautiful colourings in cream, buff, and grey is used throughout.

The shaft is 217 ft. 6 ins. in height, and in diameter 36 ft. at the base and 28 ft. at the roof. The elevation at the sidewalk in front of the Union Station is 81 ft., at the base of the shaft 222 ft., so that the top of the shaft rises 358 ft. 6 ins. above the Union Station Plaza. The outside dimensions of the buildings are 46 ft. 6 ins. by 93 ft.

Memory Hall contains a mural painting, 18 ft. by 34 ft., by Jules Guerin, the author of the mural decorations in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, and twenty-five illuminated maps of the war areas painted by D. Putnam Brinley of New York. These maps show training camps in America, naval activities in the Atlantic Ocean and in the North Sea, and military operations in the general theatre of the war in France. They are so technically correct as to furnish authoritative reference works for the military and historical student, and at the same time are done with such artistry as to furnish a rare and superb decoration. So far as is known, nothing like them has been attempted or thought of in this country. There are also in this building four bronze tablets containing the names of four hundred and forty-one from Kansas City who lost their lives in the service.

The Museum Building was conceived primarily as a flag shrine. It is decorated with the American flag, banners of the Gold Star League and of the War Mothers, and the flags of all the countries allied against the Central Powers during the war. On a raised dais at the end of the room, which is roped off to indicate its character, are stands of regimental flags in especially designed bronze holders. There is also housed in this building one of the largest-known collections of war posters, comprising more than six hundred, and representing practically all of the allied countries. Here also are installed display cases for the accumulation of relics and memorabilia. In this building is a pair of handsome bronze doors so arranged as to fold back against the inner wall during the day and form part of the decoration of the room. The borders around the panels of these doors show the design of the leaves, spines, and fruit of the hawthorn tree, the State tree of Missouri. The panels contain mural relief on a background of stars with the emblems of Eternity, Learning, and Justice, the union of Europe and America, Peace restraining War, Prosperity, and the union of Europe and Asia. Special alloys are combined with the bronze to produce the general effect of silver and black, an effect which it is believed has not heretofore been produced.

The great north wall is 488 ft. in length and 48 ft. high. The architect's design provides for carving upon this wall a great mural frieze 13 ft. high and 400 ft. long. The Association has approved the carving of such frieze on this wall, but has not decided upon the subject-matter or upon the sculptor who shall do the work.

Flanking the southerly entrance to the Memorial Court are two huge sphinx-like figures which veil their faces with their wings. That on the easterly side facing west typifies " The Future," and is veiled as the future is veiled. The one facing to the east with the head enveloped in a heavy hood is intended to typify " Memory." These two solemn and mysterious figures are designed to prepare the visitor for the spirit and mood in which he should approach this shrine of sacrifice. These sphinxes, which are 32 ft. long, 12 ft. wide, and 18 ft. high, are the work of H. Van Buren Magonigle.

From the south the memorial is approached along a mall more than 1,600 ft. in length and on a level slightly below that of the Memorial Court. In the centre of the mall is a greensward 80 ft. in width, with driveways on either side flanked in turn by sidewalks on either side of which are terraces somewhat elevated, the terraces being planted with European plane trees.

The cost of construction to date has been approximately $1,800,000.

Mr. Magonigle's design has been greeted with the most enthusiastic approval by prominent architects and architectural journals throughout the country. Mr. Kimball,

professional adviser, has said: "No greater single conception is to be found in the world today." Mr. Willcox, one of the jurors, wrote of it: "There has never been anything undertaken in America of such nature as this Liberty Memorial. The day will come when architects will come from all over the United States to study the memorial." The "Journal of the American Institute of Architects" said, editorially: "In the Kansas City Memorial Mr. Magonigle has risen to the heights of genius. He has achieved a masterly handling of a problem with which it might be said that there have been few to compare in modern architecture." An editorial in the "American Stone Trade" stated: "About twenty-five centuries have elapsed since Dinocrates designed and built the Pharos of Alexander. Since that time nothing to compare with it has ever been attempted. Comes now Magonigle to Kansas City with a total eclipse of the ancient Grecian master and his work, with a greater design all his own."

When the programme for the architectural composition was being drafted there arose in the minds of those chiefly responsible for this movement a greater vision than the construction of the memorial alone, magnificent though that be. The memorial, therefore, was designed to be the focal keynote of a great architectural composition comprising an art, literary, and musical centre, which will contribute to the cultural and spiritual needs of our city for the ages to come. Funds aggregating approximately $1,000,000 are now available for a beginning on the larger development. Architects have been retained and are now engaged in a study of Eastern art museums with a view of preparing designs for the first unit of a building to become the home of the Kansas City Institute of Fine Arts and to house art collections. This building will be erected on the west side of the mall south of the memorial.

In 1920 the original committee of one hundred was incorporated under the statutes of Missouri as the charter members or Board of Trustees of the Liberty Memorial Association. At a meeting on October 14, 1920, the following officers were elected and have been continued in office since that time: R. A. Long, president; J. C. Nichols, first vice-president; F. P. Sebree, second vice-president; James B. Nourse, third vice-president (elected November 1926); J. E. McPherson, secretary; Forrest C. Cochrane, treasurer.

TWO NEW "DESCHI" IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By PAUL SCHUBRING

UNLIKE religious painting, which for centuries monopolized the artist's powers of invention almost entirely, representations of profane subjects were rare, especially in the early period—the *Trecento* and the *Quattrocento*. It is sufficient to cast a glance over the catalogues of the great old European collections in order to convince oneself of this. And because these things were rare they did not for a long time receive their due amount of attention.

Highly cultured private collectors, as in so many cases, prepared the way for the museums. For a long time it was possible to study examples of profane painting almost exclusively in French and English houses, before the museums began to be interested in these valuable witnesses of artistic creation.

If coffer-fronts — cassoni — are comparatively frequent, then another group of secular paintings, the gift platters (*deschi*) are all the more difficult to find; even the largest museums possessing only single examples of them. That is why the Metropolitan Museum is to be congratulated on having acquired two early Florentine *deschi*, thereby enriching its collection of profane paintings of the quattrocento by two important pieces. *Deschi* were presented as ceremonial gifts on two occasions: either with wine and fruit on the wedding day, or with chicken broth and mulled wine by those who came to congratulate a young

DESCO (PLATTER)
Florentine, c. 1420

mother on the birth of her first-born son (in the case of a daughter the custom was waived and the neighbours would be more inclined to say sympathetically to the mother: "Poverina").

These two *deschi* are wedding platters. Already the older cassoni-panels had represented the joys of the young bride who only now enters into the life of society. The paintings show how the young woman can amuse herself freely and happily in the campagna. She proudly rides her white horse, the falcon on her wrist, to the excitement of hawking. Or she stands beside her husband at the fountain in the park and looks at him lovingly. On the famous fresco, "Trionfo della Morte," in the Campo Santo at Pisa, musicians surround a pair of lovers; the viola and the lute play deep accords, and the most beautiful singer places her finger on her mouth as in Lancelot; the freedom of the young woman, liberated from the parental strictness and narrowness, is still more drastically glorified in the legend of St. George; the dragon who threatens Margaret symbolizes the boredom which the poor thing had hitherto experienced: the knight comes, sets her free, and all is well.

Our two *deschi* are also hymns to the joys of the campagna. A boar-hunt is going on between high, steep hills; deer are being stalked and hares trapped. In the foreground there is an hexagonal fountain like the one Boccaccio describes in the introduction to the "Decameron," and beside it a couple of young girls are seated close together. Perhaps it is meant for Atalanta, who is overcome by Milanion after having struggled so long against him. In that case her former hunting companion, standing in front with a bow and arrows, a little undecided what to do with them, would

DESCO (PLATTER)
Florentine, c. 1420

fit in very well; other friends are amusing themselves by splashing each other in the river (in later representations they are bathing luxuriantly). The husband—possibly, as we have seen, Milanion—is proudly bringing two hares he has just slain, and is warding off the sniffing hounds. In the distance we see castles and a lighthouse on the coast, with some sailing boats on the water. The sea always had a peculiar fascination for the Florentine land rats, because it was so difficult for them to reach it. That is why the Genoese Simonetta Vespucci was painted by Botticelli as the goddess of love emerging from the waves.

The second *desco* shows a quieter scene. The young couple had settled down by a little spring in a wood. They wanted to rest, but were woken by a wooden flute on which a poor musician was playing to them a love song, while his companion, a singer, is about to beg from them a copper. The song must be a moving one, because both the young couple and the lady's companion make astonished gestures signifying their emotion. Perhaps he is singing a canzone like that juvenile poem of Dante's :

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,"

which afterwards resounds again in the Purgatorio. Or is it a blissful woodland ritornel celebrating the old love game?

The two shields with rampant hounds may represent the arms of the Canigiani of Florence. They occur again on a marble escutcheon in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin.

The formal language of these platters is primitive. They may have been painted about 1420. The painter belongs to the trecento, perhaps to the school of Angelo Gaddo, whose frescoes in the choir of Santa Croce in Florence show analogous details in the background. The *desco* in the Bargello (No. 88 in my "Cassoni," plate XIII), though not by the same hand, shows a similar mood, though the subject here is mythological: the Judgment of Paris. The cassone panel No. 1467 in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum ("Cassoni" No. 427, Plate C) appears to me to show quite a different style; it belongs to the Sienese school.

MODERN SPANISH MUSIC

By PERCY COLSON

THE recent visit to London of Don Manuel de Falla has served to accentuate the interest in modern Spanish music that has been gradually increasing for some years. In using the word "modern," however, I feel that I am not on too solid ground, for in no European country is the music of today so deeply rooted in the past as it is in rigidly conservative Spain. When we listen to a Wagner opera we do not instinctively recall the folk music of seventeenth-century Germany, neither does the ultra-modern music of any country appear to be founded on anything in particular, unless it be a bad digestion, but we cannot hear a work of Albeniz, de Falla, or Turina, without immediately thinking of the religious and dance music of old Spain. In this connection I cannot help thinking that we have approached the music of de Falla, who is the most important personality among the Spanish composers of today, from the wrong end. Much that seems difficult to understand or even downright ugly in his compositions is perfectly intelligible to anyone acquainted with the national music of Spain.

To trace the origin of Spanish music would be a task far beyond the scope of a short article, indeed, the book in English that treats it seriously and from an historic point of view has yet to be written, though there are several interesting works on the subject in French. In Southern Spain, particularly in Andalusia, there is a distinct oriental influence in the traditional songs and dances; this is less apparent in the northern provinces, such as Galicia, and the Basque country, though everywhere one finds traces of Arabic influence. Music in Spain has always been an essentially popular art, expressing every aspect of the life of the people. Of course, so far as one can discover, the earliest known music comes from the Church, which, needless to say, has given us architecture, painting, sculpture, literature,

education, and practically everything else in life that is beautiful. Apart from the " plain-song " used in the services of the Church and from which all early music is derived, there still exist traces of fourteenth-century " mystery " plays which are without doubt the earliest forms of opera. There were also several varieties of the well-known " Dance of Death," which seems to have originated in France; and bands of wandering musicians went about the country singing ballads in dialogue and telling stories. One of the ancient " mystery " plays still in use is called the " Canto de la Sibila," which is sung by a boy at Christmas in some districts, and another is the little known and intensely interesting " Mystery of Elche " that is performed in the cathedral of the little town of Elche in Southern Spain on August 14 and 15. An extremely interesting description of this is given in Mr. J. B. Trend's fascinating book, " A Picture of Modern Spain."

In speaking of Spanish music one must, above all, take into consideration the profound instinct and love of the Spaniards for dancing. It is more than a mere amusement with them, it enters into and expresses the spirit of the nation and there is every evidence that Spain was the pre-eminent centre of dancing in Southern Europe more than two thousand years ago. Nothing, perhaps, shows the seriousness with which these people have always regarded this art than the existence of religious dancing from the earliest times. With reference to this I quote from Havelock Ellis's book, " The Soul of Spain ": " In 1321 the Bishop of Lerida complained of the dancing that took place in churches and cemeteries. Even at the Shrine of the Virgin of Monserrat it appears that the pilgrims sometimes sang and danced during their vigils. At the time of St. Thomas of Villanueva, Bishop of Valencia, it was still customary to dance before the sacred elements in the churches of Seville, Toledo, Ferez, and Valencia, and that prelate encouraged such dancing in spite of the prohibition of the Pope of the day. Religious dancing continued to be common, especially in Catalonia and in Roussillon (the most Spanish of the French provinces), up to the seventeenth century. When Cervantes' little gipsy girl entered Madrid on St. Anne's Day she went into St. Mary's Church with her tambourine to dance before the saint's image and to sing a hymn. The ' Villanicos de Natividad,' a sort of Christmas carols, are still sung to the tune of ' Seguidillas.' It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to speak of the dancing in Seville Cathedral where at Easter and on certain other festivals the choristers perform a dance in the space between the high altar and the choir, accompanied by castanets and wearing the same costumes as they wore more than three hundred years ago."

There are many varieties of dancing in Spain and the dances vary considerably according to the province in which they are danced, therefore the different names by which they are called, " Seguidillas," " Jota," " Tango," "Malaguena," " Bolero," etc., do not indicate a really definite dance measure —the brilliant " Jota Aragonese," for instance, being entirely different to the languid and gravely simple " Jota " that is danced in Andalusia. Generally speaking, dancing in Spain is accompanied by the castanets, but in the so-called " gipsy dances," some of the earliest and most attractive of all, they are replaced by the guitarre, a singer, and the rhythmic clapping of hands or stamping of feet. Spaniards love noise; being an essentially grave race they seem to need its stimulating influence to carry them out of themselves. Spain is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where it is not considered bad manners to talk throughout a concert.

It is a very great pity that Spain, conservative as it is, has not escaped the influences that are vulgarizing the whole world and causing old customs and traditions to be abandoned everywhere. Dancing, at all events characteristic Spanish dancing, is ceasing to be fashionable among the better classes and if one wishes to see it one must search for it in the back streets and popular quarters of the great cities. Fortunately, however, although it tends to become more and more rare among the Spaniards themselves, the gipsies, a large and flourishing community, are taking it up and bringing to it all the energy and fire that is typical of their race, and that has made the gipsy music of Hungary and Russia famous. This strange people, whom one finds all over Europe and who always move among the inhabitants of the countries in which they settle as strangers and nomads, are peculiarly fitted by their nervous temperament to make themselves at home in Spain, where they have become a definite element in the life of the people.

One may, perhaps, feel inclined to say: "What has all this to do with modern Spanish music?" The answer is that there is no definite school in Spain. In the late sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries England, France, Germany, and Italy all possessed famous composers and important schools of composition, but neither at that period nor in the nineteenth century which saw the long reign of the romantic school, did Spain produce original music of any importance. It is true that nowhere else has music entered more into the life of the people than it has in Spain, especially as regards the theatre, where music and drama have always been inseparable, but for incidental theatrical music they relied chiefly on their own traditional dance and folk songs, and on borrowing from other countries, generally Italy. What the composers of the present day have done so far is to take this national idiom and, with extraordinary skill and the use of every modern harmonic and orchestral device, dress it up and use it in writing for the pianoforte and violin and for the stage. To give one instance, de Falla's brilliant ballet "The Three-cornered Hat" is entirely founded on old Spanish music. Pianists owe a great debt of gratitude to de Falla, Albeniz, and Turina for the fascinating compositions with which they have enriched the repertoire of the pianoforte, and their audiences have still more reason to be grateful for a little variety in the usual tiresome and banal recital programme. The Spanish dances of Sarasate, of course, form part of the repertoire of every violinist, but these are more of the nature of gipsy music. It would be ungrateful in any review of Spanish music, however brief, to omit the name of Señor Arbos, who has done so much for the cause of music in Spain, and who is largely responsible for the growing interest in serious music there.

It is too soon yet to predict the manner in which Spanish music will develop. It starts on its modern career without the handicap of the dull academic methods that have sterilized so much promising talent elsewhere and it has an inexhaustible store of traditional and folk music from which to draw. One can only hope that Spanish composers will stick to their own national idiom and not begin to give dreary imitations of ultra-modern French and Russian music. Personally I am convinced that it is to the music of the theatre that Spain will make its most important contribution. For this purpose Spanish music is pre-eminently suitable, being intensely picturesque and full of colour and drama. I have only heard de Falla's delightful little piece, "Master Peter's Puppet Show," in concert form when it was recently performed in London, but I was amazed at the effect it made, deprived, as it was on this occasion, of all the advantages of *mise en scène*, costumes, lighting, etc. When one thinks, too, of their national passion for dancing, and the feeling for drama that is innate in the Spaniard, there would seem to be every possible element for the writing of opera. Let us hope that the revival of interest in music, combined with the unimpaired vitality of the race, will produce a great operatic composer.

GENIUS AND TALENT

By E. M. GREW

IT is less than three hundred years since the word genius took on its current meaning. The familiar couplet of Dryden's gives a good illustration of the compact significance it had gained already in his day:

> Great genius is to madness close allied,
> And thin partitions do these rooms divide.

Pope makes clear by his parallel terms what he means by the word. He writes at one time of

> A Newton's *genius*, or a Milton's *flame*;

and at another time he writes:

> Yours, Milton's *genius*; and mine, Homer's *spirit*.

He speaks of "petrifying a Genius to a Dunce," remarks that true genius is but rare in poets, and says that it has been left for him "to see neglected genius bloom."

All this is quite modern; it would not be understood in this manner by Shakespeare and Milton, for whom genius meant either a person's particular disposition and character, or the protecting, ruling power of men, things, and places—the " genius of the wood."

A century later than Addison and Pope, however, the word " wit," which had formerly occupied the place now held exclusively by *genius*, had not quite decayed, and Charles Lamb was reluctant to see it pass. He wrote: " So far from the position holding true that great wit (or genius in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them."

The significance of wit has degenerated, so that we can hardly recover its natural force when it is used by the older writers to signify genius. Wit, for us, is the property of the witty man, the person of a lively turn of mind who plays happily with ideas at first sight not closely related, the person of quick fancy and easy expression. We couple it with humour; and in the phrase " wit and humour " we intimate that wit is a mental quality, often with a touch of the cynical, and that humour is more of a sympathetic emotional quality. We credit a humorous writer with powers of pathos, but never a witty one.

Originally, wit meant all the faculties of the mind. (We still speak of a man's five wits.) Its original source is a word signifying the possession of knowledge, particularly of natural knowledge. Its idea of natural qualities is shown in Shakespeare's

> Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

But Shakespeare, indeed, uses the word in every significance, except that of our genius. And though Pope uses it constantly in the grave sense, as in the lines

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed;

and

> So vast is art, so narrow human wit,

we could not imagine Addison employing the lighter word in his famous explanation of this supreme power: " Among great geniuses [not among great wits], those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of posterity."

The useful contrast of *genius* and *talent*, as of wit and humour, seems to date only from the nineteenth century. This adaptation of talent, to indicate certain mental faculties, was originally metaphorical. It derives from the parable in St. Matthew of the servants who had the talents, i.e. the sums of money, given them for use during their lord's absence. The metaphor soon became an absolute expression, and we speak of a talented man as simply as of a tall man or a short one.

Addison's use of *art*, in the passage I have quoted, suggests some recognition of the difference between talent and genius. In his day the word had a narrowed meaning. It stood for something done by man which is not taught him by Nature. Thus, " Walking is natural; dancing, an art." When Addison says the great geniuses do not require the assistance of art, he is saying much the same as that they do not require the assistance of learning. We today speak of the art of the man of genius, meaning his technique; and Henry David Thoreau makes this delicate matter clear when he writes: " The man of Genius may at the same time be, indeed is, an Artist . . . Referred to mankind, he is an originator, an inspired or demoniac man, who produces a perfect work in obedience to laws as yet unexplored. The Artist is he who detects and applies the law from observation of the works of genius, whether of man or Nature. The Artisan is he who merely applies the rules which others have detected." (Demoniac is a term of rather fanciful or far-fetched character in modern times. It echoes the ancient belief that a spiritual force enters into man, to make of him a seer, oracle, or prophet. We still retain the idea, however remotely, in our remark that the genius is *inspired* to his work.)

When poetry and music expand into large forms, the poet and musician of genius have to be craftsmen as well as artists. Their primary faculty of natural power remains; but they have to learn how to exercise it, and

they do this by studying laws and methods of procedure, all of which are derived from the past. Mozart as a child wrote music instinctively, as a child speaks instinctively. But before long, he became a student, and he worked at the science of academic counterpoint. Schubert, at the very end of his short life—a life filled with spontaneous creation—realized that he must become a student, and he actually arranged to take lessons in this same academic counterpoint, if ever he recovered. Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner from the beginning learned all the rules of the art of music, so that they might expand music logically, and direct it safely into the novel paths they themselves had to tread. Bach was a mighty scholar in all departments of musical science, even that of the making of musical instruments.

The artisan, in music, is the good, practical, executive workman: the performer in bands, the church organist, the choir-trainer, and the teacher. The artist, strictly speaking, is the composer or performer of talent " who detects and applies the law from observation of the works of genius." He is instructed in the art of composition, and interpretation, and he makes music according to established rules, speaking the language that has been prepared for him by the entire race of musical creators. The German *Kapellmeister*, the English organist-composer of cantatas, the French writer of ballet music, represent artists in this definition. Of the people in Wagner's " Mastersingers," Beckmasser would be the craftsman or artisan; some of his companions would be the artists of talent; Walther the musician of instinctive genius, who expresses himself naturally; and Hans Sachs the thoughtful philosopher of large mind and unmodified sympathies.

The more delicately the musician of talent understands and applies the law, the more delightful is his art: though no amount of refinement and taste can bring into it even a touch of genius. Yet, because his art is a copy of the greater art, it often creates in many of us something of the same impressions, for the reason that, from our experience of the work of genius, we are able to bring to the work of talent inspiring influences of our own, and so get out of it very much of what we desire it to yield us. This happens most frequently when the work of talent is of our own period.

But where the work of genius inspires *us*, lifting us to its height, in the case of works of talent we have to inspire *them*: genius is invariably strong and certain in its appeal (to people of like mind and active receptivities); talent is only intermittently strong, and it is not uniformly certain, depending on our ability to help it. There is a neat epigram of James Russell Lowell's that may be applied here to elucidate this thought: " Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." We can make ourselves like and respond to music and poetry of talent; music and poetry of genius forces us to like and respond to it, for the latter shapes us in its own image, being creative. And if it does not blossom into full glory at once in our individual consciousness, it does so eventually, becoming greater and more beautiful with successive repetitions. The same applies to painting and architecture.

In former days, before art was discussed philosophically, people did not pay much attention to this difference between talent and genius, which would account for the late development of the present specific meaning of the terms. A man was very good at his work, less good, passable, or bad, and there the matter ended.

The genius himself did not always take pains even to ensure preservation of his work. A poem, play, or piece of music might be published, for the author wanted money and the public wanted copies; but often it was not published, and when the manuscript copy had served its turn, no one—the author sometimes least of all—gave it further thought. The publishers of the first folio Shakespeare came in time to save many of the great plays. But they did not trouble to preserve the copies from which their printers worked. Bach's mountain of manuscripts lay on shelves or in boxes until his death, and it is well known that a great portion of them were sold by one of his sons to a huckster, who bought the paper for wrapping up his goods. (Someone rescued what was left of these manuscripts a year or two later, among the rescued pieces being that Organ Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor which Elgar has recently scored for full modern orchestra.) The marketable value of Beethoven's manuscripts was very small after his death, though as it happens most of his works had been published during his lifetime. The greater part of Schubert's creations lay

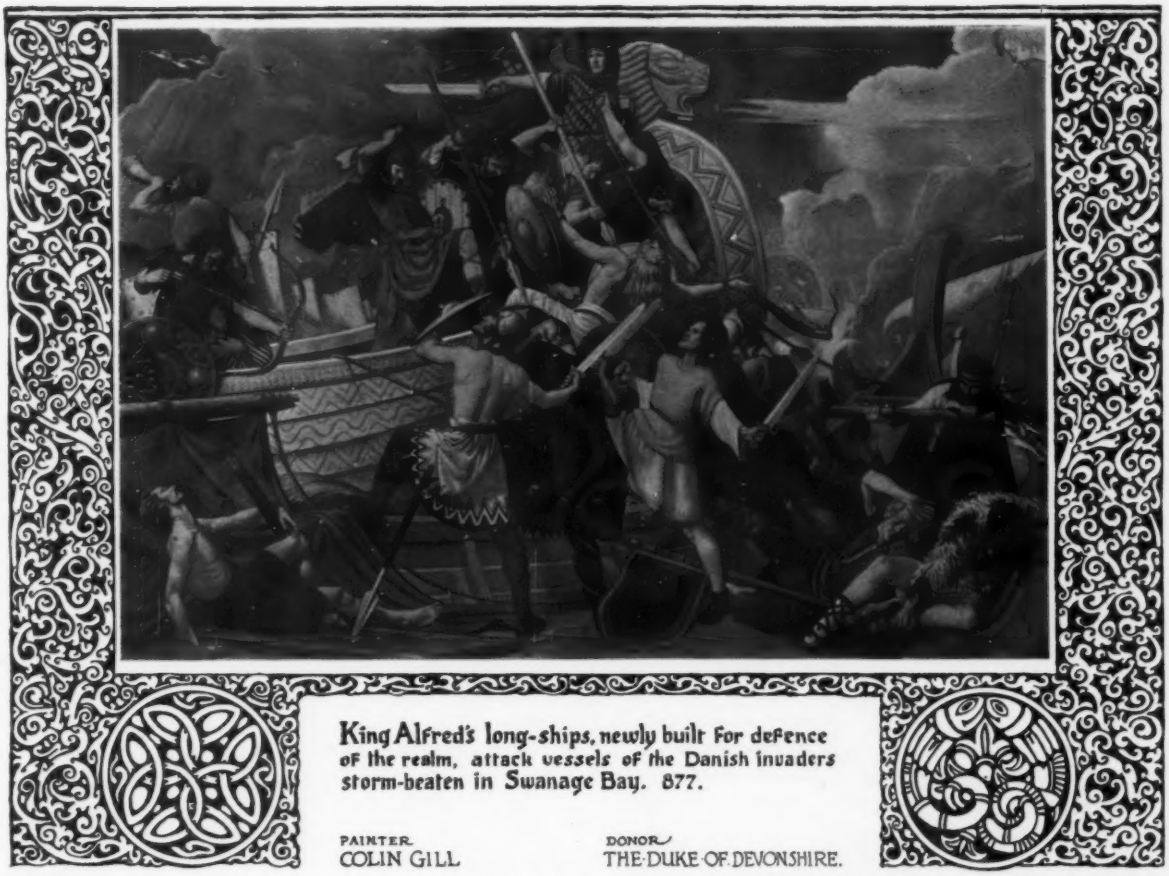
in dusty cupboards until Grove and Sullivan went to Vienna forty years after his death and romantically discovered them.

These great geniuses proceeded according to their great natures. The work itself was the thing. When one piece was done, they took in hand the next. They were as that " genius of the folk," which takes ideas, themes, stories, and even simple words, and—with a patience and lack of consciousness akin to Nature's—converts them into the matter of national art. Shakespeare might say proudly that his love should in his verse live ever young, but he was not declaring that he was an immortal genius. It was Milton who wrote consciously for aftertimes, creating that which, he said, they should not willingly let die; but Milton was the withdrawn and deliberate artist as well as the great creative genius, and his works stand apart from the works of such practical and immediately purposeful men as Shakespeare and Bach. Beethoven was probably the first composer to be conscious in the modern way of his genius, though Handel was probably lightly touched by the same spirit. Bach was so essentially devotional that he perhaps never thought beyond the object his sacred music had to serve, and discussions about talent and genius would have been tedious to him. Spiritual fervour, an offering to God, or the simple athletic joy in exercising his powers, were all that concerned Bach.

Nor have the critics in former days been seriously concerned to distinguish between men of talent and men of genius. Few critics have realized the true interest of the age in which they happened to live. It is therefore natural that they should have made a mistake, and lauded talent above genius, for they could judge only with the contemporary understanding; and the originality of genius, its independence and novelty, have always for a time obscured its essential qualities. Addison says the great men were " the delight of their own times "; but those qualities in them which became " the wonder of posterity " were not the cause of this contemporary delight. The literature on Shakespeare did not begin until he had been dead more than a hundred years. The right understanding of Bach dates from the third generation after his death. Bach's greatest son, Philipp Emmanuel, thought some of his father's writing was " dry and pretentious," and another of his gifted sons used to refer to him as " the old bagwig." The problems of Beethoven are not yet solved. In his lifetime, Beethoven shared honours with Hummel; and Pleyel was set up against Haydn. Hummel and Pleyel were men of fine talent, and good examples of the men who are wise with other men's wisdom as against the geniuses who are wise with their own wisdom. What they produced was bound to give immediate pleasure, because, like all copies of things familiar, their music was assimilated and digested easily, and it never went beyond what the common desire of the day wanted.

Sir Oliver Lodge says: " It seems safe to assume that if a man meet with universal acclaim in his lifetime, he cannot be far above the *level* of his age. Hence, perhaps, the profound sentence: ' Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.' If you encounter no ridicule and meet with no opposition, take heed: the living truth may not be in you." Every generation has its gods and favourites, whom posterity, often the posterity of the same century, discards entirely; and every generation likewise produces men who are the " wonder of posterity," yet the rejected (in the profound, fundamental sense) of their own times. The more facile the talent, the more it will deceive contemporary critics; and the more laborious and complete the genius, the more its appreciating posterity must be delayed.

These are bitter truths. Few of us accept them, for they appear condemnatory of our discrimination and intelligence. But history bears them out. Consider the relative public reputations in the middle of the nineteenth century of Martin Tupper and Robert Browning, or in the latter portion of the century the relative reputations of Gounod and Brahms. For the moment I must leave this question with the remark that as genius is formed slowly by Nature, so we ourselves have to be formed slowly by genius into its own likeness; while talent, springing as it does directly from ourselves (as our reflection springs from a mirror) has little or no creative power. And genius may be wrongly loved even by posterity for a while. Mozart was adored through all the brilliant years of Mendelssohn and Gounod worship; yet it is only since the nineteenth century that his essential genius has been correctly perceived.



King Alfred's long-ships, newly built for defence of the realm, attack vessels of the Danish invaders storm-beaten in Swanage Bay. 877.

PAINTER
COLIN GILL

DONOR
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

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THE BUILDING OF BRITAIN

WITH THE SPEAKER IN ST. STEPHEN'S HALL

By HERBERT FURST

AFTER one unsuccessful attempt to see the new wall decorations in St. Stephen's Hall—that is to say, the entrance to the House of Commons—at a time when the House was sitting, I armed myself on the following day with a writing-pad and a stout pencil in the hope of duly impressing the adamantine policeman. I found that no resistance was being offered me this time, it being a Saturday and the House not in session. The pad, however, acted like a magnet, for whilst I was standing in front of the pictures endeavouring to copy the unconscionably long titles, despite the buffeting I received from the crowd, it attracted a policeman, who at once fired this unexpected question at me: "Which is the best picture here?" Evidently my pad invested me with the appearance of "one who knows." But I was not going to give information away like that, so I contrived the retort courteous: Well, I should like *you* to tell me first which you consider the best picture. Without hesitation the constable pointed his finger at the fourth: "The English

SIR GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

people, in spite of prosecutions for heresy, persist in gathering secretly to read aloud Wycliffe's English Bible." It is by Sir George Clausen. That constable knows as much about it as I do, and I told him so in as many words. Thereupon he hastily retired, leaving me wondering what I *had* said. In a minute he returned with a gentleman whom he introduced as "The Speaker." This was an unexpected honour and good fortune, for the Speaker was, in Sir Henry Newbolt's words, "the initiator and sympathetic director of the whole scheme." I, too, found the first commoner in England—or should one say the United Kingdom?—extraordinarily sympathetic, for instead of "telling me" what I ought to think and say, he encouraged me to criticize.

Writers on matters of art are instinctively inclined to look upon pictures as works of art—which is all they can do *vis-à-vis* a Titian, a Theotocopuli, or a Terborch for that matter—since such things have long since lost their other and their *main* interest. This purely æsthetic enjoyment of painting is, of course, fundamentally wrong; pictures should have a living, so to speak, a concrete relation to life.

My inclination was to examine these eight paintings and to report upon their æsthetic success or failure, irrespective of their historical significance. Here, however, the Speaker's presence made a difference. I ventured to comment on the fact that all the subjects seemed remote and hardly in contact with the present at any point. In reply to this criticism Mr. Whitley told me that the committee—consisting of Lord Peel, the First Commissioner of Works, Lord Crawford, the Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, Sir Henry Newbolt and himself—had long and carefully discussed and debated the matter from every point of view, and had finally come to the conclusion that it would be impossible to cover the whole ground of Britain's history from its commencement to the present in eight pictures; that, furthermore, the problem of illustrating more recent events—apart from the fact that it was "undesirable to revive smouldering embers of party conflicts and personal feelings" (in Sir Henry Newbolt's words)—is complicated by the fact that the scenes must contain actual portraits and the setting must be historically accurate. This, for example, had prevented the eighth picture, "The English and Scottish Commissioners present to Queen Anne at St. James's Palace the Articles of Agreement for the Parliamentary Union of the two countries—1707," entrusted to Mr. Monnington, from being completed in time. So the committee decided that the eight subjects should illustrate eight main incidents symbolic of the building of Britain. First comes the beginning of the British Navy; next expansion of power; then the foundation of the British constitution based on individual liberty; after this the freedom of religious faith; then the control by the people of the purse of the nation; then the beginning of colonial enterprise, and thereafter the spirit in which England deals with an ancient civilization "destined to mingle with ours under a constitution unexampled elsewhere"; and, finally, the union of "our own two nations at home." The Speaker pointed out to me that not only in Mr. Monnington's picture the persons represented were to be portraits, but that, for instance, Mr. Rothenstein had in the Indian subject carefully based the *mise en scène* on a Moghul prototype and painted the Indians from life. Furthermore, the Speaker assured me that Mr. George Trevelyan, the historian, had described the pictures as historically unexceptionable and, if I remember rightly, had pronounced the hall as now the most beautiful in Europe. We then discussed the question of the medium in which the pictures are painted and its durability. And here I record with

PROF. W. ROTHENSTEIN

CHARLES SIMS, R.A.

VIVIAN FORBES

satisfaction Mr. Whitley's statement: "No, the paintings will not be glazed. We think it is better that they should last a hundred years and be enjoyed during that time by all who come to see them, than that they should last for ever under glass and be enjoyed by no one. A future generation may have some other pictures painted when these have perished." "Many people," he continued, "are rather startled by the bright positive colours, but they are in keeping with the decoration of medieval churches; and although this particular building is not ancient, it is in the Gothic style, and stands upon the old crypt and exactly follows the outline of the old chapel."

After pointing out to me the mosaics which complete the decoration of St. Stephen's Hall, and which were designed by Professor Anning Bell and executed *in situ* by Miss Gertrude Martin and her assistants, and telling me that Edward III's "Master mason, Thomas of Canterbury," in the mosaic over the west doorway is a portrait of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the present Clerk of the Works of the Palace of Westminster, the Speaker left me to pursue my examination, after an instructive and enjoyable half hour for which I thank him.

Coming now to the critical part of my duty, I must confess that the first impression of the pictures is: *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. When one considers the revolutionary movements that have shaken the foundations of belief in matters concerned with the arts of painting and sculpture; when one further considers that artists so different from each other as Sir George Clausen, Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Charles Sims, Professor Rothenstein of the older, and Mr. Vivian Forbes, Mr. Colin Gill, Mr. A. K. Lawrence, Mr. W. T. Monnington of the younger generation, have worked together, one is surprised, not only by the superficial similarity, but by a sort of academic conservatism which almost holds the pictures together. I say "almost" because, despite Sir D. Y. Cameron's supervision—and the Speaker told me how happily the team worked under his captaincy — Mr. Sims's painting is, as much to its own detriment as to that of the others, out of tone. The subject is: "King John confronted by his Barons assembled in force at Runnymede gives unwilling consent to Magna Charta, the foundation of justice and individual freedom in England—1215." Mr. Sims has staged his King John as a sort of Hamlet acting the part of King Lear striving—

A. K. LAWRENCE

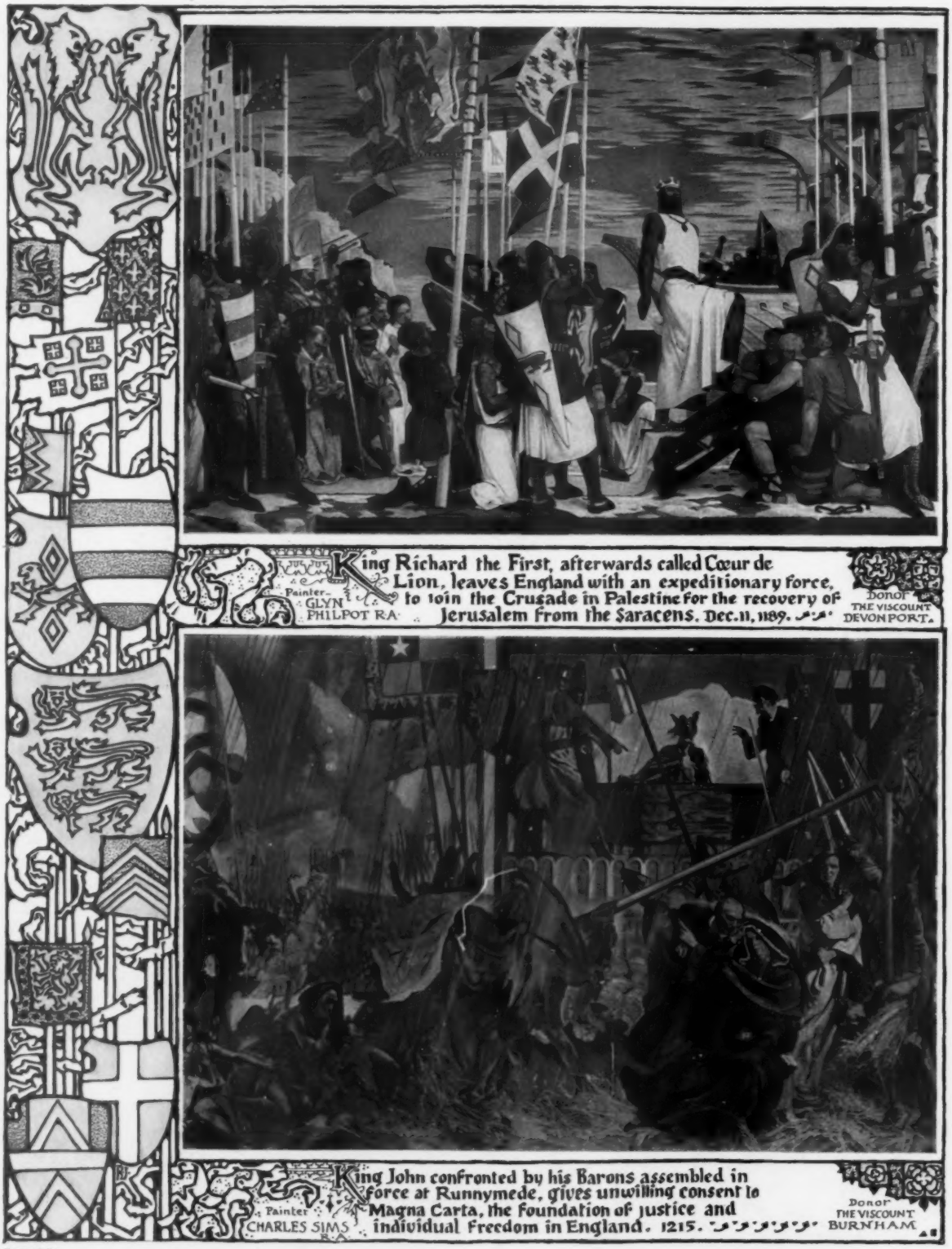
COLIN GILL

> . . . in his little world of man to out-scorn
> The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

It is, in its way, magnificent, but neither quite "cricket" nor mural decoration. It is not "cricket" because the artist has played his own game and ignored the team; nor is it mural decoration because the "to-and-fro" conflict goes on between line and colour and robs the design as such of the static quality which it is the mural decorator's peculiar duty to establish.

For somewhat similar reasons Mr. Colin Gill's picture is not quite unexceptionable. It represents "King Alfred's long-ships, newly built for the defence of the realm, attack vessels of the Danish invaders storm-beaten in Swanage Bay—877." This painting keeps its place with the rest much better than Mr. Sims's; appears, in fact, at first sight surprisingly like those German fresco paintings of the early nineteenth century which had such an influence on the Early Victorian artists. It combines, nevertheless, a certain restlessness in design with a timidity in draughtsmanship which betokens, I think, not so much want of skill—for Mr. Gill is an excellent draughtsman generally—but rather a lack of confidence.

In Mr. Glyn Philpot's composition for the second picture, "King Richard the First, afterwards called Cœur de Lion, leaves England


King Richard the First, afterwards called Cœur de Lion, leaves England with an expeditionary force, to join the Crusade in Palestine for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens. Dec. 11, 1189.
Painter GLYN PHILPOT R.A.
Donor THE VISCOUNT DEVONPORT.
King John confronted by his Barons assembled in force at Runnymede, gives unwilling consent to Magna Carta, the foundation of justice and individual freedom in England. 1215.
Painter CHARLES SIMS
Donor THE VISCOUNT BURNHAM.

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PAINTER
GEORGE CLAUSEN
R.A

The English people, in spite of prosecution for heresy, persist in gathering secretly to read aloud Wycliffe's English Bible.

DONOR
THE·DUKE·OF·PORTLAND

PAINTER
VIVIAN FORBES

Sir Thomas More, as speaker of the Commons, in spite of Cardinal Wolsey's imperious demand refuses to grant King Henry the Eighth a subsidy without due debate by the House. 1523.

DONOR
THE·VISCOUNT·FITZALAN

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with an expeditionary force to join the Crusade in Palestine for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens—December 11, 1189," there is likewise an unexpected stiffness and staginess, and a lack of linear rhythm. But this picture keeps its place, like Mr. Gill's, and is, moreover, relieved by some quite enchanting detail incident: for example, the figures of the woman and the warrior in the foreground on the left, the heads of the boys in the middle distance, also on the left, and the character studies in the foreground on the right.

The fifth picture, " Sir Thomas More, as Speaker of the Commons, in spite of Cardinal Wolsey's imperious demand, refuses to grant King Henry VIII a subsidy without debate by the House—1523," is by Mr. Vivian Forbes. It is—of the paintings we have so far considered—the best. Mr. Forbes has cleverly utilized the Holbein portraits, and there is dramatic action without staginess. Those acquainted with this painter's other work will come, no doubt, to the conclusion that he has repressed his rather stronger personality in consideration of the teamwork he was required to do.

Professor W. Rothenstein has also had recourse to contemporary documents, Moghul illuminations to wit, in the seventh picture: " Sir Thomas Roe, envoy from King James the First of England to the Moghul Emperor, succeeds, by his mingled courtesy and firmness at the Court of the Ajmir, in laying the foundation of British Influence in India—1614." The language of the title is in itself a work of diplomatic art, and indicative of some of the difficulties the artist has had to contend with. The general design is, as already stated, more or less based on a Moghul painting; most of the figures are represented in that style and the heads of portraits of living Indian gentlemen and servants. Only, of course, Sir Thomas Roe is not painted from life, and his " mingled courtesy and firmness " have not prevented him from looking a little uncomfortable, at all events in the design. Nevertheless, as the Speaker particularly mentioned, Mr. Rothenstein understands the mentality of the Indian peoples, and this picture has given their representatives here much pleasure and satisfaction.

Mr. A. K. Lawrence had obviously the

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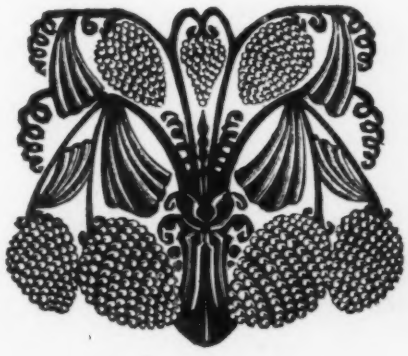
Painter: *W. T. Monnington*

The English and Scottish Commissioners present to Queen Anne at St. James's Palace the Articles of Agreement for the Parliamentary Union of the two countries. 1707

Donor: *The Viscount Younger of Leckie*

frescoes of the Italian Quattrocento in his mind when he conceived his very gay and very charming picture entitled " Queen Elizabeth, the Faerie Queen of her Knights and Merchant Venturers, commissions Sir Walter Raleigh to sail for America and discover new countries." Having wisely chosen to follow the example of fresco painters, this artist has admirably succeeded in his task. In spite of its manifestly derivative style, the picture has a kind of *naïveté* which becomes it well, and is an apt illustration of its somewhat fanciful title. The picture seems to me, in fact, considerably above the others, so far reviewed, in merit. Mr. W. T. Monnington is the youngest member of the team; he is, I believe, only twenty-four years old. His painting is not yet finished and judgment upon it would, therefore, be premature. Already, however, one may say that " The English and Scottish Commissioners present to Queen Anne at St. James's Palace the Articles of Agreement for the Parliamentary Union of the two countries—1707" promises to be one of the most successful of the series. His draughtsmanship is admirable; it renders, too, the spirit of the age. The figures look their parts; they do not suggest *ad hoc* dressed-up models; they seem to have been seen with the eye and drawn with the hand of a contemporary. To make me appreciate the delays and difficulties such a subject presents, the Speaker pointed out to me that even the trees, visible through the windows, formed the subject of historical research.

Sir George Clausen is the *doyen* of the team, and all things considered one must agree with the aforementioned policeman that his picture is the best of the series. It has its faults: it is not unexceptionable *qua* illustration, for there is really no secrecy at all about this meeting in the open, which could easily be espied from the tower of the little church in the delightful distance. Nor can one honestly say that the grouping is free from staginess. Against this, however, must be set its overwhelming merits. It is simple in arrangement; each of the four times three figures can be easily seen, and each, particularly the charming maid in the centre, is worth looking at. The landscape setting is of singular beauty; the treatment of the foreground, the care bestowed upon each little flower and plant, deeply moving. The colour-scheme, but for its one brilliant red note in the cloak of the man, is cool and reticent. The linear rhythm is most satisfying. The picture, as a whole, sits comfortably on the wall, though it is by no means a *flat* pattern. For this picture alone, not counting his long and honourable career as a virile protagonist of English painting, Sir George deserved his knighthood.



Queen Elizabeth, the Faerie Queen of her Knights and Merchant Venturers, commissions Sir Walter Raleigh to sail for America and discover new countries. 1584.

PAINTER A·K·LAWRENCE

DONOR THE EARL·OF·DERBY·

Sir Thomas Roe, Envoy from King James the First of England to the Moghul Emperor, succeeds by his mingled courtesy and firmness at the Court of Ajmir in laying the foundation of British influence in India. 1614.

PAINTER W. ROTHENSTEIN

DONOR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

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SOME DATED OBJECTS IN MR. RALPH HARARI'S COLLECTION

By MRS. R. L. DEVONSHIRE

IT is impossible to deal adequately with Mr. Ralph Harari's collection in one short article, for it includes three distinct groups, each of which offers special interest: (1) Arab and Mesopotamian jewellery; (2) Early Moslem metalwork; and (3) Objects of Ayyûbid or Mameluke times, most of which are dated.

It is tempting to dwell on either of the two first groups; nothing has been published about Arab jewellery, and many of the trinkets that Mr. Harari has so patiently collected are very quaint and beautiful. Several of them might be dated with a certain degree of probability owing to the style of writing with which they are adorned. A thick silver bracelet, for instance (perhaps an anklet), bears Kufic writing and affronted doves in undeniable Fâtimid style; some of the stones (turquoise, hematite, garnet, ruby, sapphire, etc., etc.), set in gold filigree rings, are inscribed with a few words in characters of various periods. It is much to be desired that this attractive field of research should be explored by some painstaking scholar.

The second group should also be studied by a specialist in Tûlûnid or Fâtimid ornament. It includes specimens in characteristic eleventh-century style and some which appear to be earlier still. But, to a student of Islamic history, the third group is of paramount importance: no fewer than thirty or forty of the objects which compose it bear definite dates or inscriptions referring to persons mentioned in Arab texts, thus constituting historical documents of the greatest value. Most of them belong to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, when Mameluke Sultans reigned over Egypt and Syria, and this is not surprising for it was especially at that time that the artistic craftsmen of the Near East used the beautiful Arabic script as an essential decoration. The reason for that was no doubt the vanity and pride of the rich Emirs and Sultans, who were as willing to recompense a clever artisan for glorifying their name in exquisite metalwork as a poet for lauding it in verse. Many pieces have been found engraved with repetitions of royal titles; the name of the Sultan who acquired the object could be added afterwards.

FIG. I. TINNED BRASS BOWL (Side View)
1496–98

Mr. Harari has wisely limited his acquisitions to metal works of art of which the date was practically certain and the result is an astonishing series, illustrating the arts and crafts of three centuries of Egyptian history, from Ayyûbid times to the very last days of the Mameluke Circassian Sultans. The number of these historical pieces is too great to allow of even a bare mention of all of them in the space at my disposal; I will therefore only enumerate a few of those which seemed to me of the greatest interest. Moreover, as that interest naturally deepens in proportion with the age and rarity of the pieces described, and as this article is not intended to demonstrate the evolution of artistic methods but merely to acquaint the readers of this journal with a very remarkable collection, I propose to begin my enumeration with the later pieces and to reverse the chronological order in which an historical essay should be written.

Several of the Circassian Sultans who ruled over Egypt just before the Turkish invasion reigned only for a very short time and there are but few mementoes of them in existence. Tumanbây, the last of them all, who so valiantly tried to save Egypt from the Ottoman Conqueror, Selim I, only reigned

for six months (October 1516 to January 1517), but he governed Egypt as Regent in the time of Qansûh al-Ghûry, his predecessor, and the tinned copper plate which bears his name does not refer to him as Sultan, but as Great Dawadâr, which was his Court dignity at the time.

Samples of the reign of al-Ghûry (1501–1516) are not so scarce, but Mr. Harari's dish bearing this Sultan's name is noticeable on account of its very unusual design: the curve of the rim is decorated by parallel bands of *chevron* or herring-bone pattern, set slantwise. The effect is more original than beautiful, and, even if the name of the Sultan were not there to show that this is the product of a somewhat decadent period, it could never have been attributed to the artistic times of earlier rulers.

FIG. II. TINNED BRASS BOWL (seen from below)
1496–98

Djanbalât, who reigned from June 1500 to January 1501, is represented by a dish, but, as in the case of Tumanbây, the inscription refers to an earlier stage in his career, when he was Governor of Aleppo. Of an earlier Qansûh, Az-Zâhir, who reigned for eighteen months, beginning in October 1498, and of whom I do not know that any other object exists, Mr. Harari has a funnel-shaped fragment, probably the cover of a lamp, with the name unmistakably engraved in tall Mameluke characters, set in oblong medallions.

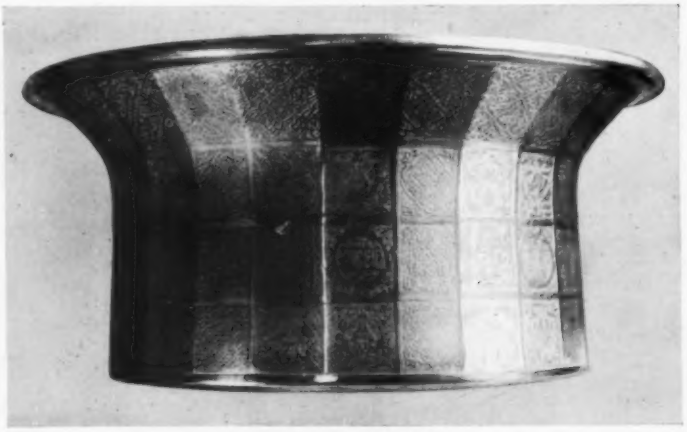


FIG. III. BASIN
1496–98

Several of these late Circassian objects are adorned with a complicated *blason* (circular coat of arms) with six charges, that is to be found on some monuments dating also from the early years of the sixteenth century; can it be that this *blason*, like the above-mentioned anonymous eulogies, was prepared to suit any possessor?

Objects bearing the name of Sultan Mohammed ibn Qâitbây (1496–1498) are also extremely rare. This unworthy son of a great patron of the arts has left nothing behind him but the memory of his cruelty and incapacity; he built no monuments: the handsome mosque in the Fayum which dates from his reign was founded by his mother, Princess Asalbây, and the charming house handed over to demolishers by the Egyptian Government a few years ago had been built for him by his father. Yet Mr. Harari has found a beautiful tinned brass bowl (Figs. I and II) on which his name and titles are clearly legible. This bowl, shaped out of a single sheet of metal, is enriched not only by delicately engraved ornamentation but by a series of faceted panels producing the effect of an arcade. Underneath, a geometrical twelve-petalled flower is continued by curved lines in relief, quite unlike the usual prolongation of a geometrical star. It has been suggested that these outlined the profiles of a series of

ducks in relief, but that, I think, is not intentional.

It is no surprise to find that Mr. Harari's specimens of Qâit-bây metalwork rank among the finest in existence; the great basin, Fig. III, is truly magnificent. Like that of his son, it is shaped into a series of facets, but these are rectangular and the *arêtes* which connect them go in a straight line from the base to the widening rim of the vessel. These panels are divided into squares, some containing the Sultan's name in majestic characters, some the rounded cartouche with which his admirable monuments have made us so familiar; others are filled with ornament, a *palmette* or some interlaced geometrical patterns such as are to be seen carved in stone on the walls of several of his mosques and on the stone pulpit that he placed in the mausoleum of Barqûq. The basin, which is of gilt copper without any inlay, is in a splendid state of preservation, and the mellow tone of the metal is a pleasure to the eye. Of the more obscure Sultans who preceded Qâit-bây, Khushqadam (1461–1467) is represented by the upper part of a large chandelier, and I once believed that Sultan Inâl was named on a plate, but, on closer study, ascertained that the name Inâl, chief of the Emirs, Governor of Tripoli, did not refer to the kindly, monogamous old man who founded the splendid mausoleum still to be seen in the Eastern Cemetery. This Inâl may have been, perhaps, one Inâl Bây who was Governor of Tripoli during the reign of Mohammed ibn Qâit-bây.

Contemporary with objects made in Damascus, Aleppo or Cairo for the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt and Syria is a little Ottoman box (Fig. IV)* which offers a double interest: it bears the name of a very illustrious Sultan of Turkey, no less a personage than Mehmet II, whose conquest of Constantinople in 1453 is regarded as marking the end of the Middle Ages, and presents the rare feature of a date in figures (855 A.H. = 1451), whereas very few objects or even monuments of that time are dated otherwise than in written words. This curious little object is of brass, inlaid in silver in quaint designs; one of these designs is cunningly contrived to look like a double monogram whilst it really represents a bearded man sitting on his heels with his arms akimbo. The workmanship is less refined than Syro-Egyptian work of the same period.

FIG. IV. OTTOMAN BOX
Dated 1451

FIG. V. KEY OF THE SACRED KAABA, MECCA
Dated 1363–64

It is very possible that Mr. Harari's fine tray with inscriptions of Sultan Farag was manufactured in Cairo. Farag, son of Barqûq, reigned, with an interruption, from 1399 to 1412. The distinguished French epigraphist, Monsieur Gaston Wiet, to whom I am indebted for the reading of all these inscriptions, believes that this beautiful piece, 92 centimetres in diameter, once formed part of the well-known collection of the Duc de Blacas.

Masterpieces in metalwork offer the great advantage that they are not very perishable and therefore survive many vicissitudes, and the following precious object, of the same period, seems also to have passed through many hands. It is a writing-box, made for a contemporary of Barqûq and Farag who, if not so well known as these Sultans, was perhaps a more remarkable personality than any of them. The Qâdy Ahmed Burhân

* Another aspect of this, not showing the date, is illustrated in the Catalogue of the *Exposition d'Art musulman*, Alexandrie, Mars 1925 (Editions Morancé).

ad-Dîn, ruler of Sîwâs, in Anatolia, who lived from 1344 to 1396, had a most eventful and romantic history. A descendant of a Seldjuke prince through his paternal grandmother, he was born in Qâisarîya and educated at Aleppo, became master of Erzindjân by marrying the daughter of the Governor of that city, and afterwards succeeded in possessing himself of Qâisarîya, his native place, and of Sîwâs, where he reigned with the title of Sultan. He was one of the earliest Ottoman poets and wrote lyrics in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. The only known collection of his poems is at the British Museum, which acquired this unique MS. in 1890. Equally rare are objects bearing his name, this silver inlaid brass writing-box being the only one of which I know. It was exhibited at Munich in 1910 whilst in the possession of M. Alphonse Kahn, and the catalogue of that exhibition (vol. ii, pl. 152, no. 3107) contains an illustration of it and a description; the epigraphist who read the inscription, however, failed to identify Burhân ad-Dîn with the ruler of Sîwâs, and merely saw in him some Emir of the fourteenth century, the value of this beautiful object thus being even greater than was realized by its former possessor.

Of all the dated pieces in Mr. Harari's collection, that illustrated in Fig. V is perhaps the rarest of all; it is no other than a key of the Sacred Kaaba at Mecca, and dates from the year 785 of the Hegira (1363–4). Sultan Sha'abân ibn Hussein, whose name is inscribed on this precious object, was one of the last Turcoman Mamelukes, placed on the throne of Egypt in 1362 at the age of ten, who had some extensive repairs carried out at Mecca about two years later.

FIG. VI. LOWER PORTION OF MIHRÂB CANDLESTICK
1342–45

This key and another very similar one bearing the name of Sultan Farag, formed part of the collection of M. Peytel, who has since presented the latter to the Louvre Museum. According to van Berchem* Sultan Farag ordered, in 803 (1400) the rebuilding of the great mosque of Mecca, which had been

* *Journal Asiatique*, Janvier-Février 1904.

ruined in 800 by a fire following an inundation. Sultan Farag's key is illustrated in M. Gaston Migeon's "Orient Musulman" (Morancé, 1922), but the older key in Mr. Harari's possession has only been published in vol. iv of the catalogue of the Munich Exhibition of 1910. The movable handle is not the original one. As can be seen in the photograph, the delicate *naskhy* characters, inlaid in silver, are perfectly preserved; the name and titles of Sultan Sha'abân, together with the date, are to be found on the upper rectangular knobs which adorn the key; the other inscriptions are Quranic.

Fig. VI illustrates the lower portion of a mihrâb candlestick which is not only one of the finest examples of that kind of object, but shows the unusual feature of *two* royal inscriptions: the name of Es Sâlih Isma'il, one of the many sons of En Nâsir Mohammed ibn Qalaûn, and that of En Nâsir himself. This is the more curious as Isma'il did not immediately succeed his father in 1341, but was preceded on the throne by three of his brothers, and only reigned from 1342 to 1345; he is here referred to, however, by titles only given to reigning Sultans, and this candlestick must therefore have been executed whilst he was on the throne.

Fig. VII. The eagles depicted on the large plate of the Emir Aqqûsh are probably an allusion to his Turkish name of Aqqûsh, "White Bird"; the titles of the inscription apply to him without any doubt. A Mameluke of Sultan el Ashraf Khalîl, son of Qalaûn, he was for a time Governor of Karak, and, as he received some favours at the hands of En Nâsir Mohammed when the latter returned from his exile in that fortress in 1302, it would seem likely that Aqqûsh had been in charge of it at the time. Later, however, he was imprisoned and spent much of his life in captivity. Maqrîzy, together with some trivial details about his personal habits, gives us a sinister account of his cruelty: "Many, he says, died under the whip in his presence." Another object in this collection bears this Emir's name, and, again, eagles or vultures in medallions, but, in this case, the birds' heads are turned to the right whilst those on the plate look towards the left, making it evident that no strict heraldic precision was demanded of the designers.

FIG. VII. PLATE OF EMIR AQQÛSH
c. 1302

A few months ago, apropos of the remarkable Moslem objects in Mr. Eumorfopulos' collection, I had occasion to mention in this journal the medieval dynasty of Rasûlid princes in the Yemen.* We owe the little we know of the artistic production of that dynasty to the great archæologist van Berchem, who, in the "Journal Asiatique" for 1904, enumerated those objects with Rasûlid inscriptions which had come under his notice. The earliest of them, illustrated in M. Migeon's "Manuel d'Art musulman," is a large brass water-bottle, now in the *Musée des Arts décoratifs* in Paris, with a silver inlaid inscription of the second Rasûlid Sultan, El Malik el Muzaffar Shams ed Din Yûsuf, son of El Mansûr 'Omar, who reigned from 1250 to

* *See* APOLLO, vol. v, January 1927, p. 12.

1295. Mr. Harari exhibited at Alexandria* in 1925 a bowl which bears the name of the same Sultan and is therefore of the same period and one of the earliest dated objects in metalwork known.

But this collection includes a few that are earlier still: a large brass basin, engraved on the inside only, and bearing the name and titles of an Ayyûbid Sultan, Sâlih Negm ed Din Ayyûb, who reigned from 1240 to 1249. No historical period in Egypt provides more fascinating reading than this, with the struggle against the seventh Crusade, the defeat and captivity of the holy French King, Louis IX, and the romantic life and adventures of Sâlih's beautiful Queen, the celebrated Shagaret ed Durr. Moreover, it was Sâlih who purchased and trained the young Turcomans who, after murdering his son and heir, were to possess themselves of Egypt and to inaugurate the Mameluke or Slave Dynasties which continued until the Ottoman Conquest. His name would therefore be a fitting one with which to conclude this retrospective study, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one more piece on account of its extreme rarity: a large brass bowl inlaid in silver and made for El Amjad Bahram Shâh, a contemporary of Saladin. A relative of the great Sultan, he inherited at his death in 1193 the principality of Baalbek in Syria, but was deprived of it in 1226 by El Ashraf Mûsa, Lord of Damascus. He was murdered in 1229 while playing a game of draughts. Like many princes of his time, Bahram Shâh was a poet of no mean order and some specimens of his poems have been preserved.

* See Catalogue, loc. cit. pl.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

ANDRÉ GIDE, sentimentally disappointed, sang at the outset of his career: "There has been no spring this year, my dear . . ." What son of the poet, a humorist turned moralist, will sing in 1927: "There has been no Prix de Rome this year, my dear . . ."?

It's a fact, there has been no Prix de Rome this year. Or, more precisely, there has been no Grand Prix de Rome. Nothing but a second prize; that is to say, less than nothing in the eyes of academic experts, something like the commission to decorate the staircase and ceilings of a provincial town hall, and hardly that! Yet formerly, in the years of abundance, in the good old times, in the academic golden age, before the triumph of these wretched Independents whose productions are contended for by the whole world, we had not only a Grand Prix de Rome, but a second Grand Prix de Rome almost as dazzling as the first.

We have had no Grand Prix de Rome this year, my dear!—and that is an event that calls forth some comment.

Some years before the war, M. Paul Bourget counted three Bastilles, three blockhouses of civilization, namely, the London Jockey Club, the Berlin General Staff, and the Académie Française. His ardent patriotism might have prompted him to include the Villa Medici in Rome, the college of our Prix de Rome. Its prestige was great. But now . . . !

All the French newspapers published last year on their front page a sad piece of news headed by the following title in heavy type: "A former Prix de Rome winner dies of hunger in the street."

A sad piece of news, without doubt, and one which touched many hearts, but caused no surprise except to those who were entire strangers to the world of art—the directors of newspapers, for example.

Some years before, I had published in my "Propos d'Atelier" the parallel pictures of French painters who are recognized by the universal opinion of the last thirty years, and the great winners of the Prix de Rome during the same period. I will only repeat here the first ten names of each list in alphabetical order, that is to say, I do not choose politically: Augrand, Anquetin, Bonnard, Cézanne, Lucie Cousturier, Cross, Maurice Denis, André Derain, Van Dongen, D'Espagnat, and opposite: Pinta, Axilette, Lebaylé, Danger, Thys, Laurent, Devambez, Lavalley, Lavergne, Mitrecey.

I ask the world at large, the art lovers of the universe, who can tell me what Pinta or Thys have painted? Who knows Lebaylé and Danger?

It is scarcely known that Lavalley decorated the restaurants of some railway stations with insipid nudes (Puvis de Chavannes thought over by Joseph Prudhomme). Of Axilette there remains nothing but an amusing sketch in watercolour of Maurice Barrès at the age of twenty, published at the time by a little paper called "Les Hommes du Jour." Devambez has made himself known as a soulless anecdotist with some wit. Poor Georges Mitrecey

died from the result of a cold bath before he reached Rome. He had represented with passion a virile Eros in the tableaux vivants of the poet Armand Sylvestre and the sculptor Cyprien Godebsky, who has afflicted Germany with a Beethoven of lard, and Poland, the country of his origin, with a distressing Copernicus.

Thus, nothing brilliant emerges any longer from the Ecole National des Beaux Arts, just as no more great actors are produced by the equally national Conservatoire. The Conservatoire has not awarded a first prize either.

But then, who condemns the jury? The students? It will appear to some minds that, seized by a violent uneasiness, the academicians of every stamp have condemned their own instruction. The more intelligent realized this when it was too late.

Already before the Prix de Rome assured nothing and led nowhere. Now it is no longer awarded. One wonders what reason will remain after this for the ambitious to go and mess up their youth in that dreary Ecole des Beaux Arts, where at the end of their studies old gentlemen, tottering under green palms and red ribbons, will tell them, " Gentlemen, it is obvious that we have taught you nothing."

Well, it is very distressing. Some young French people, growing fewer and fewer, the children of a middle class that always remains timid and respectful towards official sanctions, still put their names down at Rue Bonaparte (the studios, except that of architecture, are deserted). The young foreigners, whose decision was preceded by more careful reflection when they were about to uproot themselves, go straight away to the free academies which now swarm at Montparnasse.

And yet the militant masters or the gods of these academies—Emile Othon Friesz, Braque, Derain, Matisse, Maurice Denis—went through the Ecole des Beaux Arts and do not regret it.

It is because they escaped from it early enough and because they received lessons there from masters who were still capable of transmitting to their students the recipes of a fine technique; and because they abandoned these masters the moment they were about to corrupt their spirit and spoil their talent by conveying to them a false tradition, the false academic science, in order to prepare them for the Prix de Rome.

The Ecole des Beaux Arts can only be saved by suppressing the Prix de Rome and giving the old establishment the regulations of a practical school. Then Maurice Denis, Friesz, Derain, Braque, Matisse will be able to accept a professorship there. They would teach, above all, the resources of the craft and then, at the moment when formerly one used to prepare for the Prix de Rome, the science of personality, the culture of the essential gift; what can I say?—you understand me.

The self-condemnation of the academicians in the persons of their pupils is no less comical. Everything can find an explanation. The academicians were all of a sudden ashamed of academism, after the fashion of those great citizens who wish at any cost to pass for " men of the left." They were not, after all, very far from it; they thought they were making innovations by allowing their pupils that, which seemed old fashioned to everyone but themselves. For instance, they recommended some tentative impressionism, without, however, teaching anything that would permit of any realization however modest.

At the hour of the competition their poor pupils, anxious and subdued by the official, sacred and confused idea of Rome, offered their misconstrued academic works, executed with methods that were at that moment expressive of the revolutionary spirit. Horrified, the bad masters cursed them, intimating to them that they had lost, some five, some ten years of their lessons.

The question is serious. Everything is not taught at the free academies of Montparnasse. What is taught, least of all, is precisely the treasure of the centuries, the wealth of all the fine mediums of the craft, the fruits of experience and meditation, all that art of painting which enables the man who is really a born painter to renew and enrich in his turn far more than the craft alone.

The enemies of modern art, who reproach several of the most justly famous of our friends with " ignorance," are perfectly right. The future would not be very reassuring if we could boast of nothing but self-taught masters.

But where is one to go to learn the craft? I will ask some of the Independents who were former students of the Beaux Arts about this.

We have had an exhibition of French Landscapes at the Galerie Briant-Robert which attained a very high standard. The organizers have not cheated, since it extended from the divine grandfather Corot down to the youngest grandchildren Ceria or Domenjoz. And around Corot there were Courbet, Theodore Rousseau, Sisley, Pissarro, Georges Michel, Paul Guigon (a fine retrospective exhibition of whose work is open at the Luxembourg during the summer). And around Ceria and Domenjoz, who shows a very delicate Parisian scene, there were the contemporaries and older painters, André Derain, Léopold Lévy, Friesz, Vlaminck, Raoul Dufy, Giriend, Marquet, Dufresne, Laprade, Vergé-Sarrat, Touchagnes. The douanier Rousseau, now glorying in the immortality of the Louvre, is echoed by the navvy Bombois, a protégé of the Princesse Murat and a representative of what has been called " Sunday painting."

Rousseau's canvas would not have disconcerted anyone if so many people had not learned from the douanier's admirers themselves that, seen at a certain angle, it was very amusing. The severe and beautiful disposition of the forest scene, the force of the figure, a woman in red, make the " Promenade " into a model of genuineness in that sane aspiration to style which is the greatest possible submission to classicism. Bombois—the friend of that other " Sunday painter," Boyer, the seller of fried fish of the Place du Tertre on the Butte Montmartre—does not possess these high qualities. However, the application of the old manœuvre gives a fairly moving character, in spite of a certain stiffness, to his " Cathedral of Albi "—that wonderful monument in pink brick, in sunlight, an impressive projection of the Middle Ages, and at the same time a prefiguration of Cubism.

Derain's " Trees," that dramatic symphony, will have suffered from the exquisite vicinity of Corot. But I perceive the old Corot, who did not have to limit himself, with ease, and I wait for the bark of Derain's trees to crack and for a new universe to come forth—that universe which he bears secretly, tragically. Will he, of whom one

can legitimately expect the most, depart one day like a miser without having delivered anything—he, the passionate painter with a prodigal heart?

The exhibition of French Landscape was very favourable to that young Ceria, whom we mentioned before, for his popularity in the new circles. Finely gifted, he has a very rare elegance of expression. He is one of the favourites of the Lot (I mean, of course, in tone) Provence. But his returns to Paris were more favourable to him than to the famous Paul Guigon (1834–1871), who explored Moret (beyond Barbizon) before Sisley.

One of the greatest satisfactions of the exhibition is given to us by Léopold Lévy. An aristocratic artist, he is one of those who preach the necessity of limiting oneself, a question that is furiously debated this year in the Parisian studios. It is a difficult question. Should one believe that Léopold Lévy speaks of it at his ease, having instinctively found his plastic field? One could well have believed it. Let us remember, however, that this painter, who is of the age of Derain, lived for ten years in retreat before mixing with his equals. In his work, gradation lies as much in the stroke as in the accords of colour.

I must give you a piece of news which will mean much, not perhaps on the prosperity of the traffic in pictures (which does not concern me), but on the kind of fascination which modern painting exercises on those who do not disdain the benefits of honest trade. Indeed, am I not deceiving myself? Is it only that? There are an enormous number of paintings in the world; they have to be sold, at least offered. As M. B., a celebrated dealer and at times a passionate critic, used to say: "Merchandise will always remain merchandise" (with Lvow's accent it is still better). Dealers crop up. People discover themselves to be dealers, led by obscure forces. Perhaps they are heroes!

However this may be in practice, I promised you a piece of news; here it is: A gallery has just been opened in Montparnasse with the simplest, most frank and most eloquent of signs, the "892nd Gallery."

Did you know that there were already 891? Under such conditions the task of the writer on art is not without heroism either. But this heroism should not be imbecile. The methods of selection are the best. Besides, does one not come across the same artists everywhere? The same ten great painters, flanked by thirty disciples, four of whom will be capable one day of devouring all their comrades, and one or two of the ten?

The 892nd Gallery has had the real originality of revealing some unknown painters of merit. A Frenchman who is not afraid of signing Duran, a Russo-Italian Paresce, and Ofaire, who has fixed his studio on a pinnace, the peregrinations of which internationalize him.

When those who have the indulgence to follow these chronicles will come to Paris, I invite them to visit the Cité Seurat, Rue Nansouty, where André Lurçat has built some fine modern houses, both æsthetic and rational, and Rue Mallet-Stevens, bearing the name of the architect who preceded Lurçat along the road (that is the right word) which is so happily exemplary.

Perhaps one of them will give us as successful a theatre in 1928 as the Champs Elysées was in 1910, but of proportions that make it less impossible to exploit. A theatre? But what is to be given in it? Alas! I have told you. Wretched commercial combinations permit nothing but soulless works to reach the footlights. How many well-born writers have been perverted by those combinations? And yet a German correspondent of a Berlin theatre was able to suggest to his director ten names of French playwrights to whom the French stage remains closed.

The dramatic hero this summer is a clerk of a large shop famous for its publicity! After the "Chasseur de chez Maxim," we have "Le Garçon de chez Nicolas," a fairly amusing piece of buffoonery. Think, that after that we will have the "Employée de chez Cook and Son," "La Vendeuse de chez Doucet," "Le Livreur du Bon Marché." Alas, alas! the golden book of the Society of Dramatic Authors will be a good companion to the Commercial Directory.

Let us console ourselves with the fine romantic performances which we owe to the celebration of the centenary. While still awaiting "Cromwell," so far regarded as unactable, we have brilliant revivals of "Hernani," "Les Burgraves," and "Ruy Blas." At these performances the popular audience vibrated frankly, as spontaneously as yesterday. But it was interesting to observe the reactions of another public, that of aviators, motor dealers, new speculators on change, not one of whom had ever heard a

lion superbe et généreux

roar for love in the shadow of death.

The chief treat of these romantic festivals was the revival of "Lorenzaccio," by Alfred de Musset. Sarah Bernhardt had been sublime in it. Unfortunately, Armand Dartois had given her a text that had been too much cut down. Alfred de Musset, who understood the "theatre in an armchair," had adopted Shakespeare's form at the very moment when the rage for mechanism and for scientific staging began. The Comédie Française got out of the difficulty very well. The delightful text has only been mutilated with precaution, and the numerous scenes follow one another without delay.

"Lorenzaccio"! A hero of doubt bearing the burden of the agony to act. When Sarah Bernhardt produced this masterpiece, the intellectuals of the time marvelled to find in it a relationship to all that they cherished in the languid and morbid symbolism. In 1927 the intellectuals are struck by the analogy of the mournful Medici, the intelligent and cruel prince, tender and ferocious, perverse and just criminal; by the necessity of finding a solution, however negative, with certain characters in the moral (they are called immoral) novels of M. André Gide.

Have not the sources of Freud been discovered in the classic tragedies of Racine?

The life of masterpieces is eternal.

I have no space to speak about music in Paris. Besides, having finished the festivals to the glory of Beethoven, the musicians are giving us a rest. I will take advantage of the holidays to discuss the future of the French orchestra in connection with what modern invention has done for the brass instruments; for it should be remembered that, in what I shall venture to call the international of the orchestra, the French brasses enjoy a well-deserved reputation, while the Germans are still masters of the string instruments.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

ART continues to flourish in Berlin in summer as in spring. I will return later to some smaller exhibitions. Today the centre of interest is the great honour that has fallen to the lot of Liebermann on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. The Academy has selected exactly one hundred oil paintings out of the entire work of the master and has hung them in a distinguished manner on the walls of a few rooms. The display in the Academy will be complemented by an exhibition of the master's pastels at Bruno Cassirer's and his drawings at Paul Cassirer's. All the most important German museums and collectors have placed their possessions at the disposal of the Academy, and even the Luxembourg in Paris has sent its Liebermann, the Brandenburg Beergarden. Great attention has been paid to give as complete a survey as possible of the whole period of activity and also to show some of the lesser-known works. The earliest picture is the study for the jam-makers of 1872. The latest is the quiet and steady portrait of Hindenburg dated 1927 and belonging to Schwerin.

Wandering through this life-work once again and taking in many pictures that one has already often seen, one moment that is particularly characteristic for the old painter seems to stand out above all—the development from animated objectivity to harmonious peace. I should like to call this the ethical effect of the exhibition. It transcends all the inclinations of style and emphasizes the way towards synthesis, towards optical clearness, coming from within, towards tranquillizing the world by the steadfastness of character, and offers us in this way a warning and a model which each of us will endeavour to apply to his own profession and destiny. We will no longer stop in front of single pictures, but will rather seek this ideal in the whole series of work, understand its vacillation and admire the solution in which technical and objective considerations play a secondary part. In the work of a master like this one, conception and technique, the way and the aim combine in a great unity, and there is nothing more imposing than to recognize the wonderful achievement of this man during his lifetime.

We steep ourselves, with a sort of objective astonishment, again and again in the industry and ability of the first positive work, which signified an enormous height of command for the young painter. These are the pictures of workmen, of orphans, the fine " Geschwister " belonging to the city of Berlin, and above all, the Hamburg " Christ in the Temple," in which an absolutely dramatic characterization of the figures forms the chief interest of the painter who was educated in the Netherlands. Gradually the atmosphere of the scene develops with greater unity and absorbs the single figure. The flat Dutch landscape and the sea play an important part in this. If " The Net-menders " is still a half-way house between detail and atmosphere, then in the woman with goats the ideal is reached of a single figure whose movement is emphasized by the animals and by unifying drawn-out nature. This picture produces a strong effect today owing to the incredibly artistic instinct with which the woman has been placed in a yellowy, green-grey tone like a sounding void.

An important characteristic of Liebermann's art is that by uniforming the actions of his figures he gradually attains objectively the social connection which is his aim. Holland gave him the best subjects for this. Beginning with the Jewish linen-room and passing through various schools and orphanages, through the flax-dressers, the beergardens and the vegetable markets, to sport, bathing boys, riders and polo-players, we examine the social tone in all these pictures very seriously today, because we find in it an important factor towards the harmonizing of art, even in the colour and air, which he treats unconsciously. If we compare similar subjects, like the picture of the granddaughter with the nurse on a bench of 1919 in the " Nationalgalerie," with the same subject dated 1923 from Darmstadt, we recognize clearly the dematerialization of his observation into a more sustained music of white on white. Comparing the various flower gardens and cabbage fields which he has painted throughout his life, first in Holland and then at the Wannsee, we admire the logical absorption of the many-coloured details into a colourful whole. Special interest is aroused by a cabbage field of 1912, preserved in Dresden, and not sufficiently known, showing an exemplary grasp of detail in a furious technique which had been proved in the master's most passionate pictures of Dutch vegetable markets. There is a peculiar unity in a whole series of Wannsee landscapes dating from the last years and combining the foliage, flowers, façade and roof in a delightful blue-green tone which in its solidity holds itself well against Renoir's many-coloured palette. The most instructive technically is the Wannsee garden of 1924, now in Bremen, in which an ingenious deepening of the shadow beside the glimpse of the red roof gives the whole an airy effect which surpasses all the earlier famous scales of colour of Liebermann's wide-spreading foliage.

These Wannsee pictures hang in the last room together with his self-portraits, also dating from recent years, and it is not least in the series of these portraits, compared with the portraits of famous contemporaries, that we recognize Liebermann's emancipation from bewildering reality to quiet vision. Emil Rathenau, Georg Brandes, Freiherr von Berger, Richard Strauss, beginning with the double portrait of his parents, we see steady increase of intensity in the portrait, which at the same time makes less and less claim to conventional resemblance. The portrait of the publisher Fischer, seen in his home, may strike us with a certain strangeness. But seen in the series of this exhibition, we recognize, on the contrary, the intuition of an inward, energetic, collected being which rises above everyday matters. In his self-portraits, Liebermann represents with greater consciousness, after the realistic confessions of earlier years, the quiet head enlightened by age, truth without effect, genuineness without fashion, the mirror of his life.

Soon the holidays will be here. Then actual material ceases to press upon us, and it is the turn of problems, about which we can think in lonely woods and on rainy mountain tops, in order afterwards to concoct an article about them. Some exhibitions seem to offer a foretaste of that by using a problem like a mantle to justify their existence in the summer. They present no problem, a problem does not even arise from them; it is simply a

pleasant title which covers a variety of goods like a white week or a summer sale. Still there are some interesting things to be seen. The newly-extended Salon Flechtheim has arranged a large collection of pictures under the title, "The Problem of the Generation," based on the idea that talent always appears in generations, a theme upon which Wilhelm Pinder has just written a book. He compares the generations of 1470 and 1630, and the same phenomena could be observed in music. Here we are concerned with the generation of 1880, and the most outstanding groups are formed by the artists of Rhenish Sonderbund, the Paris Café du Dôme, the Bridge, and the Blue Rider. Reaction against Impressionism provides the inner link. Among them there are some masters who are already dead, such as the still unsurpassed Franz Marc, the many-coloured Macke, and the rough Morguer, all of whom fell in the war. Of the members of the Sonderbund, Heinrich Nauen, who has not been seen here for a long time, is interesting but has not developed very much, and Alfred Sohn-Rethel, who shows some portraits having a refined and delicate bearing and revealing his great pictorial culture, among them two portraits of boys, the young Oppenheim and the young Huck. Max Beckmann is also to be seen once again in greater detail; he has become a little meditative and absorbed in himself. Erich Heckel is also seldom to be seen here; he often escapes into a mat-grey manner, but his portrait of two circus people is a striking example of his powerful art. Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, who lives alone in the Engadine, shows some very interesting examples of his abstract, spirited paintings. Paul Klee delights his patrons with his delicate dreams; Rudolf Levy provides the strongest impressions of the exhibition, with his remarkably pictorial still-life groups; while Purrmann, on the other hand, appears too variegated. Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, Ludwig Meidner are excessively temperamental. Kokoschka is also present with pitiless portraits, Max Oppenheimer with a fine colourful jazz band, Pascin with discreet landscapes and figures. There are some remarkable sculptures, very fine ones by Fioris, spirited Bellings, Haller Kolbe, Sintenis, Scharff; there are altogether 155 select pieces—a fine achievement for a private salon. The survey over the generation will be continued later on with other countries.

Nierendorf also has a problem exhibition. It is called the "Problem of the Portrait in the Young Generation." Consequently, a collection of modern portraits. It is a travelling exhibition organized by the "Hilfsverein für Junge Kunst" (Society of the Encouragement of Young Artists), a very useful organization which is systematically endeavouring to make the young painters more popular and to arouse interest for them in the general public. The portrait is taken as the problem of the first exhibition just as it was a little while ago by the Deutsche Kunstgemeinschaft, in order to provide a solid, objective basis and to make the next step easy to buyers and patrons. There are some remarkable things. The very well hit-off portrait of Henri Barbusse by Döbel; Dressler's portraits, so strong in form; life-like drawings of Pirandello and Mascagni by Dungert; a shadowy portrait of a child by Ehmsen of Munich, who has become known so rapidly; the objectivity of Ernst Fritsch; a couple of very good, broadly brushed-in portraits of artists by Heitmüller of Hanover; Kampmann's block-like plasticity; a successful bust of Max Herrmann-Neisse, who has so often been represented, by Emmy Roeder; Schrimpf's serious painting; a somewhat grimacing Tatiana Barbakow by Gert Wollheim; strikingly delicate portraits by Thoms of Hanover. Among the sculptures there are some experiments by Arthur Segel to produce a plastic optical effect of the model by relieving the shadow, and a very spirited profile of Flechtheim, rendered only in a line of brass by Belling. There is an abundance of talent which places the average of present-day painting on a somewhat higher level. Let us hope that it will prove fruitful.

Finally, I must mention the Ensor exhibition at Paul Cassirer's. It is the first time that a large collection of this widely-known Belgian painter's work is shown here. But, as so often happens, it is just by being seen in the mass that this sort of art easily loses, because it is based on an almost feminine sensitiveness, on decorative delicacy, on a variegated whole and an intimate music, which have a better effect separately, as a single piece on the wall, than when the whole breadth of the personality tends to reveal the somewhat shallow foundation. The flowerpiece and the still-life are Ensor's speciality, and hover before his eyes even when he paints social gatherings of people whose faces tend, not without reason, to become masks. He sees life not directly, but as a playful ornament with the highest degree of culture and remarkable balance, consequently more as a follower of the eighteenth century, at all events of Monticelli, but not as a child of our time. His peculiarity and his merit remain that he has practised this highly stylized art at a time which had bound itself over entirely to naturalism.

BOOK REVIEWS

MEISSNER PORZELLAN, von ERNST ZIMMERMANN. (Verlag Karl W. Hiersemann, Leipzig.) M. 25.

The porcelain factory of Meissen, near Dresden, has been in existence for more than two hundred years, and it can with justice claim to have been the most successful—as it is the oldest—of such institutions still existing in Europe. It is true that its popularity was considerably dimmed in this country during the recent war, but the high prices that fine specimens have lately attained in London auction rooms show that this feeling was merely a temporary phenomenon. The present volume is a most welcome contribution to ceramic history. It is issued at a very moderate cost, in view of the fact that it includes sixty-two full-page plates, fourteen of which are in colours, as well as over a hundred text illustrations and two pages of marks. The letterpress runs to three hundred and fifty pages, and is the work of Prof. Zimmermann, whose scholarly writings in the past and position as Director of the Johanneum at Dresden entitle him to be regarded as the high priest of Meissen porcelain lore. The majority of his illustrations are drawn from the public collections in Dresden and from the former Royal collection in that town, which between them comprise material unrivalled elsewhere for a study of the factory's output.

The history of the factory is interesting both in itself and for the way in which it reflects the successive periods of taste in German eighteenth-century art. It was originally founded as the result of the activities of the youthful alchemist Böttger, who was the first in Europe to discover the constituents of true porcelain. In spite of the most jealous guarding, the secret recipe gradually leaked out through runaway workmen, which led later to the establishment of other factories in Germany and elsewhere. But by that time the prestige of Meissen was thoroughly well grounded, and not even the disasters of the Silesian and Seven Years Wars were successful in ousting it from its position of supremacy. Böttger died young, but his pioneer work was ably carried on by a brilliant following, of which the two most important members were the painter Höroldt and the sculptor Kändler.

The baroque taste of the earlier years, which produced beautiful work in both monumental and intimate styles, was succeeded about 1740 by the rococo fashion, which is responsible for some of the most charming productions of the century, distinguished especially by the careless gaiety of their appearance, which is happily set off by the profusion of unsymmetrical scrollwork with which they are adorned. About 1770 there set in the neo-classical style associated with the name of Louis Seize, and this remained in vogue until the end of the century. The productions of the nineteenth century are of less artistic interest, and Prof. Zimmermann wisely devotes little space to their discussion; but his account of the earlier periods is thorough and scholarly, and, embellished as it is with so many charming illustrations, his book should remain the standard history of the factory for many years to come.

W. K.

PASTICHE, A MUSIC-ROOM BOOK, by YVONNE CLOUD and EDMOND X. KAPP. (Faber and Gwyer.) £2 2s. net.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID, COVERDALE'S VERSION. Edited, with an introduction, by GEORGE RYLANDS, with thirty-two drawings by FRIDESWITH HUDDART. (Faber and Gwyer.) 21s. net.

" Pastiche " is a delightful book. It has all the qualities which books inspired by music usually lack; it is recondite without being abstruse, expensive without being dear, and topical without being journalistic. Mr. Kapp has gathered together many examples of his art, ranging from pure caricature to drawings like " Circus " and " Pianoforte," where the artist's imagination, warmed by a congenial theme, achieves miracles of technique under the cloak of a disarming simplicity. One of the most remarkable portraits in the collection is that of Busoni. Here we have left behind caricature, which draws its virtue from the conscious over-emphasis of physical peculiarities as exemplifying the dominant traits in the subject's character, and entered the region of imaginative portraiture. In those few, broad charcoal lines, the great pianist is before us; the piercing mind lies behind that proud forehead, the clear vision before that concentrated gaze, whilst thought and passion struggle for mastery in the lines round the mouth and nostrils. In lighter mood is his drawing of Mr. Adrian Boult, a delicious caricature of which the keen observation is shown, for example, by the characteristic poise of the left hand. Not less successful in the same, rather Max Beerbohm, style is the caricature of Miss Harriet Cohen; that of Mr. Albert Coates shows the artist's versatility in another *genre*. One should add that the portrait of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, one of the least convincing in the book, is saved from being commonplace by the charming decorations of ancient instruments, a clavichord, recorder and viol, which adorn its corners.

The letterpress to accompany the drawings has been felicitously chosen by Yvonne Cloud. She has laid the literature of many epochs and countries under contribution. Facing Mr. Dolmetsch, for example, is an extract from John Heland's " The Traveller's Tale," dating from 1755, which makes one vow without delay to make fuller acquaintance with that writer—resolutions that one forms many times in the course of turning over these admirably set-up pages. And though the excerpt and quotations have no direct reference to the drawings with which they are in juxtaposition, their indirect bearing has a most pleasing counterpoint, not less agreeable because sometimes salted with a spice of malice.

If " Pastiche " is a book without which no music-room is complete, the other which companions it at the head of these paragraphs is for the private chapel. Whether any of the reformers, who translated the Psalms into the vernacular, have caught the splendid roll of the version used by the Latin Church is open to question; it is undoubtedly true that we appreciate the magnificence of the Psalms as recited in the offices of the Roman Breviary in a way that our more parsimonious use of them prevents. This volume, in the beauty of its type and setting, is worthy of its subject. If the illustrator has met with only partial success in her efforts to add something to great poetry, she has produced many drawings with a subtle feeling for human emotion. But she is too much the victim of conflicting influences. It is essential at least for any illustrator of the Psalms to avoid any reminiscence of Blake, which she has not always succeeded in doing.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH FURNITURE. By OLIVER BRACKETT. (Benn & Co.) £2 2s.

In this useful survey, where types of English furniture are illustrated from the Middle Ages to the middle years of the nineteenth century, the term " furniture " is used in a wider sense than is customary in works upon English furniture; and besides domestic household gear, two lecterns are included, as well as stall-ends and miséricordes. In the period of the Later Renaissance, also, a large variety of subjects appear, such as chandeliers, tea-trays, andirons, and Kent's design for a carved and gilt State barge for Frederick, Prince of Wales, that enliven and illustrate the narrower circle of household stuff, and are shown on a scale that renders them really useful to the student. A few pictorial illustrations and interiors have been added which give a vivid idea of the furnishing of rooms in the periods under review, and are not without a human interest. In setting his scenes, Mr. Brackett has chosen, besides these pictorial aids, to describe a few furnished houses, as existing in an inventory, as in the case of Arundel Castle in 1578, or as still preserving its original arrangement and furniture, as in the case of the late seventeenth-century additions to Boughton House, in Northamptonshire, where, except that the gilding is tarnished and materials faded, is almost unaltered since the time when William III paid his State visit there. The later developments are indicated in relation to their architectural backgrounds, and to the spirit of the age; and it is interesting to note the correspondence between furniture of the

late eighteenth century, when suitability seems for the first time to have been recognized as one of the primary laws of design, and the "spirit of the age which was rapidly freeing itself from the stilted and pedantic mannerisms of the past." Late Georgian furniture and philosophy were alike due to an age of enlightenment. Perhaps Mr. Brackett follows a dangerous precedent in allowing "a certain value for sentimental reasons" to furniture dating from about 1820, which, he admits, cannot be commended for design. There is an interesting early reference to marquetry in the inventory of Arundel Castle (1578), where the long gallery possessed a "square table o marke tree with a frame." M. J.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by L. F. SALZMAN, M.A., F.S.A. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a delightful book, eminently suited to its purpose, that is to say, the use in schools and for students who are not already experts in the matters treated of. But it will interest a much wider public, if only the public can be brought to open its covers. Mr. Salzman writes with the knowledge one expects, but with an unexpected sense of humour which makes good reading. "Griselda to modern eyes is a worm and no woman." "One axiom of legal procedure held good in the Middle Ages as it still does; that is—first catch your criminal, then punish him." "In one thing our ancestors were wiser than we: they regarded the tradesman as existing for the benefit of the public, and not the public for the benefit of the tradesman." One would like to quote more from these pages, especially sundry contemporary writers from whom the author gives instruction or amusing excerpts. "Does the knight swear; then so does the bishop, and with far stronger oaths," for instance. But the reader, even if he is neither schoolboy nor student, is recommended to get the book and choose such titbits for himself.

If there is any criticism to be made it is that the Arts are, perhaps, not as fully dealt with as they deserve, and that so few of the illustrations illustrate *English* life; but that was, perhaps, unavoidable.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART: CONSTABLE, by ANDRÉ FONTAINAS. Translated by WILFRID JACKSON. FANTIN LATOUR, by GUSTAVE KAHN. Translated by WILFRID JACKSON. With 40 illustrations in each volume. 5s. net each.

Messrs. John Lane continue their excellent series of modern painters, though the term "modern" must not be interpreted as meaning living—still less as "advanced." Monsieur Kahn's volume on Fantin Latour is enthusiastic, but soundly critical, as may be gathered from the note on which his appreciation ends. "He was a great painter. He would have been greater still had he been freer." All the same, we think that Fantin Latour, if he was a great painter, can hardly be counted amongst the great creative artists.

Monsieur Fontainas' book on Constable is especially interesting because he gives us the views of Frenchmen on a British artist—and they are wholehearted in their praise. Monsieur Fontainas understands the English landscape-painter and proves not only how much the French themselves, since Delacroix and Theophile Gautier, owe to his inspiration, but also that they realize a quality which we are apt to overlook in Constable's viewpoint: "His art was not that of a realist, but of a pantheist." Which is profoundly true.

The translation in these volumes, as in many others of this series, might be better.

CATALAN SCULPTURE.

L'ESCULTURA CATALANA MODERNA. Vol. I. Procès Evolutin. (Barcelona: Editorial Barcino.) Cr. 8vo, pp. 190. Illus. Price 6 pesetas.

Valencia and Catalonia in Spain and Roussillon in France, once forming an independent province, has its own literature which is now being extended by writers who desire a return of the old autonomy. Catalan is a beautiful tongue, which is being used to great effect by poets and novelists. It is used with effect, too, in the histories of the arts of the country as is exemplified in this volume. Catalan art is not behind its literature. Felin Elias is a well-known writer on the arts, and his book does full credit to a phase which is not only most creditable to Catalonia, but claims a place with any other contemporary school of sculpture in Europe. At the head of it is Aristide Maillot, who, although born in French territory, is a Catalan and associated intimately with the work of the school. Among living sculptors none has a more monumental feeling for the human figure than Josep Clará; none a better understanding of carving than Enric Casanovas; none a more individual conception of form than Pan Gargallo. These are young, as are also Joachim Claret, Josep Capuz, and Josep Dunyac. Of the same generation as Maillot are such celebrated artists as Josep Llimona, Miguel Blay, and Maria Benlliure. To these more might be added, and the author of this history while analysing their work has most usefully occupied a considerable number of pages in tracing the development of the art from the neo-classical and traditional changes which led to the present free but restrained styles. The later work, much of it monumental, is decorative in character, but toward the end of the nineteenth century a phase of realism led to the establishment of the charming naturalism which is the full note of the work of today. It is a most useful history, with nearly fifty illustrations and a bibliography. KINETON PARKES.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE HOLFORD COLLECTION, DORCHESTER HOUSE. 2 Vols. Edited by ROBERT H. BENSON. The Oxford University Press. £15 15s.

KNIVES AND FORKS. By C. J. P. BAILEY. The Medici Society. 17s. 6d. net.

BATTERSEA ENAMELS, 1750–1756. By EGAN MEW. The Medici Society. 17s. 6d. net.

SPANISH ART. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. £2 2s.

THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC. By MAX SCHÖEN. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 15s.

COLOUR-BLOCK PRINT-MAKING. By HESKETH HUBBARD, R.O.I., R.B.A. The Forest Press, Breamore, nr. Salisbury.

ABOUT ENGLAND. By M. V. HUGHES. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 5s. net.

THE ARTISTIC PRACTICAL HANDICRAFT SERIES. PAPER CRAFT: F. G. GLASS. LEATHER CRAFT: F. G. GLASS. The University of London Press, Ltd. 1s. 6d. each.

THE IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE LOUVRE. By FLORENCE HEYWOOD. Methuen & Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF IRONWORK. Ernest Benn, Ltd. £2 2s.

EXAMPLES OF SAN BERNARDINO. By MISS ADA HARRISON. Gerald Howe. 10s. 6d. net.

THE ARIEL POEMS. Nos. 1–8. Faber and Gwyer. 1s. each. 5s. each limited edition.

TYPE DESIGN. By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIC. John Lane (The Bodley Head), Ltd. 5s. net.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

Tendencies in Modern Music.—Last month on this page I was discussing the tendencies of the day as they reacted on musical comedy and the Russian Ballet; the Dolmetsch Festival, officially styled the Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, which is becoming an annual event of late August, challenges those which have exerted unquestioned sway over the development of music for nearly a century and a half, and are still paramount today. It is not easy to sum them up in a sentence. Roughly, one may say that they have been determined by the substitution of the public for the private patron, a change which has brought about the rise of the professional executant. Music has grown accustomed, little by little, to addressing itself to larger and more general audiences, with the result that the interpretative musician, the virtuoso, has increased in importance. In his desire to secure the public ear he has cultivated the qualities of brilliance and display; and composers, impelled by their equally natural desire to popularize their works, have indulged the taste for virtuosity. I am not denying that a delight in technique for its own sake has been endemic in our European music since very early days. Byrd and Bull, for instance, are the great-grandfathers of the modern piano technique, and the human voice received its most intensive cultivation in the eighteenth century when music was still in its age of innocence. Nevertheless, it remains substantially true that the virtuoso, which the Oxford Dictionary defines as a person skilled in the mechanical part of a fine art, only really came into his own when the public had begun to call the tune. " Tickling the long ears " was the expressive phrase used by Leopold Mozart to describe the process. " You know," he writes to his son, " that there are a hundred ignorant people for every ten true connoisseurs, so do not forget what is called popular and tickle the long ears." True, he is writing of opera, which has always had to consider the public, and it is fair to add that Wolfgang replies that, though there is music in " Idomeneo " for all sorts of people, the donkeys can go hang. There is no pride like that of the creative artist. Nevertheless, Mozart—and I yield to no man in my admiration for that marvellous being—compromised with virtuosity in a way that Bach never did. In John Sebastian's works for the keyboard, I can think of no passages that are meant primarily for display. Who can say the same of Mozart or of Beethoven? Or even of Brahms, that sturdy puritan who loved dark tones and whose music rises and falls with the movement of great waters?

Whatever your sympathies may be, you cannot in any case deny that music has undergone a spiritual, as well as a technical, metamorphosis in the past century and a-half, and that this process started at about the time when the middle classes began to take their rise and the composer to look for his laurels, not in the salons of the great, but in the concert rooms of the European capitals. It is clear that when an art, which hitherto has been ruled by the canons of taste current in an aristocratic society, turns to a wider public, it will tend to emphasize the appeal it makes to the emotions at the expense of the intellectual qualities of lucidity and clearness of form. The romantic movement belonged to the middle classes and it had more lasting influence on music than on any of the other arts. At the same time there was another factor at work. The eighteenth-century patron and the nineteenth-century amateur may have resembled each other in their love of the art. But while the latter was content to listen, the patron of the earlier time liked himself to assist in making the music that had been written for his diversion. So long as this state of affairs endured, there was no gulf such as now exists between professional and amateur. The two may not have met on level terms, but at least they met, with results that influenced both. One need not indeed limit oneself to the eighteenth century. The grand seigneur of the *ancien régime* liked to play the flute and the violin, but your Tudor gentleman could take his part in a madrigal or produce music from the viols or the recorders. Farther back in the fifteenth century we have the example of an English king who was a composer; and still earlier, in the brilliant culture of the late twelfth century, music went hand in hand with the social ease and intellectual curiosity of that time. There were kings who were proud to be called troubadours. The divorce, then, that has been effected between those who interpret music and those who merely listen is essentially modern; so that when Mr. Dolmetsch turns to his audience and tells them that, inasmuch as they are listeners merely and are not inspired with the determination to be players themselves, they are damned, he is stating a paradox which would have been a truism to other generations who lived in a world not grown modern. And here, since Mr. Dolmetsch apparently by the very fact of holding a festival of twelve concerts is guilty of sin, I should explain that their object is primarily a missionary one—to demonstrate the beauty of the music that was written before the days of the virtuosi, of the music which was intended for men and women to play in their hours of recreation upon instruments that require no particular technical dexterity, not that thereby we should derive a certain amount of passive, æsthetic enjoyment, but that we should be persuaded to do the same thing for ourselves and introduce viols and recorders into our own homes.

Mr. Dolmetsch's Philosophy of Music.—These few prefatory remarks may help to make Mr. Dolmetsch's attitude clearer and to show that, if he is out of sympathy with the more recent development of music, i.e. since the death of Bach, he can claim a respectable number of centuries during which the ideals that guide him were generally accepted. His own history helps to explain his point of view. He was brought up, a pupil of Vieuxtemps, on the pure milk of the virtuoso tradition. The years of his youth he spent in the slavery that the violin imposes on its votaries. It is, however, a characteristic of sensitive natures to be harder on themselves than they are on others, so that, when in due course he came to passing on to his own pupils the instruction that he had imbibed with such labour, his pity was stirred and his common sense was outraged; most important of all, he was horribly bored. He felt that it could never have been intended by an

all-wise Creator—that young people should waste precious hours on the drudgery of so-called technique. Being a man of original mind—Evelyn Innes' father, it is worth while remarking, has his original in Mr. Dolmetsch—he sought a way out and found it by retracing his steps to the era which began with the predecessors of Palestrina and reached its culmination and end with Bach. This, for Arnold Dolmetsch, is the golden age of music, when it was cultivated for itself alone, when the virtuoso was not, and when a concert had still its original meaning of the joining together of several players in order to make music for their own delectation.

The process by which he arrived at this conclusion was twofold. Study of the old composers led him to appreciate their merits, and the interpretation of their works convinced him of the superiority of the instruments they wrote for over those of which the qualities have been determined by the claims of virtuosity. I have often talked with him on these matters, and I can recall no instance in which he is ready to admit that the musical instrument of today, whether it be piano, organ, violin, or any member of the wood-wind or the brass families, is as honest and sincere a fellow, and able to give expression to thoughts as fine as its prototype of the earlier time. He is, of course, unable to agree in the opinion, which others besides himself now question, that the piano is any real improvement on the harpsichord which it displaced. It makes more sound and can fill a larger hall. But, he argues, we should regard quality rather than volume of tone, and in quality the harpsichord has a brilliance and a variety that the piano cannot approach. The one beauty of the piano Arnold Dolmetsch recognizes is that produced by the damper-pedal, the peculiar effects of which are due to the overtones from the strings that have not been struck by the hammers. And now, after prolonged experiment, this admirer of the past has succeeded in making a harpsichord which even in this point need admit no inferiority to its supplanter. As regards the characteristic from which the pianoforte gets its name, this, he argues, is far more successfully achieved by the clavichord, and the delight which his playing of the Forty-Eight on the instrument for which they were written elicits from the audiences at the Festival is a proof of its thrilling and intimate beauty. A year or two ago one of the penny picture papers inserted a photograph of Mr. Dolmetsch as the man who would not have a piano in his house. As a matter of fact, I have seen one there—though it was a small portable piano dating from about 1730. But he has no particular antipathy to the instrument which still is considered an indispensable article of furniture in the drawing-rooms of England. He is just as ready to show the superiority of the violin of Bach's day, with the flatter bridge and the longer finger-board, over that of ours, which has had its bridge heightened in order to gain brilliancy, with the result that it has turned most double-stopping into an undignified scramble; or to prove, by the mind and the ear, that the viols are better adapted to play concerted music than the string quartet, being five or even six instruments of different compass but uniform tone quality, against the three of the quartet, where the pair of violins is an obvious redundancy and where violin, viola and 'cello have different timbres. The family of the recorders, he will tell you, have the same advantages over the contemporary instruments of the wood-wind and are also as much easier to play as are the viols than the members of the violin family.

Well, it is all vastly interesting. For here is a man who has boldly set himself out to show us the error of our ways and who, after nearly half a century of conflict in one form or another, has at least attracted the attention of the musical world. A devoted and able wife, a gifted family, zealous disciples, have all helped him. But chiefly it has been his own courage that has enabled him to attain a hearing. Let there be no mistake about it. Arnold Dolmetsch, though he and his family give concerts very much like other professional musicians, only leaves Haslemere and his studio and workshops against his will and with the express purpose of providing the means for the continuance of the work of making us realize what we have lost. If his object were simply to make money, he could always accept the hand that America holds out to him. That is not his object. The spirit that moves him has a greater end, which is to bring back music once more to our hearths and homes, or rather to show us the way that we may bring it back for ourselves "Don't listen to music; music was meant for you to play, and it is only by playing it that you will realize its unique power to make the mind contented and the soul beautiful. And only too, when we have once more reinstated music in its rightful position as the perfect recreation of men and women, will composers cease to wander in their tangled forests of sound." That is the Dolmetsch gospel.

As I said at the outset, the tendencies appear to be all the other way. The wireless has consolidated the ground already won by the gramophone, and it looks as if the gulf between those who make music and those who listen were to become wider than ever. The "educational" value of listening to music is an article of faith with those who control the mechanism of instruction, and the only great school where I have found this successfully questioned is Oundle. There I have been privileged to be one of a dozen or two people who were allowed to sit in the gallery of the School Hall whilst the 600 boys performed the B Minor Mass. It was a memorable evening, and I shall not forget how it moved Dr. Vaughan Williams and Sir Hugh Allen. "Community" singing would seem a more hopeful sign if its appeal were not so palpably to the new instinct; the interest too which the popular press takes in it does not assist in quieting my suspicions. In any case Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch is undisturbed by omens, favourable or the reverse. He simply works on. And I, who have been following his example and simply writing on, fear that I have given no real indication of his originality and singleness of purpose. Anyhow, his Festival of Music at Haslemere has certainly been the most important event of the month in the world of music.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Redfern Gallery.

The Redfern Gallery's " Summer Salon " is a venture intended to captivate, one imagines, inquisitive strangers who are in London, whilst London itself goes abroad, or at all events to the seaside or the Highlands. I rather doubt, however, whether the kind of things here brought together are sufficiently important to interest those not already familiar with the works of the artists represented. The list of these latter is impressive enough, to mention at random only Lucien Pissarro, Sir William Orpen, William Rothenstein, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Ethel Walker, Stella Crofts, Albert Rutherston, C. Lovat Fraser, Orovide and Augustus John. However, when it comes to selecting it is not always the name which would guide one's choice. The following seemed to me to be amongst the most interesting: No. 10, " Overlooking Florence," by M. Fisher Prout; No. 16, " Javanese Girl," by Clare Klinghoffer; No. 17, " The Betrayal," by Tom Nash, also his " Angels Appearing to the Shepherds " (No. 21)—on this latter I have commented on a former occasion; further: George Bissel's " Blue Flowerpiece " (No. 23), M. K. Rowles's " Westward Ho ! "; D. de Carteret's " Storm in Sussex " (No. 35); Kenneth Hobson's drawing, " Segorra " (No. 36); Edna Clark Hall's " Wuthering Heights " (No. 38), misnamed, however, as a watercolour; Paul Nash's " Dymchurch " (No. 39), and a fine " Study of a Boy " (No. 46), by Augustus John.

The Artists' Own Shows: A Retrospect.
(The R.B.A.; the R.W.S.; the R.I. Exhibitions.)

The Spring Exhibition of the R.B.A. looked brighter and more attractive than any of its predecessors for many years back. To put it down to the excellent new lighting would no doubt be partly justified: the quantity and quality of light play an enormous part in the effect of pictures, much more than is usually recognized. Nevertheless, this was actually a better show than the R.B.A. has of late been able to muster. Not that there were any paintings of great importance, but the general standard was higher.

The brilliant red of Herbert Collings' gown in " Hullo, Maskelyne," as painted by Mr. William Wildman, dominated the central gallery. Mr. Wildman succeeded in a rather remarkable way in making the flesh tones of face and hands hold their own against the blaze of red, but one suspects that the artist was more intrigued, to use the fashionable word, by this problem than by the painting of the likeness as such. Facing this picture on the wall opposite, Mr. Harry Mosley's purple figure composition, " Dawn," was, like most of this artist's oil or tempera paintings, as distinct from his watercolours, a little " cold," but on a larger scale it would make a fine mural decoration. A close neighbour of this picture was Miss Florence Asher's clever, but too Cézannesque, " St. Paul du Var." The same artist had a " Procterish " portrait of a young girl under the title, " The Yellow Awning "; as a matter of fact, this is a misnomer, it should have been called " The Black Umbrella "—and the umbrella rather disturbs an otherwise good composition. One would say that the artist's undoubted cleverness is not sufficiently checked by sensibility. As in the Leeds Exhibition, Miss M. L. Trench captivated one's eyes with the colour, design and quality of paint of " Le Bassin, Martiques." Mr. Otway McCannell's " Chillon " was, by reason of its composition and very unusual colour-scheme, one of the most interesting pictures here. *Style* was the characteristic of Mr. P. H. Padwick's " The Fisherman " and " The Church on the Downs," but to get their full effect they should be seen at a greater distance and rather higher up on the wall. Mr. Padwick's pictures are not good "mixers," they require space all round them, so that the surprising subtlety of their tone values can be appreciated. Mr. Kirkland Jamieson's " A Roman Bridge " was a problem picture, though not in the usual sense of the word. The problem the artist gave himself was the setting off of the curved hill in the background against the curve of the bridge in the foreground. They repeat, and—one reluctantly decided, since it was otherwise a fine painting—defeat each other æsthetically. " Yacht on the Slips, Evening," by Charles Ince, was a fine, clean and calm piece of work, such as one expects from this artist's easel. Mr. Robert Morley's " Waiting," a picture of a Skye-terrier, was—of its kind—very good. Whether the kind is good is a matter of opinion. Certain it is that its admirers will number nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand to the one who would have accepted Mr. Stafford Leake's watercolour, " The Year," as a work of art. Nevertheless I would take my stand with that one, and go so far as to say that " The Year," though I do not profess to grasp its full significance, seemed to me the only one in the whole exhibition that owed its existence to the creative—as distinct from the imitative—impulse. Mr. Claude Flight's " Windy Day," though in a totally different mood, was, however, also creative rather than imitative, but I think the language of his expression is wrong: it would do well enough for the language of a comic paper, but it is not subtle enough for the large scale. Mr. George Drinkwater, wholly possessed by an unimaginatively imitative impulse, atoned for the lack of creative imagination by giving his study of a naked couple the title " Paolo and Francesca." Mr. St. John Partridge's " Blacksmith's Shop," in this room, deserved a better place. Very interesting was the contrast between the work of Mr. Teng H. Chiu—a Chinese—and Mr. Kurihara, a Japanese. Mr. Kurihara's " Sea Peace (*sic*), Venice," looked like a wild Turner, Mr. Chiu's " Constable's Lock, Flatford," like a very sober Constable. Of the two, Mr. Chiu is probably to be taken more seriously as a " European " artist. Watercolours by David Wilson (31, 33), Evelyn Ince (8, 60), Wildman (87), Hilda Hechle (106), K. Blackmore (117, 124), Warren Dow (183), Howard Hale (200), and Measom (203), amongst several others may here be noted, as also the following prints: aquatints by John Muirhead (407, 414), " At Burford in Oxfordshire " (411), a coloured woodcut by L. Hogarth, and two capital imitations of old colour-prints, " H.M.S. Malabar leaving Harbour " and " The End of the Chase," both by Geoffrey S. Garnier.

Comparisons, however odious they may seem upon occasion, are, nevertheless, the only means we have by which we can form a judgment. This fact is so obvious that it is constantly overlooked and judgments are delivered habitually in matters of art as if they were final and absolute verdicts. A little open comparison, as a change from the

generally tacit or implied method, may therefore be as good for the soul as open confessions are reputed to be. The summer exhibitions of the Old Watercolour Society and the newer Institute of Painters in Watercolours, revealed some notable differences. The R.I. was more than twice as extensive as the R.W.S., the latter numbering 235 against the former's 531 exhibits. Neither of the societies seemed to be based on very rigid craft-standards in respect of the medium, though draughtsmanship is more highly esteemed as a quality by the older society. The painters in Pall Mall were less given to subject or *genre* painting than those in Piccadilly, where there were many artists still repeating their successes of thirty years ago. Presumably there are a proportionately large number of buyers whose taste has remained correspondingly unaltered. Pall Mall remains on the whole more addicted to landscape painting and the methods of a hundred years ago—it is distinctly the more reserved and aristocratic company. Æsthetic emotions, however, are as rare in the proximity of the National Gallery as they are above the Prince's Restaurant. I noticed only one picture in the R.W.S. that seemed to me to be the result of a powerful æsthetic excitement: it is Mr. Vosper's upright landscape, "High Noon" (235). It hung immediately above an emotional picture, which its author for no very clear reasons called a "decorative panel," entitled "The Angelus" (226). We have been told a great deal about Mr. Stanley Spencer's "Resurrection" and its sincerity. I am not sure that Mr. Sullivan's "Angelus," here, was not a far more indisputably sincere effort. It seems to me to be—though I know nothing of Mr. Sullivan's faith—more simply and less self-consciously religious, though a superficial observer may think otherwise. Mr. Harry Morley's "Autolycus" (190), which is very successful and his "Fuore le Mure" (196), which is not quite so good, were the more truly decorative panels and perhaps the only really decorative pictures in this whole exhibition: they "told" at a distance. Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's "Child of Truth and Fiction" (193), which hung between them and is likewise a figure subject, remains a pure illustration, whilst her other painting with its allusive poetical title, "A Bed of Roses" (197)—it represents an infant at its mother's breast seen across a rose-bed—had the decorative feeling of a piece of tapestry. "Camogli" (98), a little Italian sea-girt townscape by Joseph Southall, had the charm of an idyll; Arthur Rackham's "The Three Sillies" (52) was the only humorous drawing here—it was also remarkable as a new departure, so far as style is concerned, for this "Brothers-Grimm"-ridden illustrator. A small picture of a man asleep (17) by Francis Dodd, and "The Colliery" (135) by Mr. Clausen, and perhaps also Mr. Charles Sims's two portraits—one of a very long-limbed Lord Balfour—and other figure subjects in which he returned to the atmospheric elegance which made his reputation—were amongst the few things that appeared to owe their existence to the free-will of the artists. Nearly all the others suggest productions for a market—but are possibly none the worse for that. Mr. Russell Flint's "Through the Trees" (5) and "Falling Snow" (27), with their amazingly skilful use of the medium, Sir Charles J. Holmes' "The Guadarramas from Cercadilla" (20), done with the greatest economy of means, Mr. William T. Woods' "Hindover Down" (68), and especially "The Last Gleam—Winter" (76), Mr. A. Reginald Smith's "The Ghaistrills" (154), Mr. Henry Rushbury's "Gone" (142), a view of the vanished Piccadilly Circus, and Mr. S. J. Lamorna Birch's "Cornish Riviera" (150), may be singled out as among the best.

The fact that the organizers of the "Art Union" of the R.I. should have chosen Mr. Matania's "The Favourite Dancer" as a prize, gives an indication of the kind of art the clientele of the Institute are supposed to patronize. The kind is not mine, which was more gratified by such things as Mr. George Graham's "Willows at Winchelsea" (106), Miss Adamson's "Under the Leaves" (64), Mr. Gordon Forsyth's "St. Pierre, Caen" (172), Mr. Percy Lancaster's "The Lake" (184), or even the quite unpretentious little flowerpieces, "Laurustinus" (5) by Miss Beatrix Martin or Miss Elizabeth King's "A Child's Posy" (352). All these seemed to me desirable on their own account and not because they represent something desirable. There were a few other things which one gladly admired, without necessarily wishing to possess them, such as Miss Hawksley's amusing "Cat Burglar" (322) amd Mr. Gordon Brown's entertaining "Ghost Pirates" (376), Mr. Fred Taylor's poster designs "In Bruges" (398), "St. John's Gate, Cambridge" (160), and "James I Gate, York" (166), Miss Anna Airy's "Morning" (496), a brilliantly painted nude, and several of Mr. Ranken's interiors, more especially "A Brown Bedroom" (260). Other paintings worth noting were Mr. Arthur Bradbury's "Gathering Mussels" (51), Sir William Orpen's "Courtauld Family" (115), Miss Airy's "Hang of Plums" (145), Mr. Ernest Wallcousin's "The Lost Paradise" (201), which would be better without its sinners, Captain Talbot Kelly's "Tempera Panel: Heron" (223), of which the wood makes a pleasant background, Mr. Davis Richter's "Market Place—Cahors" (304), and Mr. Van Aanroy's "Ponte Vecchio—Florence." There may have been others more, but if so, they suffered from uncongenial and overbearing neighbours of a different class. Looking back upon a past season, one wonders how many of those works which roused one's interest, at the time, have found a permanent home; and still more, how many will be esteemed by future generations.

Hollar Society of Czech Graphic Art at the Royal Institute Galleries.

The net result of the visit to this exhibition is the discovery that Czech's graphic art has, like old Wenzel Hollar himself, no strong national characteristics, and that the members of the Hollar Society are almost all untouched by the modern movement which has revolutionized the art of Europe.

The members of this society stand on the one hand for simple realism, on the other hand for pure illustration, but both parties also insist upon good solid craftsmanship: venturesome experiments in the latter respect are hardly permitted.

One interesting observation is to be made, and that is that the woodcut plays a much bigger part in their graphic art than in ours. They have a considerable number of "woodcutters" who have produced woodcuts for wall decoration on a very large scale. The reason for this is, no doubt, the existence of old forests with big trees and wide *planks* near at hand. Nevertheless, such things as, for example, Max Swabinsky's woodcut portraits of "President Masaryk" (242) or "Josef Mánes" (241) are most admirable substitutes for the photographic enlargements which we would use for like purposes.

It is not likely, perhaps, that Professor Swabinsky's " Paradise Sonatas " (228–230), which look very " ninety-ish " to us, will find favour in the eyes of our artists, who, nevertheless, should study his work and that of other woodcutters here if for no other reason than that it will give them ideas for the extension of their own craft. For example, Franbosek Bilek—whose forceful carved portraits and somewhat mystically sentimental wood-sculpture are included in the exhibition—gives half-tones to his cuts by means of a white-line convention, used after the manner of line-engravings (Nos. 15–32). Bohumir Jaronek's chiaro-scuro prints (56–59) and coloured woodcuts (57–58), though over elaborate, are excellently done. Fr. Kobliha (71) Juan " series (90–93), and Richard Lauda's " Washer-women on the Vajgar " (99), and the " Stonecutters " (102), stand out as works of creative art. Victor Stretti seems in his lithographs, especially those of London (186–189), to have been influenced by Pennell. Rambousek's " Peonies " (128) is a delicate colour-lithograph worth noting; it looks like a " tidied " Renoir. Lastly, Hugo Boellinger's series of portrait drawings, e.g. " Dr. Karel Capek " (33), " Vincent d'Indy " (35), " Emil Sauer " (36), " M. Battistini " (37), and others, are entirely admirable.

Altogether an interesting exhibition—but with the reservations made at the head of this notice.

WOODCUT BY SILOVSKY

produces the effect of etching, and in the " Temptation of St. Anthony " series (76–80) uses the graver imaginatively. " Karel Vik " (281–292) makes finished, engraving-like pictures by means of the black line, in many cases with surprising success. The only woodcut which gives one *æsthetic* satisfaction, however, is Peter Dillinger's " Staircase " (63), which is an independent, self-sufficient work of art.

Good craftsmanship coupled with careful realism characterizes T. F. Simon's coloured etchings (e.g. 216, 218, 219, 220) and all Jeromia Stretti-Zamponi's coloured aquatints. Brangwyn's influence may be seen in the composition of the large etchings by Silovsky (e.g. 153, 154, 155); whilst his woodcut " Furnaces " (165), here catalogued as an etching, has its own peculiar merits.

Amongst the etchings, however, Jan Konupek's " Don

The Fine Art Society : Dr. R. Tait McKenzie's Sculpture.

A little knowledge is not perhaps always the dangerous thing it is made out to be. When I examined this exhibition I had forgotten that this sculptor had exhibited in the Royal Academy; I did not know that he was, in fact, " Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, Professor of Physical Education in the University of Pennsylvania," or that he had " won many honours in athletic sports," or any of the other interesting biographical details Sir Philip Gibbs gives in the preface to the catalogue. What struck me was the obvious fact that the artist is entirely absorbed in rendering the human body in action, or rather in human kinetics—that is to say, the science of the action of forces in causing motion in the human body. In this sense he is possibly the most successful and convincing sculptor that ever lived; he has certainly out-bowled the Discobolus. Between the ancient

Discobolus and his modern one (11) there is the difference between Señorita de Alvarez and Miss Helen Wills—one plays for the sake of play, the other for the sake of victory. In practically all Dr. McKenzie's work there is this terrific strain, even in the "Study for Head of Scottish Memorial" (28), where it belongs to a seated figure of a soldier—intended to be the focus of the general composition. The football group called "The Onslaught" (10) displays all that is best in his attitude towards art. Here the contending forces seem to have come to a deadlock; force and movement—a perfect allegory of dynamics—and here the sculptor seems to have created a true work of art. There is no reason why these contending forces should not continue in this state of *arrested* movement for ever. Or could, perhaps, a football expert be able to tell which side will eventually give way? If so, it seems that the sculptor has failed even here, to create—what it is the artist's purpose to create—a true work of art. Sir Philip Gibbs writes: "He is a realist to the last button, to the attitude of the big toe, to the sinews of a hand, but he is a realist who does not search for ugliness, who does not get emphasis by exaggeration. . . . ." Precisely; but art consists in knowing how to eliminate "the last button" and how to get "emphasis by exaggeration," without "search for ugliness."

That Dr. McKenzie is himself a little doubtful of his "last button" realism is proved by two little figures of athletes (22, 23), with four arms each—in order to represent successive stages of action. He has given these sketches the title "Why not?" The answer, of course, is "By all means—provided you give up last-button realism." The sculptor cannot have it both ways; he either copies Nature or he creates a work of art.

Dr. McKenzie has better succeeded in this latter sense in a little medal for the "Lenape Club." This displays a conventionalized tortoise and is really a little piece of *creative* design; but I fear neither the artist nor Sir Philip Gibbs would agree that it deserves to be singled out in this manner for special praise.

Exhibition of Works by the late Sir Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and F. Derwent Wood, R.A., at Burlington House.

Derwent Wood was by more than twenty years Sir Hamo Thornycroft's junior, yet the visitor to their memorial exhibition can be excused if he found himself traversing the three rooms without immediately noticing where Thornycroft begins and Derwent Wood ends. This, as a matter of fact, may be regarded by some as a triumph of Academicism; for if there be such a thing as objective beauty, and if this was discovered about four centuries B.C. in Greece, and rediscovered some fifteen hundred years after the Birth of Christ in Rome—and this is not an unfair statement of academic dogma—then the art of the twentieth century sculptor consists in getting away at least four hundred, but preferably two thousand three hundred, years from himself and his own vision.

Both sculptors had faithfully absorbed this academic dogma, had tried, as best they could, to efface themselves, and were thus not unmistakably Thornycroft or, obviously, Derwent Wood.

Nevertheless there are differences: Thornycroft was, if anything, the better artist; he was more masculine, more intellectual, more naturally classic; he had more feeling for form, and was the better craftsman. Derwent Wood was more feminine, more emotional, more romantic; he had more feeling for movement, but was also less careful as a craftsman.

Amongst Thornycroft's figures there are some such as the "Fencer," and especially "Artemis, the Huntress," which, on his premises, are not only creditable performances, but definite successes. Amongst his portraits there is only his statuette of Disraeli to show what he might have been if the academic yoke had not been laid upon him.

Derwent Wood had in his figure and decorative work sometimes attractive grace and pleasant movement, as in the two dancers of "The Golden Age" and in the better though carelessly finished "Paolo and Francesca," but he was inclined to cook his omelettes too noisily. He was undoubtedly best in his portraiture. He could "catch a likeness"—his "Bess Norris" goes farther, and is almost *geistreich* in its treatment. On the other hand, however, his attempts at uncompromising realism, as in the merciless over-modelling of the marble head of "Mrs. Sickert," is a sign of a fundamental weakness rather than of strength, and that is also true of the colossal carved head of the "Old Prizefighter," which suggests, by the by, that he might, after all, have ended as an expressionist had he been spared a few more years.

The exhibition was well worth a visit: it was a splendid vindication of those who have fought against the principles which these two sculptors were brought up to defend so valiantly.

HERBERT FURST.

Shorter Notices.

Miss Nina Hammett showed at the Claridge Gallery a series of pen-and-ink illustrations for Mr. Seymour Leslie's "Silent Queen." They are drawn with simple, rather hesitating lines, but with much wit and careful regard for "pattern."

Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey's lithographs of New York skyscrapers are architecturally of very great interest and technically unexceptionable.

Mr. Mathew Smith's pencil drawings of nudes at the Warren Gallery are distinguished by their admirably sensitive lines.

The Fourth Annual Loan Exhibition of the Magnasco Society, also at the Warren Gallery, comprised drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, chiefly by Italian Masters. Amongst the loans of outstanding interest is No. 1, "A Peasant," by Annibale Carracci; No. 3, "Head of a Girl with a Coral Necklace," by Jacopo Vignali (Florentine School, 1592–1664); No. 4, Cambiaso's "St. Jerome"; No. 6, Guercino's "Profile of a Monk"; No. 9, Camillo Procaccini's "Temptation of St. Anthony"; No. 17, Bernini's "Portrait of a Sculptor in Old Age"; and wonderful series of Tiepolo drawings.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The October number of APOLLO will contain as a special feature a Literary Supplement, reviewing a number of important publications and illustrated in colour.

THE DRAWINGS OF FANTIN-LATOUR

By T. W. EARP

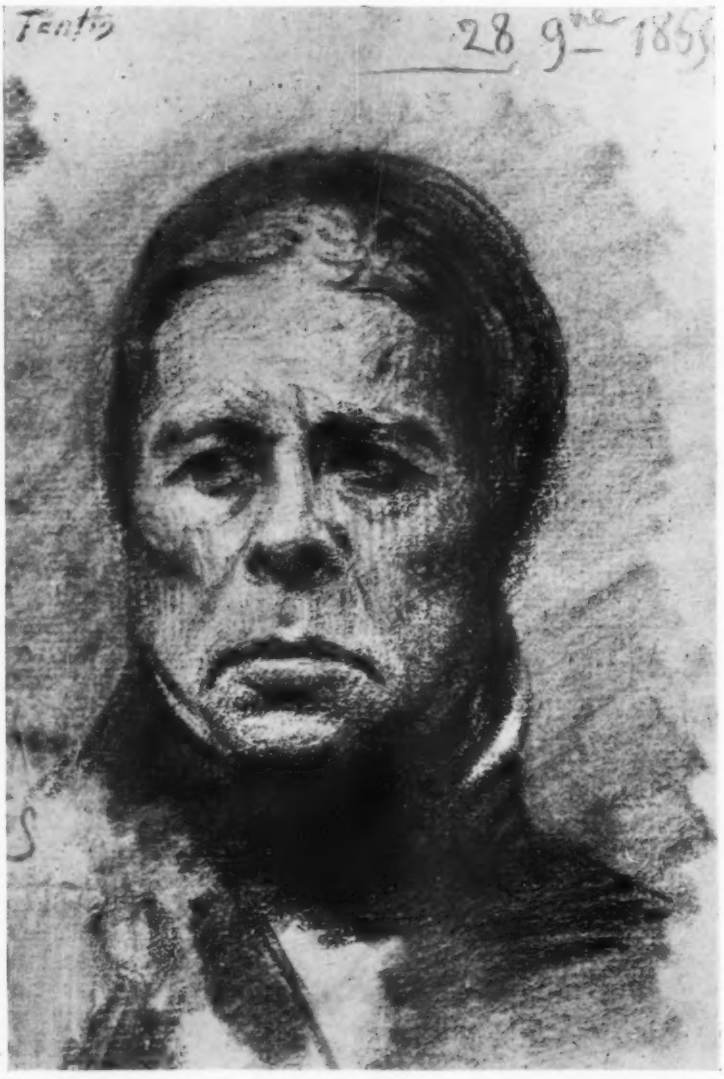
FANTIN-LATOUR was one of the most scrupulous of artists. The austerity both of his methods of work and of the work itself is far too apt to be regarded as a weakness in this age of more flamboyant manifestations. The merest studio-scraps produced by those who, for no very stable reason, are fortunate enough to have caught the fancy of an hour, are nowadays placed before the public in an attempt to take every possible advantage of an ephemeral glory. Such ill-judged zeal is liable to do injury to itself. The public becomes satiated, and the artist's prospects of obtaining a fair view of his future work is diminished. Fantin-Latour, whose artistic conscience was of the highest, was always sternly opposed to permitting any of his work in an unfinished state, or which did not show a complete competence, to be submitted to the public. As an example of this regard for the dignity of his production, we find him in his early days modifying for over a year the large interior containing the portraits of his two sisters, now at Antwerp; while the " Toast," which might have been one of the most important groups of his maturity, was sacrificed, after much labour, sooner than that it should be finished in anything approaching a makeshift manner. This reticence, therefore, applied all the more to what might be considered simply as notes for work, and most severe was his ban against sketches and drawings leaving the studio. The death of his widow, however, has revealed them to public view, with the result that a very wide field of his accomplishment is now for the first time apparent to the present generation. And these drawings are of such a beauty and finish that one might almost say that a new Fantin is revealed with them, while they afford a happy opportunity for reviewing his rather anomalous position.

In the popular estimate his name is connected, to the exclusion of his other phases, with the innumerable flower-pieces—over eight hundred—which established his reputation in France and in this country. Their popularity in England was no doubt largely due to his friend Whistler's painstaking discovery of patrons for him, and in any case the English, like every other public, has always been fond of flower-pieces. For one thing, they are perfectly " safe "; like a certain kind of book, they can be admitted into any household. The certainty of their being entirely innocuous was a factor of no small importance to the buyers of the last century. And it is interesting, incidentally, to remark that the majority of pictures sold in the Royal Academy of the present year were paintings of flowers. There is always, apart from other considerations, a good opportunity of sale for this kind of picture, adaptable to every kind of house and space, while their actual content gives them a sentimental interest not shared by a still-life, which may possibly possess great technical merit, but portrays objects of no emotional appeal to those whose regard for a picture depends largely upon its subject.

Fantin, then, found a large market ready for his talent, and deliberately set himself to satisfy it, and there is no denying that he accomplished the task admirably. His work in this direction is on a level with Van Huysum, the classic master of the genre. It is of surviving and unchallengeable beauty, and though, ironically enough, some of the elements which accounted for its original ready acceptance now cause it sometimes to be viewed with a certain suspicion, only priggishness could deny it excellence in its own class. It is absurd that the fact that a subject contains in itself an extraneous beauty should impair the legitimacy of its use in art. But the extremes of some modern criticism come perilously near to making an axiom of a proposition which positively cries out for its *reductio ad absurdum*. Fantin cannot be attacked on the flower-pieces themselves, which are works of beauty. The suspicion of some flaw in his greatness as an artist creeps in from a different and wider consideration. Admirable as the flower-pieces are, would a really great painter have devoted so large a part of his life to them, when he desired to be doing something else? And that Fantin wanted to do something else a great

part of the time, there is ample evidence, best summed up in this passage from a letter: "My head has never been more full of ideas, and I am condemned to flowers. In front of the peonies and roses, I am thinking of Michelangelo all the time." But since the peonies and roses were so good, the dissatisfaction which these sentences imply is, after all, more Fantin's own concern than the public's.

Although it is impossible not to feel a shock, if not a distrust, at such a self-confession, at the evidence of a weakness such as would not have been the part of a painter even a good way off the calibre of Michelangelo himself, yet this weakness is a matter entirely of Fantin's own character, and has no part in the particular kind of work in which he excelled. The call for flower-pieces and the fact that he bowed to it, whether from natural timidity or economic reasons, were very happy accidents. For Fantin was better thinking of Michelangelo than attempting to rival him. Everything goes to show that his having spent most of his time doing lesser things than he wanted to do, while indicating a lack of personal courage, was a good thing for art. It is surely unfair that criticism, basing itself on his private revelations and not a very large number of works, should judge him rather by his less successful work—almost by the work that he never did—than by the bulk of his actual accomplishment.

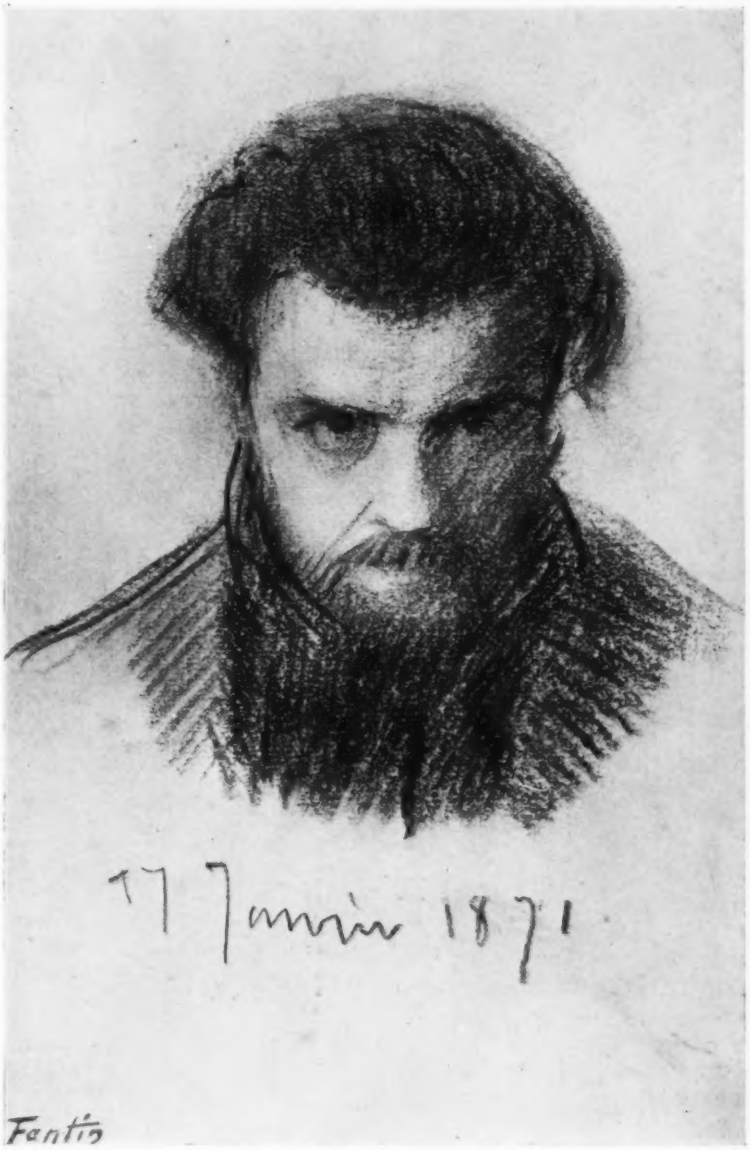


PORTRAIT OF INGRES
(1865)

For it must be admitted that his more ambitious canvases are none too happy; they indeed suffer from a weakness of temperament. The various groups of dark-coated writers, painters, and musicians doing homage to their predecessors in their respective arts are more interesting from the point of view of history than of painting. It needed more than hints of Franz Hals to make these amiable portraits into a strong, well-knit whole, and Fantin alone certainly had not the power. His correspondence reveals one of the attempts to get some sort of dramatic interest into one of these "Homages." A friend was to be portrayed as though he had arrived fresh from a journey, in a hurry to pay his tribute of respect—"You represent an artist who enters the studio and has just arrived from abroad. I have the

intention, if you authorize it, to give you a top-hat on your head and put you in a macfarlane or traveller's costume." This particular scheme was dropped, but it is doubtful whether even the macfarlane would have enlivened the group.

The "Homage to Manet" and the "Homage to Delacroix" are, however, of great interest in the history of art—the history which accounts for Fantin's curious position, the shortcomings of his execution and the excellence of his intentions. He was a weak swimmer caught between two currents. His groundwork and the soundest part of his figure-painting came from the study of the Dutch masters. M. Gustave Kahn goes so far as to claim that some of the portraits might have been painted by Vermeer, but it is more judicious to say that they could not have been painted without him. And Fantin's two great contemporary influences were, of course, Ingres and Delacroix; instead of throwing in his lot definitely with one or the other, he had the adaptability to choose them both. Ingres is evident in the clear outline and static pose of the portraits; Delacroix in the movement and romanticism of the lithographs.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
(1871)

But then there suddenly arose the startling revolutionaries of impressionism. With notable receptiveness and discrimination, Fantin accepted their movement and sympathized with it. No doubt Manet's personality and impetuosity were some incentive to this. However this may be, Fantin's support must have been of considerable moral value, and it is very much to the credit of his judgment and, after all, his courage, that he gave it. The "Homage to Manet" was, in its way, a manifesto; yet it is not an impressionist picture. The boldness of this declaration of interest in the new school, and approval of it, went no further. It did not penetrate to that deeper consciousness from which Fantin evolved his own work. The doctrine of the "slice of life" was too violent and personal for his secluded and poetic spirit; he was

THE AWAKENING

unaffected by the theory of atmosphere and open-air painting, being entirely a studio-artist. He would not himself go beyond Delacroix, and it is significant that he wished to include Rossetti as one of the personages in the picture of homage to that master. Side by side with Manet and Whistler, he desired that the representative of the poetic, if not merely the romantic, in painting should have his place.

But definitely as Fantin realized the greatness of Delacroix, his influence is hardly felt outside the lithographs. Although he and the impressionists were glorified in the large paintings, they had small part in the inspiration of the painting in general. For the rest of the figure-work, Ingres and the Dutch masters of the interior were blended into a system of nineteenth-century portraiture. But in the quiet harmonies here achieved by Fantin, charming as they are, the severity—the justness—and clarity of Ingres are somehow lacking, while the selective realism of the Dutch gives way to a meticulous precision. The result is exquisite and tender, but too soft; and care for detail deviates into the trifling. Dream though he might of Michelangelo, Fantin's was a genius of concentration rather than expansion.

It was through the medium of the lithograph that his imagination found the freedom he so eagerly desired. He executed, indeed, a certain number of paintings of imaginary subjects, but his delicate and tenuous fantasy seems enfeebled by the effort to cover a large space of canvas. The poses show a tendency to become wooden, the poetical atmosphere wears thin, and

STUDY FOR A BATHER

the work as a whole rarely ascends from the level of the deliberate studio-study into the realms of dream. But these failings disappear in the more restricted confines of the lithograph, and the whole of the surface is vitalized by a much more coherent imaginative energy. The actual process of the medium tends to a softness in outline eminently appropriate to Fantin's themes, for the most part founded on the music of the various composers whom he admired. And while painting had the full devotion of his intelligence, it was music which quickened his spirit to positive enthusiasm. By Champfleury he was nicknamed "le Schumanniste"; and Bouyer gives to an interesting study on him the title: "Un peintre mélomane." The most adventurous incident of his life, the only occasion ever taking him a considerable distance from Paris, was a pilgrimage to

IMMORTALITY

(Same subject as the picture of the 1889 Salon)

A READER NEAR A WINDOW
(*One of the Artist's Sisters*)

approaching the revolutionary in the lithographs, but there is a romanticism and an abandonment unusual to the restrained genius Fantin. The influence of Delacroix is marked in the texture, the movement, and even in some of the "properties." But Fantin succeeds in evolving a personal convention altogether detached from the studied objectiveness of the rest of his work. It was the attempt to transfer to images the emotions aroused by music, to convey sound by form, which gave this relationship and definite note to the lithographs. They are all possessed of the same lucidity and shimmering grace; they are entirely a personal expression. And while instinct with Fantin's own lyricism, they are at the same time extremely appropriate to the themes of Berlioz and Wagner by which they were inspired. It is true that in some of their external features they bear the trace of the contemporary and ephemeral period

Bayreuth, which the munificence of a patron facilitated.

It is curious to note that in music as in painting Fantin showed the same perception in favour of what were, in his days, modern tendencies. Here, again, an independence and courage of innovation not revealed in his work are, nevertheless, inherent qualities of his æsthetic judgment. It is this strange difference in his tastes and his accomplishment in painting which makes Fantin such a curious figure in the history of art. The greater part of his work may be classed as reactionary, or, at any rate, static in tendency, yet he never failed to show lively sympathies with the advanced. In yet another art, his friendship with Baudelaire, and the admission of Verlaine and Rimbaud into one of the groups, amounted to a declaration of preferences which were then even revolutionary.

There is, indeed, nothing

EMBROIDERERS

of their composition. The draperies are of the Second Empire conception of the classic, and the "type of beauty" is the type in vogue at the time when they were conceived. But their feeling, their vibrating life, carries the appreciation above such extraneous matters, which are accidents not without their charm. It is fitting that these celebrations of Wagner's music should carry a reminiscence of the epoch of the Wagnerian battle.

Many of the drawings lately disclosed, which are at present on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, were preliminary studies for the lithographs. All of them reveal Fantin as a draughtsman of the greatest merit. They are of a value far beyond that of the usual artist's sketch, and are in themselves beautiful and finished products. It is not too

STUDY FOR THE PORTRAIT OF MLLE. DUBOURG
(1882)

THE ARTIST'S MOTHER AT THE PIANO

extravagant to speculate that they may even approach the flower-pieces in popularity; they have the same kind of clear perfection. For the most part they are nudes, and what Villon calls

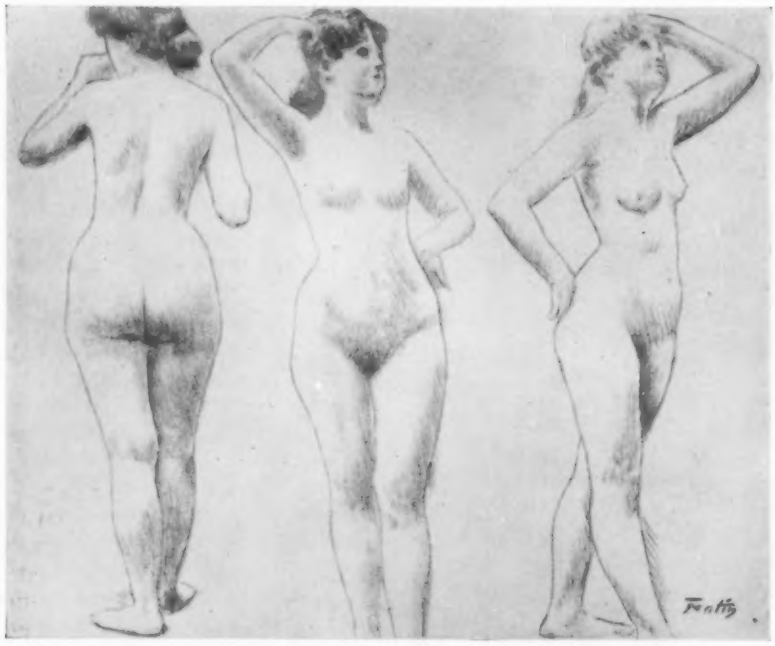
> Corps féminin, qui tant est tendre,
> Poly, souef, si précieux,

has rarely been rendered with such a lucid purity of line. In a few cases this line is thin, but strong and unhesitating; in the rest it is thicker, but removed from any suggestion of heaviness by the subtlety and grace of its rhythm. Yet, in spite of the purity—almost austerity—of outline, these nudes are not, like so many studies of the same kind, in any way lifeless and suggestive of plaster casts; neither, on the other hand, are they so emphatically individualized as to be mere model portraits. They give a definite, living sense of content, and are abstract, in the more acceptable sense of the term, by generalization. They might, in fine, be considered as ideals of the nude. The service which their exhibition—one might

say, their discovery—will do for the fame of Fantin is incalculable.

The studies of the dark-robed figures in their crinolines and bonnets, for the portraits and interiors, show a keen sense of contemporary manners and setting which is later generalized away in the course of transference to canvas. They are notes of their period, dignified and placid, but saturated in their decorative context, suggesting here and there affinities, though in a difference of social surrounding, with Constantin Guys. The number of sketches of the artist's own head are bold, firm pieces of work, an evidence of Fantin's unceasing industry and availance of all opportunity for practice at his art. It is amusing to note that a critic has been so impressed by the chimera of modern schools of psychology that he has esteemed that the prevalence of these self-studies in Fantin's work have made it necessary for him to be solemnly excused of a tendency to narcissism !

One portrait-study, and the most impressive of them all, is the head of Ingres, a magnificent leonine mask. It is appropriate that this drawing, now revealed to the world so long a time after it was made, should come as a final word in Fantin's latest presentation to the public. It is a reminder of that sense of tradition to which he devoted himself throughout his life, sympathizing to a remarkable extent with those who elected legitimately to diverge from it and to enlarge its scope, but himself resolutely following the narrow way, and keeping unbroken the link between his first master and the present generation, which shows always increasing signs of a return towards him.



STUDIES FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

IS OPERA ABSURD?

By BASIL MAINE

IS opera absurd? Many there are who think so, and it is necessary from time to time to make inquiry, lest they find the opposite case defenceless, and lest we find it untenable . . .

The word " absurd " is violent in the extreme. It implies a ruthless condemnation; it also implies a persistence on the part of the thing condemned—a persistence which is most disturbing to those who indulge in preconceptions about life and its affairs. The persistence of the form of art which is known as opera is a constant inconvenience to those who have applied the better part of their mental activity to the meticulous construction of theories; for by no stretch of imagination or of toleration can this hybrid thing be accounted for or fully explained.

Yet the thing is most devastatingly alive. It continues to exist, spite of all the slings and arrows of the outrageous music-hall comedian, spite of the taunts of the foolish and the rebukes of the wise. For three hundred years and more composers have turned instinctively to opera as a medium for expression, knowing full well that they were courting disaster. Their continuous activity is a difficult and indivisible factor in the terms of the proposition.

It cannot be ignored if the solution is to be final, since it implies that there *is* some unsubstantial thing which music lacks and which drama lacks, but which peradventure can be supplied by their willing co-operation. And since opera can neither be ignored nor destroyed, obviously the only thing left for those who require immediate satisfaction is to take extreme measures. The word " absurd " expresses the extremity both of their failure and of their indignation.

There is nothing more simple than to base a condemnation upon the magnifying of details —upon deliberate distortion. I shall not be so bold as to deny the utter absurdity of certain operatic situations. Indeed, I accept them willingly as the necessary material for the construction of my own case. An entity does not necessarily repeat the qualities of its component parts. Because an incident in an opera is absurd it does not follow that the whole work is absurd; nor are we justified in declaring the whole course of operatic development to be an utterly foolish expedition because of the ignominious failure of certain individual works. Just as we are in error to deny the success of " The Rose Cavalier " as a work because some of the dialogue in the first act misses fire, so are we mistaken in judging the history of opera to be a tale of futile endeavour merely because it includes such sad misconceptions as " Pianella " and " The Bohemian Girl."

AREN'T WE ALL?

There is no charge easier to bring and support against human activity than that of absurdity. For what, after all, is the cause of the innumerable little absurdities to which we are prone? The cause, almost invariably, is a sudden twist of normal perspective. When we look at human beings as they are reflected by a convex mirror, idiosyncrasies become abnormalities, and we are shocked by the sudden realization of what might have been. We are no longer aware of the context, so to speak, but only of the single feature made absurd by being deprived of its proper relationship to the scheme of things. In other words absurdity, like dirt, is a condition of things. Dirt is matter out of place; absurdity, in like manner, is material out of place. Now, this condition of things—the condition that creates absurdity—is more often than not due to the point from which they are viewed. A perfectly ordinary situation can be made to seem incoherent nonsense by being put ever so slightly out of focus. A well-dressed man claims the right to walk the length of Bond Street in a leisurely way. The exercise of this prerogative is an event ordinary enough in its way. But let there be the smallest disturbance in the *ensemble*—the omission of part of the man's clothing, the collar let us say, and the event is at once whisked off to another plane

—" to a plane "—as Mr. Yeats might have written in a loose moment :

> To a plane where even the proud are fun
> And even the Correct are hopelessly out.

It is an easy thing to create such a situation even when it does not exist, and those who bring the charge of absurdity against opera make light of their task and present it from such an oblique angle that it is difficult to regain a normal vision. They are constantly examining the case through the wrong end of the opera glasses.

It is but natural that opera—which is a compounding of two arts—should constantly lie open to the charge of absurdity. The perfect opera is outside the range of man's imagination. At any given moment it is almost certain that one or other of the elements will be in ascendance, unless both are in abeyance. And on the rare occasions when the fusion of the dramatic action and the musical progression is satisfactorily accomplished—as for example in the Othello-Iago dialogue in the second act of Verdi's opera—then it is more than likely that the delicate balance will be upset by some indelicate emphasis on the part of the actors. (And here in parenthesis, I should like to emphasize that the absurdity of operatic acting is a condition which has been superimposed upon opera, and is in no wise essential to its nature and continued existence.) And yet, in spite of these countless and overwhelming criticisms against opera as a feasible form of art, it is necessary for us to give some satisfactory reason for its continued appeal. It is also necessary for us to account in some way for its first beginning.

THE FUNCTIONS OF OPERA

At some time or other somebody or other for some reason or other called in music as an aid to the illusion of the theatre. It is not dangerous to assume that the reason for this summons was that a certain kind of dramatic situation could not be fully realized without music. Here we have the first and chief function of music in the theatre, namely, to intensify and transcend dramatic situation and development. From this, two other functions follow in natural sequence. The first is that of characterization, which is arrived at through an assiduous employment of the laws of association; the second is to give the drama its proper setting, " to create an atmosphere," as we are fond of saying. In the carrying out of this duty, music must be willing to forfeit its claim to absolutism, but not necessarily so far as to be utterly without meaning apart from the theatre, as we see very clearly from the popularity of the Wagner excerpts in the concert hall. With these three definite and necessary duties to perform it cannot be said that music is an impostor in the theatre. Nor could composers be accused of encroaching upon preserves when they extended their sphere of influence from mere incidental music to coincidental music, from the music of running comment to the music of interpretation. They were following an instinct as true and compelling as the instinct of life itself, for the tendency of all the finest drama is towards poetic utterance, and the tendency of all the finest poetry is towards the state of music. What, then, could be more natural and generous than that composers should place themselves at the disposal of the theatre whenever an imperfection was felt or an impediment encountered ?

That the imperfection is sometimes mended and that the impediment is sometimes removed is witnessed by those experiences which we cannot define more exactly than as the " great moments " of opera. When the composer is also a man of the theatre, as Mozart, Verdi, and Puccini were (I am deliberately omitting Wagner here in order to keep the issue clear), the alliance of music and drama is justified by masterstroke after masterstroke. The effect may be merely exclamatory, or it may be episodic, but it is always of that kind which could not have been brought about by the single operation of either music or drama. The nature of these culminating effects eludes analysis, but if we exclude Puccini for a moment we may say that, so far from being physical, it is actually metaphysical and, on occasions, even mystical. To those who are willing to follow or to be led, these culminations bring a moment of intense awareness, of sudden great ecstasy. The behaviour of individuals at such moments varies with the degree of their understanding. For some there is no way but to cry aloud with indecent joy; others prefer to bear their convulsion in silence, unless they take steps to rebuke those who have disturbed the enjoyment of their secretly suppressed rebellion. But to both these groups opera signifies a transcending of

ordinary events and relationships; they are willing to overlook the incongruous elements, the little absurdities, which have been subtly compounded for their pleasure, since in the light of experience they are assured that those elements will finally be transfigured and made gloriously eloquent. Therefore let those whose sensibilities are more fastidious, and whose receptivity is less ample, refrain from casting the pebbles of ridicule, lest they themselves should be hit by one, rebounding.

A NOTE ON A DESIGN BY VALENTIN SEZENIUS

By C. C. OMAN

AMONGST engravers of ornament in the early seventeenth century, Valentin Sezenius is undoubtedly entitled to a very high place, though despite the researches of Mr. Campbell Dodgson,* his history and origin remain in great obscurity.

THE NATIVITY
Engraving by Valentin Sezenius
(*c.* 1623)

The total of his catalogued works is no more than fifteen pieces bearing dates ranging from 1619 to 1624. Some of the designs are arabesques, the remainder being figure subjects of a general, mythological, or religious character. Amongst these last are three scenes from the New Testament, being "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," "The Nativity," and "The Flight into Egypt."

In spite of the miscellaneous character of the subjects, a striking similarity of technique runs through these designs. In representing the branches of trees, rafters, or the intricacies of arabesques, lines of the finest sort are used, whilst the larger masses are always carefully outlined. It is difficult not to believe that the artist had in mind their execution in one particular technique.

A delicate little rendering in *émail en résille*, of the print of "The Nativity," affords a fair clue to the artist's intention. The piece is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is reproduced full size in our illustration, but it is unfortunately impossible to obtain any idea of its beauty without seeing its colours.

Victoria and Albert Museum
THE NATIVITY
Enamel

It will be noticed that the enameller has reversed the design. The background is a rich blue. The Virgin has a dark blue cloak, a green bodice, and a red skirt. The elaborate scroll-work shown in the design on the skirt is omitted. The shepherd is dressed in a green tunic over which he has a sleeveless brown overall with a yellow collar. He lacks, however, the flask hanging from his belt which is shown in the original. St. Joseph also wears a green tunic with a yellow collar. The cradle is of light blue, whilst the Infant Christ is of gold as are also the faces and hands of the other figures and the flying angel.

Several noticeable alterations will be

* *Print Collectors' Quarterly*, Vol. X, pp. 81–93, 1923, where the principal engravings are illustrated.

observed. The overhanging tree which intervenes between the shepherd and the angel has been very much reduced, whilst the smaller tree shown behind the cradle in the engraving has been eliminated altogether. These changes are due to different proportions of the engraving and plaque, the sight measurement of which is narrower but taller than its original. An alteration less easy to explain is the patch of light blue behind the rafters of the stable roof. The print shows no sign of this, and the easiest solution would seem to be that it is due merely to an error of the enameller. If he is guilty of this one mistake it must be admitted that he has carried out the design of Sezenius in a masterly manner, and has preserved in his adaptation most of the beauties that have been so much admired in the print.

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED CRUCIFIXION BY EL GRECO

By AUGUST L. MAYER

THE "Crucifixion" with the view of Toledo, which we reproduce here, has hitherto been entirely unknown. Even a cursory examination shows it to be a characteristic work of El Greco's own hand dating from the master's last period. The picture, on the whole very well preserved, bears a signature of which the end ". . . *ἐποιη*" is clearly recognizable. This painting is most nearly related to the version No. 97 of my catalogue, described on page 19 of my book on El Greco (published by Hanstaengl). Yet more important than the similarities are the differences between these two renderings of the same subject. The version we publish here is not only altogether more delicate in execution of, for example, the loincloth (the reproduction fails to show, among other details, the drops of blood rendered in madder, that fall through the air from the wounds in the hands), but shows at each side more of the landscape—the bridge of San Martin on the right becomes completely visible. The comparison of the two landscapes enables us to conclude that the newly-discovered picture must have been produced later than the No. 97 in my catalogue. In general the landscape is more dreamlike, more haunted; it produces a more visionary effect through the contours of light, which do not flash so much like lightning in No. 97. Furthermore, in the details everything has become more slender; compare the general form and the lower opening in the tower at the bridge; notice the greater steepness of the road leading up to this tower from the Golgotha mound, the obliquity of the larger cloud on the right. The hills in the distance tower up in a steeper silhouette, the mound immediately on the left of the cross cuts its stem at a higher point than in No. 97, and the dome of the "Capilla Mozarabe" of the cathedral appears to be lighter.

However spiritually and mystically the form of Christ is conceived, however noble the painting of the figure that is giving up its reality, yet the landscape, that paraphrase on the theme of Toledo, is even more fascinating. For it is once again not an exact copy, but a freely-composed landscape poem, making use of separate motives, a regrouping of Toledo, a short poem that expresses the quintessence of this unique town in a manner that no modern artist inspired by El Greco to attempt something similar has succeeded in doing.

I take this opportunity of mentioning that a studio version of the Golgotha composition, with St. John the Evangelist and Magdalen, No. 89 and No. 89a of my catalogue, has turned up in the American market, showing Christ raising his head towards heaven. In No. 7 of the "Archivo Español de Arte y Arquelogia," D. Manuel Gomez Moreno published a horizontal representation of Christ taking leave of Mary, belonging to the Colegio de Nra Señora del Recuerdo (1·05 × 1·15) in Toledo, which, according to his views, is the earliest rendering of the theme. But judging from the reproduction it seems altogether doubtful that this may be accepted as an original work by El Greco.

THE CRUCIFIXION
By El Greco

Paul Bottenwieser, New York

GUSTINUS AMBROSI : SCULPTOR AND POET

By KINETON PARKES

THE supreme action of the creative energy which we call God was the birth of man. The birth of the world we cannot realize, but the story of the creation of Adam comes simply to the understanding. God seized with His creative hands plastic clay and made the first man in His own image. The act is stupendously impressive to the creative artist, and to the plastic artist it is the greatest thing in the universe. For the modelling sculptor seizes his earthy clay and from it moulds the figure of a man or a woman. Only in myth has ever such a created figure come to actual life, but all figures so fabricated by a great sculptor take on life—the life which is inherent in truth and so becomes beauty. The artist cannot infuse blood and breath and so make his figure move, but by his magic he can move man to tears of ecstasy by the exercise of his own ecstatic act of the creation of the beautiful.

CAIN

The supreme master of plastic beauty was Michelangelo. He possessed all the attributes : thought, skill, and the dynamic energy of creation—the wish and the power to create. Rodin struggled later to tread Michelangelo's path, but great as he was he could not surpass him. He was less a primitive giant than his predecessor. Others are following in the way which Michelangelo and Rodin trod, greatly daring, but impelled inexorably towards the creative goal.

There is a young man in Vienna who is possessed of the pristine tyranny which Michelangelo and Rodin shared. Like the former, this young Austrian artist is precipitated by this original and titanic power into poetic as well as plastic form-creation. He writes and publishes sonnets, songs, and other poems—" Sonnets to God," and in a series of letters which have already been edited by Fritz Karpfen, and published by the Thyrsos Publishing House of Vienna and Leipzig, he has exposed the springs of his inspiration.

Gustinus Ambrosi is a fundamentalist; he starts at the creation of man. His "Birth of Adam" shows the hand of God emergent from the infinite, drawing the figure of our first father from out of the earth. His " Man and Fate " exhibits the writhing figure of man encompassed by the implacable hands which control his life, and these ineffable hands form the subject of another study. These agents of the modelling sculptor's genius have attracted the greatest of them to their explication : Rodin's " Hand of God " and Epstein's " Carving of Two Arms " are examples, and at least as expressive as many of their heads. The instinct is fundamental, and is evidence of

THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NECK

THE BIRTH OF ADAM

the continuous absorption of humanity in creation, the exposition of which begins in the Book of Genesis and has never failed, although sometimes it has lagged.

In Gustinus Ambrosi it is revived, and one of his incentives is the Bible; but Ambrosi does not attempt to illustrate the Scriptures or even to expound them—he continues them. That is his function in art, to re-illustrate the pristine passion of expression; the process by which the human approaches the divine. He is an artist after he is a thinker. He thinks before he attempts to express in form, and his long cogitations are followed by a prodigious quickness of plastic expression which precludes the possibility of nice academic construction but produces an anatomical structure of the greatest possible expressiveness. He works with the fire and passion of his brain followed by a fury of manipulation, and, as is related by Charles J. Riegler, entirely without hesitation, for he knows what he wants directly to express.

He has expressed many things despite his few years, for he has made more than 250 plastic works already. He is only thirty-three, having been born at Eisenstadt in 1893. At the age of seven, brain fever entirely deprived him of hearing. The tragedy of the loss was great, but it led to an intensification of the artist's other faculties. He is cut off from the world of sound, and concentrates madly on the creation of form both plastic and poetic, but expresses his creative conceptions with a bewildering fluency in his speech. He is handsome, and his head with its high, thoughtful forehead and curly hair bears traces of his descent from an Italian Renaissance family on his father's side. His mother was filled with wild Hungarian blood, but long residence in Austria of the family enables Vienna to claim Ambrosi as her own.

The beginning of Ambrosi's career

PROMETHEUS

ICARUS

was marked by a tragic circumstance. He was at work on the scaffolding of a building when one of the workmen fell from it to the ground and was killed. "The Man with the Broken Neck," one of Ambrosi's most celebrated pieces, was the result. This brought him into notice in 1909, but he had been working previously for more than a year at bronze, wood, and other reliefs, and portrait busts, including Arnold Böcklin in bronze, and Constantin Meunier in terra-cotta. His training in art, therefore, was but slight, and yet he had been a student at the Academy, and had visited Berlin, Amsterdam, and Switzerland. He first exhibited at Vienna in 1916, again at the Secession in 1918, and at the State Museum in 1923. Never, however, has he been greatly concerned with niceties of technique, but intensely concerned with direct rendering of truth by means of his fingers and modelling clay.

Ambrosi is essentially a modeller, and bronze and terra-cotta are his materials. I do not care at all for the marble replica of "The Man with the Broken Neck," but in bronze it is magnificent. There is a marble bust of Dora Kaiser of 1922 emerging from the matrix which in treatment recalls some of Rodin's things. Marble is not Ambrosi's medium; glyptic work constrains him; he has no facility for it, but plastic is the breath of life to him, and he can do anything he likes with clay and wax. What he does is always compact of high seriousness and often tragedy. There is the

MAN AND FATE

ECSTASY

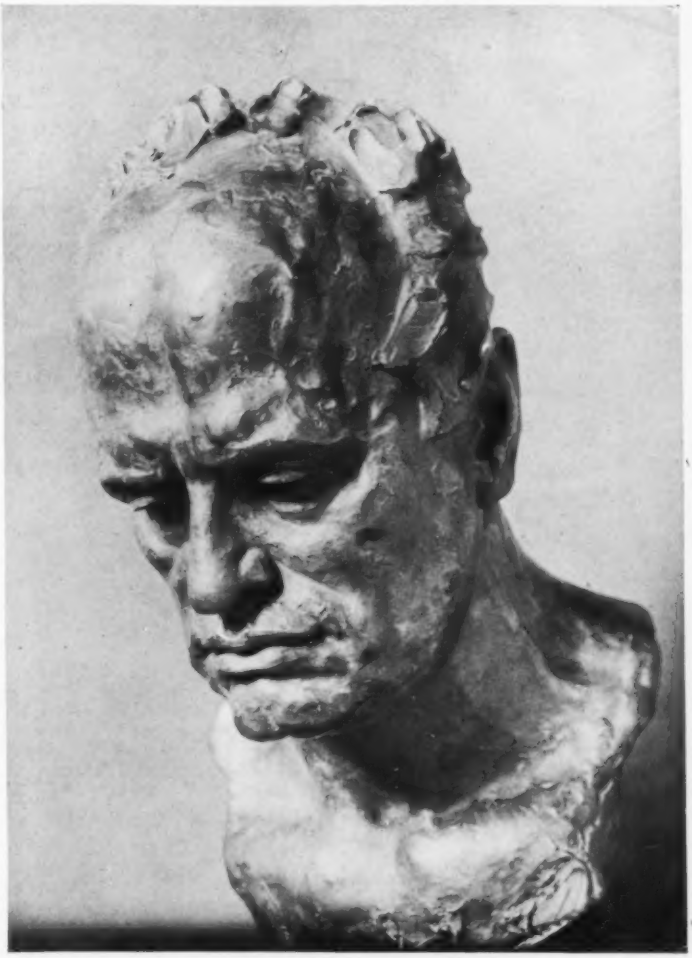
" Cain," in which agony of soul is presented with the utmost plastic efficiency; the "Abel" is equally fine—fear and wonder are mingled, not only in the expression of the face, but in the shrinking, almost cringing attitude of the whole body. Less dynamic than the " Cain," it is no less expressive. The heights of expression and of dynamism in sculpture are reached in the bronze " Icarus," a figure three metres in height, falling headlong from the skies, arrested by a mass which seems to come up from the earth's surface to mitigate the last violence to the ambitious spirit. The face is full of the agony of disappointment and despair; the legs are reflexed over the body, the arms extended downwards in protest of the indignity of failure. The whole figure is modelled with every detail, not only of bony planes and muscles, but with surface indications of arteries and veins swollen in the immense effort which has resulted in disaster. The figure is an ironic comment on man's effort to fly, of singularly piercing efficiency.

Greek myth also yields further incentive to Ambrosi in such directions as " Jupiter and Juno," and the Prometheus subject. Not since Shelley has so perfectly a lyrical expression of Prometheus been called forth as Ambrosi's version. It, too, is an agony, but an agony of bliss; the agony of the eternal kiss enshrined in plastic form. In this work Ambrosi approaches nearest to the classical idea of form, but it is by no means an exercise in form for form's sake, in spite of its obvious design—obvious, but at the same time natural, which makes even artifice acceptable. In this piece of sculpture the artist proves that with a purely lyrical, as apart from a purely tragic subject, the

STUDY OF HANDS

suave beauty of the Greeks reaches its zenith. A similar design to this beautiful work is to be seen in "Genius and Idea," but with more action than is usual in the Greek, and this applies, too, to the agonized figure of "Eve after the Fall," "The Evil Conscience," and the marble group of "Spring." In "Orpheus and Eurydice" the more dynamic manner is reverted to, and this may be seen in many works far more restive than even the "Laocoon," and indeed far more poignant.

Ambrosi fits his method to his subject, and an interesting example of a departure from the usual coarseness of modelling is seen in the very smooth and somewhat simplified fluidity of "Ecstasy" and the bronze groups of "Faithfulness" and "Die Traumwandlerin," and to a smaller extent in the study for the grave memorial to Nietzsche. While the "Promethidenlos" is his most ambitious and biggest idea, he has made several large grave memorials, and while he has celebrated great men in their deaths, he has also made living portraits of August Strindberg, Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche, Richard Strauss, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Benito Mussolini among others, full of keen character-observation and, on the whole, faithful naturalism. These heads and many others he makes of types, and his further studies of torsos, taken in conjunction with the many studies of hands, for their character, serve to indicate the range of his research.



BENITO MUSSOLINI

NOTES ON ART IN ITALY*

By J. A. F. ORBAAN

III

A LOST MASTERWORK OF ADAM ELSHEIMER?

THROUGH the researches of Weizsäcker especially, who has devoted many years of study to the subject, the work of this great master, Elsheimer, is as well known as could be desired. In comparison with the short span of life which was allotted to this "Roman painter of German descent" (Bode), his *œuvre* is important enough as regards the number of still extant paintings and those which we know of through contemporary engravings.

From documentary evidence, which I am

* For previous instalments see APOLLO, vol. vi, no. 31 (July 1927), pp. 27–29.

fortunate enough to bring here straight from the Medici Archives in Florence, we learn of a lost masterpiece of the same Elsheimer to which, perhaps, a small painting in the Uffizi and a drawing in the Städel Institute in Frankfort may be related.

The subject seems to me of sufficient interest to print here the documents I discovered amongst the treasures of the above-mentioned State Archives, which are almost unexplored as far as the period of the Baroque in Italy is concerned:

1612, August 25. *The painter Agostino Tassi writes from one of the Roman prisons—almost on the site of the present English College, near the Farnese palace—to the Court in his home-town, Florence. He has seen in the house of a Spaniard some paintings on copper by Adam Elsheimer and advises the Grand Duke of Tuscany to buy them from this gentleman, who, if not, will sell them to his own sovereign. This letter, written by some clerk, is signed by Tassi in his own handwriting.*

The very same sheet of paper, with the date 1612, *September* 8*—which allows more than sufficient time for the letter to have reached Florence, the faster delivery reaching then in about three days—contains an order given and most probably also written by the Grand Duke himself. Anyway, by those lines one of the principal secretaries of the Tuscan Court is ordered to write to Piero Guicciardini that he shall look up the paintings with Lodovico Cigoli and give a report with the opinion of this Florentine painter in Rome.*

1612, September 8. *One of the other secretaries writes in the meantime directly to Tassi, asking him to get in touch with the ambassador in Rome.*

1612, September 26. *The painter Tassi follows up the above order and sends his Spaniard to the Palazzo Firenze (or to the Villa Medici, where Guicciardini resided in summer). He uses the opportunity to mention his (otherwise known) quarrel with Orazio Gentileschi, in order to have a chance to leave the uninviting abode of Corte Savella, after a stay of eight months.*

Evidently the Tuscan ambassador also received directly from Florence his orders to go and inspect the work of art in company with Lodovico Cigoli, and he consulted a cardinal on the subject.

1612, October 5. *Piero Guicciardini went with Cigoli to see the paintings of Adam Elsheimer. They do not seem to him worthy of entering into the collections of the Grand Duke, as stated in more details on an inserted sheet.*

By one of those curious chances to which assiduous researches in archives make us accustomed, the "inserted sheet" has found a place with the above-mentioned letters of Agostino Tassi. This fact would be easily misleading, but the handwriting shows clearly that it is not his. Besides, his confinement in prison already excluded this bit of expert work as being done by the painter. And then the rather sketchy report is written by Guicciardini, as comparison with other examples of his calligraphy easily shows us.

Some years later the art-loving Court of Florence remembers the name of Elsheimer, which evidently in the meantime has become more famous, and Piero Guicciardini himself changes his opinion to a decidedly favourable one.

1619, December 4. *The Spaniard has become involved in difficulties in the meantime and would under present circumstances be satisfied with less than the three thousand dollars he asked originally for the work of Elsheimer in his possession. But he is pressed for time. On the other hand, the ambassador does not like to rely entirely on his own opinion and wants to have the approval of Cardinal del Monte before he closes the bargain.*

With this letter goes another inserted sheet, containing a more detailed description of the whole painting.

(*Inserto*) Primo quadro: Santa Elena parte da Roma per andare a trovar la croce.

Secondo: quando arriva in Jerusalem, dove fa chiamar quell' hebreo, che haveva notizia, dove la croce fosse.

Terzo: quando cavarono la croce della cisterna, dove stava sotterrata.

Quarto: quando, trovato tre croci, provorno qual fosse di Cristo col mettervi sopra un ammalato, che moriva, che subito risanò.

Quinto: quando Heraclio, fatto pace con Cozdra si fece restituir la croce, che egli la porta in Jerusalem et andando a cavallo non poteva entrare nè andare innanzi et gli fu detto, che bisogna andare con humiltà et pio cuore.

Sesto: quando, smontato, portava la croce in spalla con agevolezza.

Sono li sei per piedistallo et ornamento del settimo che è un Santissimo Paradiso, come cosa acquistata col mezzo di questo segno della ✠, la quale sta in mezzo di esso col Testamento Vecchio et Nuovo, all' intorno: cori di angeli; di sopra, profeti, patriarchi, huomini, et donne più basso.

1619, December 9. *The Court approves.*

1619, December 10. *And the next day the order goes to the embassy in Rome.*

1619, December 14–28. *Piero Guicciardini finishes the affair for less than half of the price asked for it, and shortly after Christmas it is sent to Florence.*

And since?

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE RENDERS COLLECTION*

NOTHING in the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House aroused so much comment and controversy as the group of pictures from the collection of M. Renders, of Bruges. The majority of them were practically unknown, despite the assiduous gleaning of recent years in the field of early Flemish art; and the majority, also, were claimed, and on the face of it appeared to be, important works of famous masters. Naturally critics were surprised or piqued. Some directly challenged not only attributions, but age; others, more cautious, talked darkly of repaints and restoration, and the difficulty of fitting this, that, or the other work into the logical sequence of a particular master's *œuvre*. Consequently, news that this catalogue was on its way to publication aroused considerable interest and speculation. Would it silence hostile criticism? Would it allay doubts, and so bring the Renders pictures within the charmed circle of the accepted? In fact, it will do neither. No pains have been spared to make the catalogue a fine piece of book production. Every picture, to the number of sixteen, is reproduced in monochrome; and six of the most important (and disputable) are well reproduced in colour. The type is good and well-spaced, and the paper excellent; though the decorative figure-pieces printed in red might have been spared. Moreover, with great generosity M. Renders is giving the whole of the proceeds of sale to the Société des Amis du Musée de Gand, which has helped the Ghent Gallery to become among the best in Belgium. Thus, there is every incentive to lovers of art to purchase the book. But they must not expect to find all their difficulties dispersed. M. Hulin de Loo, in his introduction, explains how the collection was brought together, as the harvest of a keen eye and assiduous search for pictures " in private houses where they had remained hidden or neglected for centuries, or in small provincial antiquarian shops where chance had left them stranded." Yet when we turn to the notes on the history of the pictures at the end of the volume we find that at least half the collection had changed hands in recent years before being acquired by M. Renders; and that of the others, one had been exhibited at Bruges in 1867, another in 1902. So much for the concealment for centuries. In fact, no justification of the pictures by pedigree is put forward; so we must turn to M. Edouard Michel's catalogue for justification on the grounds of character and quality. It is unfortunate that M. Michel did not write in French, or have his proof revised in England; since his text reads haltingly, and contains phrases, inversions, and words which are either incorrect or not idiomatic. Moreover, for a book on such an elaborate scale, there are too many misprints, such as the twice repeated Stoedel for Staedel, Houdain for Hesdin, Reniers for Reiners, and the inexcusable *stigmatæ* for *stigmata*. These, however, are not matters of substance. More important is what M. Michel says about the pictures. He is enthusiastic to the point of verbosity; but his analysis is apt to be slipshod, and his reasoning defective. Take, for example, the entry relating to No. II, a little " Crucifixion " (No. 4 in the Franco-Flemish Exhibition). An open statement that the work is a " replica " of one by Duccio is later watered down to one that it is " a direct imitation of a work done by Duccio or one of his successors." The painting is then dissociated from Italy, the drapery having been " taken direct from Beauneven," though " judging from the details of style and workmanship we are pretty close to Jacquemart

* *Early Flemish Paintings in the Renders Collection at Bruges.* Introduction by G. HULIN DE LOO, and Notices by EDOUARD MICHEL. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1927.) £3 3s.

de Houdain." The conclusion is reached on this reasoning that " this panel is a very rare and very valuable document concerning the influence of Italy on Franco-Flemish art." In other words, after a far from conclusive attempt to prove the picture Franco-Flemish, it is exalted into a test of what Franco-Flemish art was ! Similar procedure is followed in the discussion of a copy attributed to Memling of the " S. Mary Magdalene in the Braque Triptych " (now in the Louvre), by Rogier van der Weyden (No. 42 Flemish Exhibition). An unconvincing comparison with Memling's " Marriage of S. Catharine " is supported by the speculative hypothesis of Memling having been a pupil of Rogier. The picture is then adduced as " of great import by reason of the precise and certain information it affords us of the habits of work and the artistic customs of the great painters of the fifteenth century." In fact, the only precise and certain information it gives is that somebody copied part of Rogier's picture. Again, take the little " Virgin and Child " (No. 43 Flemish Exhibition) attributed to Memling. The picture chosen to support the claim is the " Virgin and Child " at Berlin (No. 529), which is placed in the Klassiker der Kunst volume among paintings whose authorship is considered doubtful; while the comparison made with the Donne triptych would prove as much or as little for any school piece. Thus established as by Memling, the picture is then held to prove that Memling's " Madonnas " had a prototype among those of Bouts, and to be a " valuable document " throwing a new light on a hitherto almost unknown period of Memling's career.

Many other points for criticism might be raised, such as the use throughout of vague and unhelpful analogies with Italian work. For example, why should the motive of No. XV, " The Virgin Holding the Child Standing on Her Knees," probably have been borrowed by Rogier van der Weyden from Italy, seeing that it is exactly that of the Chichester Roundel ?

But even such sins of commission might have been pardoned, were it not for one of omission. On the all-important matter of the condition of the pictures, there is complete silence. It was on this that criticism largely turned; yet nothing is said to explain or justify it. Thus, the case for the Renders pictures must still be regarded as non-proven.

W. G. CONSTABLE.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI *

THIS handsome volume forms a worthy contribution by the British Society of Franciscan

In the collection of Viscount Lascelles, K.G.
THE SOLITUDE OF MOUNT ALVERNIA
By Antonio Vivarini
(From " St. Francis of Assisi ")

Studies to the chorus in praise of the Poverello which has afforded so remarkable a testimony to his influence seven centuries after his death.

* *St. Francis of Assisi: 1226–1926. Essays in Commemoration,* with a Preface by PROFESSOR PAUL SABATIER. With eleven Plates, and Frontispiece in Colour. Edited by WALTER SETON. (University of London Press, Ltd.) 16s. net.

It is also a singularly fitting memorial to its editor. Walter Seton's premature death has left a gap in many places, but nowhere more conspicuously than in the Society for whose advancement he spent his energies and used his great abilities with such ungrudging and enthusiastic zeal. Besides editing the volume, he has contributed two articles on themes which he was well qualified to handle: an attempt to reconstruct the last two years of the life of St. Francis, and a survey of the successive steps towards the "Rediscovery" of the Saint which the last half-century has witnessed.

Professor Sabatier does high honour to this country when he says in his brief preface: "Pourquoi ne pas le dire puisque c'est un fait: l'esprit franciscain est mieux compris en Angleterre que partout ailleurs." May St. Francis save us from spiritual pride! All the articles are by acknowledged masters in their respective subjects. Professor Tancred Borenius writes on "Some Franciscan Subjects in Italian Art." Very wisely he refuses "to re-traverse ground which must be familiar to anybody at all interested in the subject," and so gives himself space to describe some little-known paintings of great interest, such as the altarpiece at Pescia, painted by Bonaventura Berlinghieri in 1235 (one of the very earliest of extant Franciscan pictures), the *paliotto* assigned to Giunta Pisano, now over the sacristy door of the lower church at Assisi, and the beautiful altarpiece by Sassetta. The excellent plates all refer, naturally, to his article. Professor F. C. Burkitt achieves the amazing feat of making a closely-reasoned "Study of the Sources" for the life of St. Francis not only readable and intelligible to the mere layman, despite its recondite intricacy, but full of stimulating suggestion; especially interesting is the analogy of its problems to those presented by the Gospels. Professor Edmund Gardner writes illuminatingly on "St. Francis and Dante" and on the "Little Flowers." Professor A. G. Little treats a subject which he has long made his own, "The First Hundred Years of the Franciscan School at Oxford." Dr. Camillo Pellizzi discusses "Franciscan Thought and Modern Philosophy." Mrs. Arthur Strong, writing on "St. Francis and Rome," emphasizes many episodes in the Saint's life which are ignored by most of his biographers, in particular his friendship with Jacopa di Settesoli. In the concluding article, "Two Franciscan Mystics," Miss Evelyn Underhill makes the interesting suggestion that Angela of Foligno was directly influenced (at least as to diction) by the *laude* of her contemporary Jacopone da Todi.

J. A. HERBERT.

LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART*

IT may be doubted whether there is any chapter in the whole of art history which is more interesting both from the strictly artistic point of view and from its dramatic and human

L'ATELIER
By Corot
(From "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting," by Clive Bell)

appeal than that which Mr. Clive Bell has chosen as the subject of his recent volume. To be sure, there are other "hundred years"

* *Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting*, by CLIVE BELL. xi+214 pp., 20 illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.) 10s. 6d. net.

of immense artistic importance—say, the *Quattrocento* in Italy—and we know up to a point about their very fascinating human aspects; but still there is no comparison—in the present state of our knowledge, at any rate—with the century which saw the most intense conflict of opinions ever recorded, the dramatic succession of such movements as Classicism, Romanticism, Naturalism, Impressionism, and the Reaction—whatever we call it—to the latter movement.

A magnificent subject, then, and one particularly suited to Mr. Clive Bell's vivid, combative style. "Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting" is of course preponderantly, almost exclusively, an affair of France, though the contribution of England is by no means overlooked; and I would single out the two chapters on the Pre-Raphaelites and Turner as particularly valuable on account of the sense of proportion, of the historical and æsthetic perspective, which they evince in the treatment of subjects which have hitherto mainly been dealt with by apologists and not by critics.

The literature on the subject of Mr. Clive Bell's book is already an enormous one, and primary sources—such as artists' diaries or other writings and articles by contemporary critics—exist in almost bewildering numbers. The volume is built on a remarkably wide and solid foundation of historic fact, but it would not be from the pen of its author if it were not at the same time most agreeable and stimulating to read. To take an instance, a sketch such as that of Ingres (pp. 145 to 161) is absolutely masterly as a reconstruction of the amazing personality, and at the same time brings out the essentials of his art with the utmost clearness. But it is invidious to point out arresting passages in a book which should be read as a whole, and as such succeeds in giving a most remarkable abstract of the significance of a phase in the history of art as complex as it is fascinating.

TANCRED BORENIUS.

GOTHIC FOLIAGE SCULPTURE*

How often has it not happened to many of us, in the course of our visits to medieval churches in town and country, that we wished we had an opportunity of carrying away with us some record of the sculptured details of the building concerned, and more especially of the capitals in which the characteristics of a period art generally are most tersely summed up? A sketchbook or camera sometimes, of course, does provide that opportunity, but in the cases of most people the chances let slip doubtless easily predominate. These reflections are prompted by Mr. Gardner's very attractive volume, in which a series of architectural details is given in photographic reproductions, the examples selected ranging from the Anglo-Saxon period down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the main stress, however, as indicated in the title of the book, being laid on the Gothic specimens. Mr. Gardner's photographs are just the kind of record we have so frequently longed to possess of things seen, and conversely they act as a most powerful stimulus to go and examine the originals either afresh or for the first time.

CAPITAL, SALISBURY (*c.* 1260)
(*From "English Gothic Foliage Scu'pture," by Samuel Gardner*)

* *English Gothic Foliage Sculpture*, by SAMUEL GARDNER. xvi+56 pp., 122 half-tone plates. (Cambridge University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Sixty-three localities are represented, some more and some less familiar; among the latter, the reviewer notes with particular pleasure Broadwater, Sussex, as reviving memories of a very enjoyable chance visit to the most interesting mother church of Worthing. The letterpress is brief and to the point, and altogether the book cannot fail to appeal to all lovers of medieval art.

THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC*

SUCH a book as this excites thought, if not exactly in the direction intended by its editor. For it is an excellent example of the tendency, prevalent above all in America, to allow ritual to attain an importance which makes it an end in itself. That the ritual in this case belongs to science, rather than to religion, does not alter its essential character; on the contrary, it shows that, though we have exchanged one religion for another and today the Almighty prefers to communicate to us through the high-priests of science—whose dicta the layman no more dreams of disputing than his forbears did those of the hierarchy—we remain His wondering and obedient children. The book before me, for instance, asks a question: "What effect does music have upon me?" It is one that has often been asked and answered. The ever-curious Greeks pushed their speculations far in their attempts to find satisfactory explanations to the problems it offers. The Christian Fathers had their own views upon the subject, which did not always tally one with another. The poets have diverted their intuition to the same question, and you can find numerous instances in Shakespeare of his interest in the matter. So far, so good. The highest manifestations of the scientific and the poetic imagination are very similar; both consist in discovering hidden affinities and unsuspected analogies. But to return to my point: there is a type of modern so-called scientific inquiry which flourishes particularly in America, where rich men endow science and build laboratories that result in the glorification of what can only be described as ritual. It shows itself in a simple-minded belief in the efficacy of schedules, the filing-cabinet, graphs, and other "tools of statistical procedure." Data are collected with the most painstaking industry; their results are collated and set forth in language which takes a special pleasure in the use of adjectives coined from abstract nouns. The result is such a book as this. When one has struggled through it one does not wonder any more at the uncreative atmosphere of the United States so far as the art of music is concerned.

It is, however, exceedingly interesting as a phenomenon. Some of the investigations contained in this volume appear to have been incited by a prize offered by Mr. Thomas A. Edison through the Edison-Carnegie Music Research. Certainly one notices that the phonograph plays a very important part. "In order to secure uniform presentation of material," writes one contributor, "the phonograph was employed for the production of music." Even so, will the future scientific investigator into the sources and nature of gastronomic enjoyment make sure of his experiment by using only tinned food? The human material, it is refreshing to read, was occasionally fractious, objecting to the "renditions" either because of the interpretation or because of the "grating of the phonograph disk." However, on the whole the industry of the experimenters was equalled by the complaisance of the experimentees, and their courage did not seem to fail them even when presented with the most terrifying charts. One of these has thirty categories. Another, a "Mood Change Chart," is filled with some forty squares intended for the insertion of crosses by the listener as his mood changes. In one case the camera has been used to snap the display of emotion on the human faces divine while listening (1) to unfamiliar classical music; (2) to "jazz"; (3) to very familiar classical music; (4) to very familiar "jazz." All this material is then tabulated and much of it is duly reduced to statistical tables. I cannot forbear from quoting one that occurs in chapter IV: "An Experimental Study of the Nature of Musical Enjoyment":

The amount of range between that quality which showed highest relationship to pleasantness and that which showed lowest is, for each observer, as follows:

Observer.	Highest.	Lowest.	Range.
1	·67 (sadness)	·29 (dignity)	·38
2	·63 (stirring)	·16 (dignity and sad)	·47
3	·55 (amuse)	·22 (dignity)	·33

It is worth while adding that a good many of the investigators who have contributed to this volume are women.

H. E. WORTHAM.

* *The Effects of Music, a Series of Essays.* Edited by MAX SCHOEN. The International Library of Psychology. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

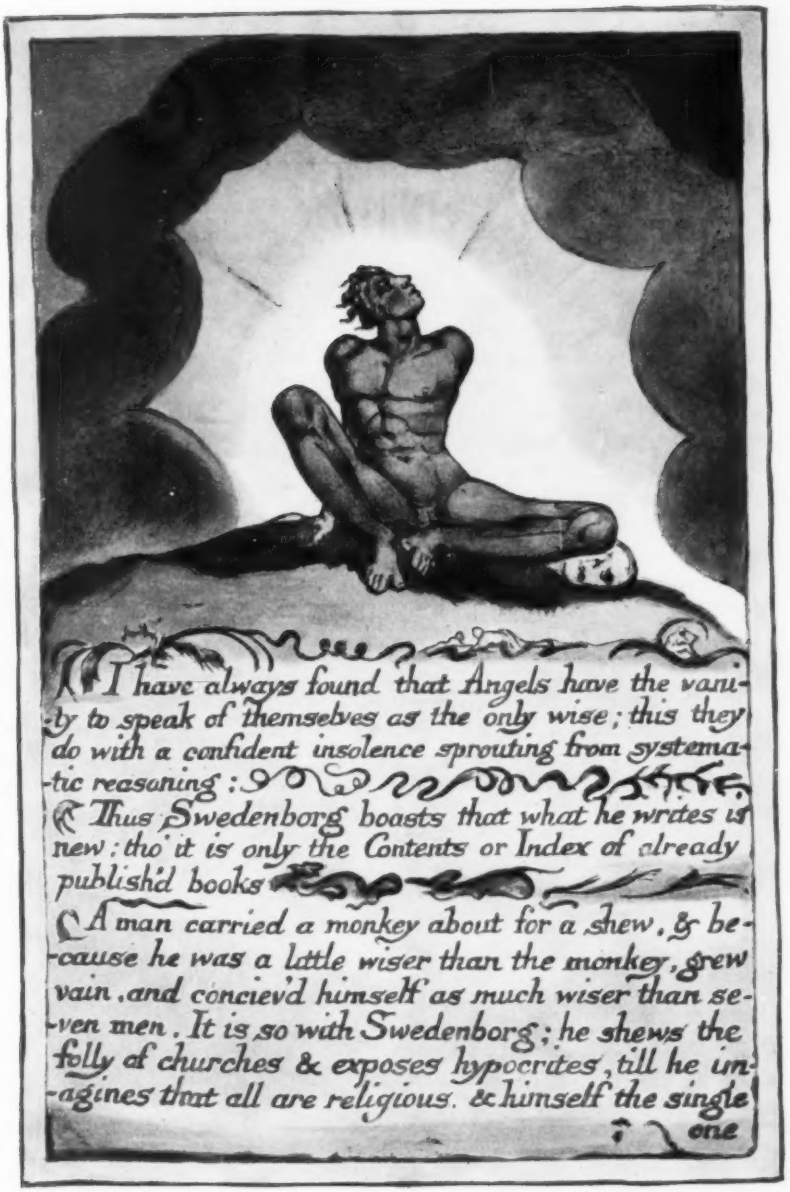
FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTING *

WITH this volume Sir Charles Holmes ends his great work on the national collection which owes so much to his control. To many it will seem the most interesting of the three volumes, not only on account of its dealing with the art of England, and because it takes within its survey the production of the present time, but owing to its implicitly containing the summing-up of Sir Charles's views on the art of painting in general. It is the pronouncement of a vast experience of art by one whose actual practice is extremely able as well. Its final judgment on the turbulent conditions of painting in this country at the present day is at the same time salutary and encouraging. Without the voicing of any chauvinist nationalism, the absolute necessity is shown of preserving in England the very definite traditions of English painting and the danger of blindly deserting the national basis in favour of a wild-goose chase after alien methods. The warning not to be led away by the forceful and specious machinery of foreign propaganda is timely indeed, and the depressing reflection of the economic state of the country upon its art production, which renders easier the efforts of such propaganda, is boldly and honestly displayed. Yet Sir Charles is most liberally alive to any manifestation from abroad, in the development of painting itself, which may enlarge by judicious adaptation the field of native work. The whole volume is a most valuable display of mingled broad-mindedness and sanity, a notable cold blast of health against hysteria. Although primarily it is a guide of splendid proportions to the National Gallery, it is also a history of French and English painting from their earliest beginning. There is necessarily concentration, but never abruptness, and this is likely to remain for a long time the standard and indispensible book upon its subject. Had we over here that pride for our art, along with the knack of organizing our national *réclame*, which our neighbours possess, that part of the volume relating to English art would be widely disseminated across the Channel. The writing is a very delicate blend of the personal and the informative; there are no alarming ex cathedra verdicts; criticisms are made avowedly on the basis of an individual taste, but one with a basis of the widest knowledge and culture. The chapter on the Japanese is unexpected and necessary, and what is said of the lack of their work in our collections, for comparison with the painting under their influence, must receive attention. But gratitude to Sir Charles Holmes must not fail to include the publishers, whose vital part in the reproductions of this volume has been excellently done.

THE DAMOZEL OF THE SANCT GRAEL
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

T. W. EARP.

* *The National Gallery: France and England (Old Masters and Modern Art)*, by SIR CHARLES HOLMES. (G. Bell and Sons.) 25s. net.


I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning:
Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new: tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books
A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and concieved himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious. & himself the single one

BLAKE'S "THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL." PLATE XXI

DARWIN OR BLAKE?*

THE present interest in William Blake is a sign of the times. The greater the triumphs of science, the more facts about Nature we *know*, the greater the opposition to this form of knowledge. If we take—for convenience—Darwin and his theory of evolution as the starting point of a new era it will be seen that this new era is still in its swaddling clothes, gazing at the light, moving its fingers, giving utterance to its sensations, but as yet understanding nothing. Opposed to this view, however, are those who on the contrary believe

* *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* By WILLIAM BLAKE. Reproduced in facsimile, with a note by MAX PLOWMAN. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.) 21s. net.

that the methods of science are nugatory, that our real life is the evolutionless and eternal life of the spirit, and real knowledge only that which we receive by intuition. Of these, Blake was apparently one; the qualifying apparently is necessary because even those who have made of Blake's art and writings a life study can neither see nor say *exactly* what he meant. According to Mr. Plowman, who is one of the two or three living Blake authorities, understanding of Blake, so far as it goes, requires a subconscious act of intuition. We are at a point of time when this division between the soul and the intellect, between intuition and reason, between subjective knowledge and objective truth, is beginning to lose its demarcation, even as force and matter have lost it—and so perhaps the distinction between God and man will lose its significance, and the delphic "know thyself" may come to be recognized as the world will seeking consciousness through man.

It is because such problems are now of peculiar relevance that Blake's profoundest, or at all events least difficult, book, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," should be read, not as a literary and artistic curiosity, but as a living contribution to human experience. Both Messrs. Dent and their process-block makers, as well as Mr. Max Plowman, deserve the gratitude of all lovers of Blake and of the wider circle of readers who will now come in contact with this absorbingly interesting book probably for the first time. To see the facsimile edition with its coloured illustrations—there are only nine copies of Blake's original edition—is essential, because "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" depends as much upon its text as upon its illustrations.

HERBERT FURST.

SHAKESPEARE IN A NEW LIGHT*

So much has been written about Shakespeare by every conceivable kind of writer, from the poet and the student to the astrologer and the folk-lorist, so much affirmed, disputed, reaffirmed, that the poet has become a department of literature and the man himself almost a myth. In such circumstances it seemed hardly credible that any author could hope, at this late stage, to say something that would have the effect of making the man Shakespeare emerge once more into the living light of our own day. Yet this unlikely task has been performed by Madame de Chambrun, whose work has been deservedly awarded the Bordin Prize of the French Academy.

THE "GARRICK BUST" OF SHAKESPEARE

After reading this book the general reader will once more breathe freely, for the American-French author leaves no doubt whatever in one's mind that Shakespeare was a being of flesh and blood who wrote the plays and the poems that bear his name, and wrote them by himself unaided. She presents him to us step by step from cradle to his death; shows him to us in his physical, mental, and spiritual evolution and environment; tells us what his contemporaries thought about him, his plays, and his "company," and how he was remembered by the succeeding generation. In this manner things that will be new at least to the general reader come to light again or, as presented by her, assume a new significance. So, for example, she draws attention upon John Florio, "the forgotten link which

* *Shakespeare, Actor-Poet.* By CLARE LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) 10s. 6d.

connects Shakespeare with both the French and Italian Renaissance." Incidentally, she prints a dialogue, from Florio, concerning a " match of tennis " and " the plays they play in England." " The match described," she says, " might be played in our own time in so far as technical terms and counting are concerned. The net was represented by a tightly stretched cord, and the fragility of the balls rendered the sport costly. This set of six games put out of commission three dozen and a half balls." It is these little " asides " which make the book such pleasant reading. In connection with her investigation of the Fulman-Davies references to Shakespeare—from which we learn that " He dyed a Papist "—she writes caustically : " When I first presented myself at Oxford, following the indication given above, I was confronted with obstacles of a different sort than those which Wood complained of. My unfortunate sex did not allow me to enter as a reader in the Corpus Christi Library." It will be gathered that Madame de Chambrun is a spirited writer, not afraid to speak her mind or to attack vigorously what she believes to be mistaken views or shallow criticism. She rehabilitates Rowe whom, in fact, she calls " the poet's best critic." Mme. de Chambrun writes in a simple, fluent, yet scholarly style in which one can only occasionally detect her American origin (e.g. " Essex felt so badly . . . that he presented Bacon," etc.) and a certain francophil bias : incidentally, she thinks that of all Hamlets " the absolutely original conception of Sarah Bernhardt, with its marvellous quality of youth and passion, was perhaps the most impressive."

The publishers are amply justified in calling this well-produced book—it has nine illustrations in addition to the text—" not only a thrilling biography, but also a thoroughly documented, intelligent, critical study of the poet's writings."

PORTRAIT PAINTING *

IT is curious how little has been written on the history and æsthetics of portrait-painting in general. Treating of a chronologically somewhat restricted period—that of the Italian Renaissance—Jacob Burckhardt has said some very noteworthy things on the subject in his " Beiträge zur Kunstgeschichte von Italien " ; and Alois Riegl made the Dutch group portrait the subject of a characteristically brilliant and penetrating essay. Mr. Furst has, however, cast his net much wider : it is the whole of portrait-painting, since the days of the Antique down to our own time, that forms the basis of his monograph, in which the historical as well as the æsthetic point of view is applied.

An enormous field to survey, to be sure ; and in addressing, as Mr. Furst does, a very large audience, the importance of insisting upon the cardinal points of the argument is paramount. He has acquitted himself very successfully of a very difficult task. An enormous amount of material has been sifted by him, but there is emphatically no danger—as is, indeed, but too often the case in popular treatises—of not seeing the wood for the trees. Whoever follows Mr. Furst through his pages will find himself well rewarded both as regards a better understanding of the general conditions that govern the art of portrait-painting, and as regards the light shed on many individual points of interest.

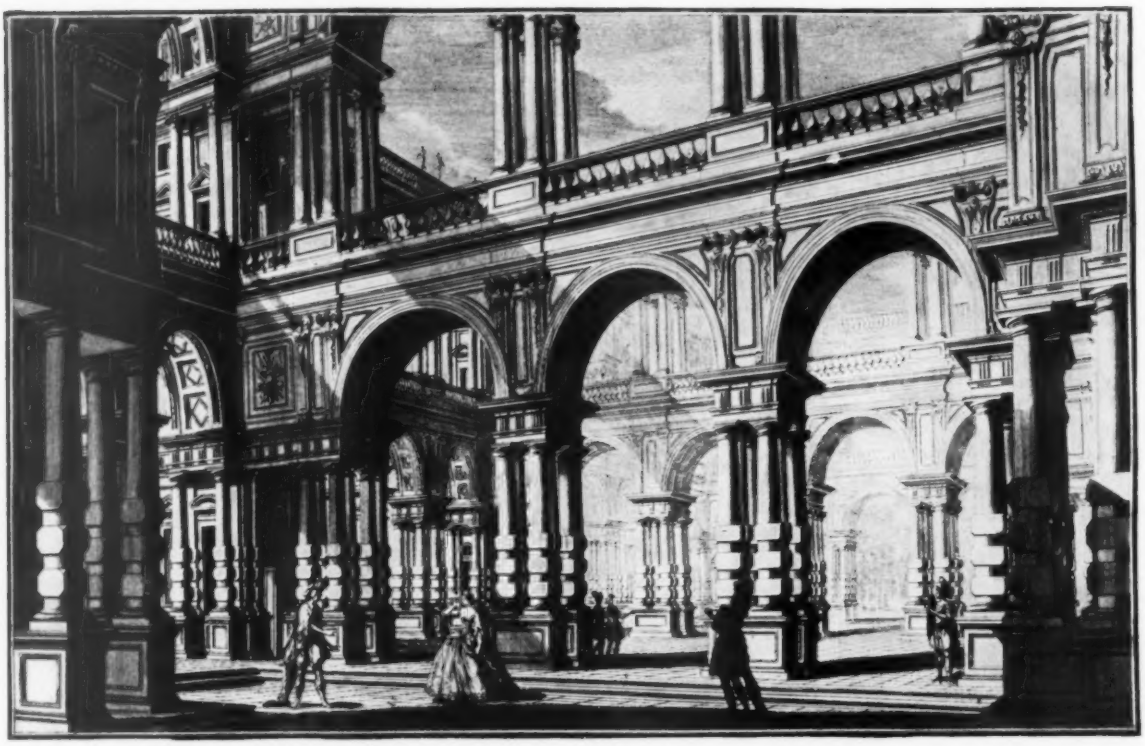
Helpful and stimulating though the letterpress of Mr. Furst's volume undoubtedly is, much of its message is, however, primarily carried by the illustrations. In these an attempt has been made to give immediate and graphic expression to the author's points of view by juxtaposition and contrast. The scheme is as elaborate as it is successful ; the bringing together of this enormous number of illustrations must have cost no end of trouble, but it certainly goes to make up the most vividly illustrative atlas imaginable. What could be more effective, for instance, than on Plate XX (" Different Reactions of the Same Sitter on Different Artists ") the juxtaposition of Whistler's and Greaves's portraits of Carlyle. Letterpress and illustrations, indeed, go hand in hand, but the eloquence of the blocks, when chosen with the care and deliberation here evinced, has a persuasive quality all its own.

* *Portrait Painting : Its Nature and Function.* By HERBERT FURST 166 reproductions. (The Bodley Head.) 31s. 6d. net.

" THE TRUE PLAY-GOER " *

IN how far is it necessary for the theatre-goer to understand something of the history of the

* *The Development of the Theatre.* A study of theatrical art from the beginnings to the present day. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL, M.A. With 260 illustrations. (London : George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd.) 42s. net.



THEATRICAL DESIGN BY GIUSEPPE BIBBIENA

(From "The Development of the Theatre," by Allardyce Nicoll)

stage, of the evolution of its architecture, its scenic effects, its costumes and its customs? The answer to this question is not as simple as it might seem. The problem is on the level with that other concerning the understanding of painting and sculpture. Shall we "understand" Rodin better if we are acquainted with Pheidias and Michelangelo? Does a knowledge of Roger Campin help us to appreciate Raphael and a familiarity with Raphael's works ensure a greater enjoyment of Courbet and a juster appreciation of Peter Breughel or Claude Monet? So long as we pose our question in a comparative sense the answer is without a doubt emphatically in the affirmative. This, however, assumes that the majority of art-lovers or the majority of theatre-goers, who cannot make such comparisons, are debarred from enjoyment, or can gain only a very small share of it. One might in fact maintain that the more the artist depends on the pre-knowledge of his spectators the weaker his work.

Professor Nicoll thinks otherwise, since he says in his preface to his book on the development of the theatre: "Unless we can appreciate the stage of Sophocles and the stage of Shakespeare (not separately, but in their inter-relations) we cannot hope to understand their works aright; unless we have a knowledge of past theatrical effort we can barely form an opinion concerning the more recent developments in scenic artistry."

If we accept these premises, Professor Nicoll's book becomes indispensable to the—only English-reading—theatre-going public at large. We cannot, however, think that he is entirely right. The "true play-goer," as he calls him, goes to be moved directly, because the true basis of art appreciation is emotional and intuitive, which has no need of historical, that is to say, intellectually acquired knowledge.

Professor Nicoll's scholarly, well-illustrated and printed book, interesting and useful to the stage producer and the playwright as it is, is essentially a book for the historian and the student of the theatre.

18½" × 10"

ENGLISH SAMPLER *Victoria and Albert Museum*
Martha Wheeler, 1710

SAMPLERS *

THE sampler bears silent testimony to the secluded lives of our ancestresses. Those neat alphabets, prim trees, Noah's Ark figures, and fabulous (but eminently domesticated) monsters tell us nothing about the great world outside; plagues, earthquakes, rebellions, invasions might threaten, but the industrious child gave them never a thought, being wholly

Samplers. By LEIGH ASHTON. (The Medici Society.) 17s. 6d.

engrossed upon her line of stitches. Even that more insidious form of revolution, capricious fashion, had no power in the nursery; Miss Sarah and Miss Tomasina were not encouraged to use their eyes and look about them, but learned to repeat unquestioningly the pattern taught them by parent or nurse, so that if they had not been considerate enough to add the year beneath their name and the edifying verse, we should often be hard put to it to guess within half a century the date of their handiwork. Mr. Ashton gives two or three striking instances of this persistent conservatism; in one, a design originally to be found in Sibmacher's " Schön neues Mödelbuch " of 1597, is still in use almost unchanged in Mary Smith's sampler dated 1729.

The history of the sampler is not a long one. It is difficult to trace it back in extant specimens much before 1600, though literary allusions to it occur a good deal earlier. The first examples known are elaborate affairs in which drawn and cut-work, needle-point lace stitches and other techniques compete with embroidery in coloured silks; these are, of course, the work of mature and highly accomplished practitioners. Later the making of samplers seems to have been considered as fit only for children, and a corresponding simplification of method supersedes the complicated ingenuity and dexterity of the previous period. Cross-stitch and darning-stitch are almost exclusively employed in the classical age of sampler-making, that is to say, from about 1700 to 1850.

The majority of Mr. Ashton's examples are English, but he gives a few specimens of German, Flemish, Danish, Spanish, and American origin; French samplers being almost unknown. Continental work differs from English chiefly in its more ambitious pictorial effects and its greater elaboration, the whole ground being often covered with stitches; of this type is a particularly attractive American sampler, dated 1784, and almost Oriental in the richness and gaiety of its detail.

Mr. Ashton's illustrations cover the field very thoroughly, and his text tells the common reader all he wants to know without involving him in a maze of specialist detail. While doing full justice to the historical side of his subject, he has a keen appreciation of its entertaining aspects; it is pleasant to see this slight, but charming, minor art handled with so much sympathetic discernment.

ROGER HINKS.

TITIAN'S DRAWINGS*

It is now some three years since Baron von Hadeln brought out the original German edition of his book on the drawings by Titian —a volume which at once was recognized on all hands as a most important contribution towards the study of Venetian Renaissance Art. The present English edition is, in consequence, very welcome; it is not a mere reprint of the German edition, for the author has been able to add six drawings to the number of examples accepted by him as genuine—making a total of forty-two instead of thirty-six. It is, in terms of percentage, a considerable augmentation, but all the same a commentary on the scarcity of Titian's drawings; as the author says, " if we fall back on statistics this would mean that for about every two years of his creative period there is one of the sketches which we have reproduced here."

A brief survey of the material illustrated and discussed by Baron von Hadeln may here be attempted, following the chronological order which is that of the plates. The beginning is made by a series of pen-and-ink drawings, including such well-known and superb examples as the study for one of the Scuola del Santo frescoes (Paris, Ecole des Beaux Arts) and the sketches for " Peter the Martyr " at Lille, so amazing in their suggestion of lightning movement. Among the less familiar examples the study of St. Sebastian at Frankfort is particularly interesting; it was discovered among the drawings of Netherlandish Masters in the Staedel Institute.

Special reference must be made to the very impressive Rembrandtesque pen-and-wash drawing at Darmstadt, " Landscape of Foothills of the Alps "—a rendering of Alpine scenery which would have delighted Josiah Gilbert. Could it, by the way, be a view of Monte Pelmo? Next come a number of black chalk drawings, of which the " Portrait of a Young Woman " in the Uffizi is a work of rare simplicity and monumental power; while a series of figure studies, drapery studies, and mythological and other subjects give us fresh evidence of the astonishing power of forceful statement which was Titian's. Some interesting school drawings are reproduced at the close of the volume, which will, we hope, soon be in the hands of all admirers of Titian.

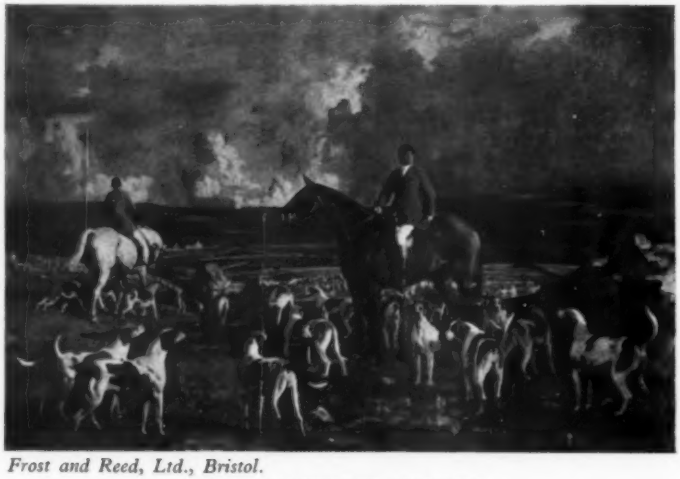
TANCRED BORENIUS.

**Titian's Drawings.* By DETLEV BARON VON HADELN. 50 collotype plates. (Macmillan.) £3 3s.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN
By Titian
(From "Titian's Drawings," by Detlev Baron von Hadeln)

GIFT BOOKS AND PICTURES*

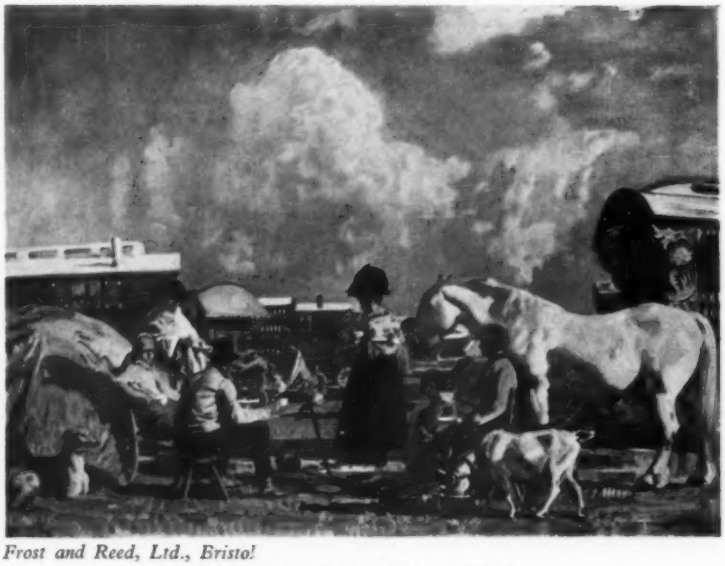
To look a gift-horse in the mouth is, proverbially at least, a *faux pas*. By that token a gift book or a gift picture need fear no adverse criticism. In this sense, however, the collection of Mr. Munnings' prints, published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, are not only ideal gifts but, in addition, challenge the closest scrutiny. Mr. Munnings understands horses and knows how to paint them in such a way as to satisfy the lover of good horseflesh. In addition he gives the charm of English country life and the typically English aspect of sunlight.



Frost and Reed, Ltd., Bristol.

THE KILKENNY HOUNDS

By A. J. Munnings, R.A.



Frost and Reed, Ltd., Bristol

GYPSIES ON EPSOM DOWNS

By A. J. Munnings, R.A.

Pictures are the ideal gifts, and it is probably for that reason that gift books are always associated with pictures. It would, in point of fact, be difficult to define the nature of gift books except as books distinguished by sumptuous decoration and illustration.

This definition fits Wagner's "Tannhäuser," freely translated and copiously illustrated and bound in black and gold. It is probable that Wagner's sentimental German would have bored the reader translated into an English equivalent, and in a gift book such niceties need in any case perhaps not be considered. The following, however, is a specimen of the translator's way of tackling the problem:

> Fair Evening Star, so pure and bright,
> I greet once more thy gentle light.
> Greet thou whene'er she pass the maid
> Whom ne'er my constant heart betrayed.
> When soaring from this vale of sadness
> She joins the angels in their gladness.

Similarly Mr. Willy Pogány has preferred the English rather than the German manner in his imaginative illustrations and the general style of "presentation," as will be gathered from the attractive specimen here included.

The author of the next item on our list of gifts forestalls criticism, or any attempt on the

* *A. J. Munnings' Gypsies on Epsom Downs, Derby Week; The Kilkenny Hounds.* Artist's proofs signed, six guineas each. Prints, £2 2s. Published by Frost and Reed, Bristol and London.

Tannhäuser: A Dramatic Poem. By RICHARD WAGNER. Freely translated in poetic narrative form by T. W. ROLLESTON; presented by WILLY POGÁNY. (George G. Harrap & Co.) 12s. 6d. net.

Ecclesiasticus; or, the Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach, according to the Revised Version. With illustrations by VIOLET BRUNTON and an Introduction by C. LEWIS HIND. (John Lane.) 25s. net.

ECCLESIASTICUS

(Illustration by Miss Violet Brunton)

recipient's part to look the gift-horse in the mouth. He says :

> Presents and gifts blind the eyes of the wise
> And as a muzzle on the mouth turn away reproof.

Jesus, the son of Sirach, was no doubt the Martin Tupper of his generation, enormously popular, but with a Hebrew wink, foreign to his nineteenth-century successor; for most of his saws, like the "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled," must have been hoary with age before he gathered them together. His morality is somewhat inferior to the Englishman's ; for instance, "Strive not with a rich

" TANNHÄUSER "
By Willy Pogány

man lest haply he overweigh thee," or the ingenuous :

> If a mighty man invite thee, be retiring,
> And so much more will he invite thee.

Miss Violet Brunton, whose illustrations are, presumably, the *raison d'être* of this present edition of Ecclesiasticus, reminds one in her manner often of Tenniel's illustration for the "Hunting of the Snark"; at other times they are entirely original. The volume is prefaced by an introduction from the pen of the late Mr. Lewis Hind.

LORD ERNLE'S "FAÏENCE PATRIOTIQUE"

By MRS. DONALD A. MACALISTER

TO appreciate Lord Ernle's interesting collection of "Faïence Patriotique," one need know very little about pottery, but it is necessary to enter into the spirit of the French Revolution. In most books on the subject the concentrated and violent effects of that great upheaval on the population of the towns—and especially of Paris, where the most tragic events took place—are more dwelt on than the effect on the country at large, which was in general pacifically inclined once it had secured its liberty. In following the popular feeling from step to step as depicted by the potters, I have had to rely to a great extent on Champfleury's delightful book, "Histoire des Faïences Patriotiques sous la Révolution," which was written when some of those were still alive who must as infants have been present at the scenes of terror.

The plates to be described were mostly made at Nevers or in that neighbourhood. They are hexagonal and all of the same size. The body is of a coarse reddish-brown pottery, extremely friable, coated with a tin enamel which imparts a greenish-pink hue. The decoration consists of a pleasing and simple border surrounding a crudely painted scene or trophy with a legend underneath or embodied in it, and the plates are often dated. The colours employed are yellow, orange, greyish-blue, light green and manganese, the

BOWL OF NEVERS WARE (1791)

latter being often nearly black. The potters of Nevers were unable to fire a red enamel successfully and used orange in its stead (viz. on the cap of liberty or the tricolour flag); so when red appears on a plate its origin can be traced to the east of France, probably to the kilns of Strasbourg or of Lorraine, where the artisans—for they were hardly artists—must have been more skilful.

The ware was in great demand at the time, and hundreds, possibly thousands, of examples of the most popular subjects were issued. Sets of a dozen plates, each with a different decoration, were given as wedding presents amongst the peasants of Normandy; and jugs, barbers' basins and dishes, sometimes with the owners' names on them, are occasionally to be met with. The Willett collection at the Brighton Museum contains a number of them in its section on "England and France," but there are none in our London museums, and Lord Ernle's may possibly be the only private collection in this country. Champfleury speaks feelingly of "la faïence parlante de Nevers," made for the use of the husbandmen and the bargees of the Nièvre, "which, though it cannot boast of the wonderful variety of colours of the pottery of Rouen, yet triumphs over Rouen in the popular eye, enabling the historian to study as from an open book the patriotic sentiments of the people—as simple as the enamel which decorates their plates."

Lord Ernle's collection was slowly gathered together many years ago from all parts of provincial France. He travelled over much of the country on foot, stopping here and there from Arras to Béziers, or Angoulême to Semur or Saintes. Some villages attracted his fancy by the sound of their entrancing names, such as Moulins-Engilbert in the Morvan district, or Gargilesse in the uplands which are the watershed of the Creuse. On one occasion at Cognac he thought he had stepped into a veritable treasure-house, a shop with the walls hung from top to bottom with faïence with every kind of inscription—royalist, revolutionary, something to suit all tastes. It is sad to record that every piece was a fake! During his wanderings Lord Ernle made friends with the peasants, and from them and from the little shops where old brass and iron and broken pottery were to be found he rescued these plates once treasured in the farmhouses and humble homes of the people who were just emerging into the liberty they symbolized, but neglected and discarded by their descendants who had forgotten the days of bondage and grinding poverty.

The first plate, illustrated on page 177 (No. 2), does not belong to the revolutionary period, though it may well be placed amongst the "faïence patriotique." It is painted chiefly in blue with a view of Chinon and its castle, the town where Joan of Arc received her sword and presented herself before the King, Charles VII, to whose service it was dedicated. The inscription is: "Chinon petite ville de grand renom. 1772." In Lord Ernle's opinion the plate forms one of a series depicting celebrated towns, possibly commanded by the bourgeoisie of Nevers for whom the potters of the district were catering.

Two other plates belong to the time when Royalty was still popular with the masses and "la loi" had not interfered with "le roi." Fig. 3 shows a crown, a wreath, and a large fleur-de-lis in a medallion, with a border formed of tiny sprigs of the French cornflower. This was the "Angoulême" or "Chantilly" sprig, imported to Caughley by Thomas Turner after his visit to Paris in 1782, which quickly became popular as a pattern at many of the English china factories and especially at Derby. Fig. 4 bears the date of the accession of Louis XVI, 1774, and is painted with a crown and fleur-de-lis and an emblem of flags and cannon.

The next plate (Fig. 5) shows what was probably to the masses the most popular act of the Revolution—the storming of the Bastille on July 14, 1789. Many variations of this theme exist. Lord Ernle possesses two, and as one of them appears in Champfleury's book I cannot do better than translate his description. "The besiegers were many, but ill equipped. But neither fortress nor troops can withstand great popular revolts. It is hearts laden with storm and not cannons loaded with powder which decide revolutions. It seems that this was how the potters saw it, for they depicted the Bastille, with its towers bristling with arms, besieged and conquered by *two* men and *two* guns." It is said that hundreds of these plates were sold all over France, showing how this naïve symbolism appealed to the simple country folk.

There are many plates in the collection relating to "le tiers état"—the nobles, the clergy, and the "people"—of which the sword,

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the crozier, and the spade are the usual symbols. While the people of France still hoped that all would go well, since Louis XVI had appeared before the Etats Généraux wearing their cockade on his hat and acknowledging the equal rights of the people's representatives, the three emblems appear in conjunction with the crown and the fleur-de-lis, and mottoes such as "Réunion," or "Union force," are sometimes found. In 1789 the Assembly ordered the troops to swear fidelity to "the Nation, the Law and the King," and from henceforward the king no longer takes the first place. Very soon his emblems disappear from the faïence altogether. The finest example of the "tiers état" pottery is a bowl of Nevers ware decorated in manganese, yellow and green, and inscribed "La nation, la loi et le roi, 1791" (Fig. 1, reproduced on page 175). Fig. 6, page 177, though dated earlier, is minus the crown.

Fig. 7, on the same page, depicts a blue curtain hanging above golden fleurs-de-lis defended by uplifted swords. Champfleury surmises that this plate was issued to commemorate a great banquet given in 1790 to the "Gardes du Corps" who protected the king. Some thousands of troops took part in it and there was much revelry and drunkenness which led to rioting afterwards. Or are these swords threatening to cut the golden cord and draw down the curtain upon Royalty?

Champfleury tells us that on a mound in the *place* of a little village in the Juras there stood a lonely tree. One day at dawn (many years ago now) he saw an old man, his back bent with age, approaching with slow steps. His face was but a wrinkle, but his glance was still keen. With trembling hands he poured over the roots of the tree a bowl of water which he had filled at the neighbouring stream. Every day—it was his morning prayer—he came to water the tree, for it was the Tree of Liberty, planted when he was born; and the children of that period were never allowed to forget! The first tree, according to an account in a newspaper of the day, was planted in 1790, and by 1792 Trees of Liberty had become of national importance and there were more than 60,000 scattered throughout the country. The oak was officially chosen as being most suitable owing to its hardihood, and it was recommended that it should be planted in a sheltered spot, if possible surrounded by other trees which would protect it, for by these means the Government hoped to encourage afforestation, which was then badly needed. The trees were planted on May 1 with great rejoicings in the villages, thus blending the pagan with the revolutionary feasts. It must always be remembered that amongst the peasants, far removed from the big towns, the Revolution was the beginning of a new life under better conditions and not the tearing down and destruction of the old orders and the nobility. All they wanted was peace and the right to enjoy the fruits of their labour without being ground down and despoiled at every turn by the *seigneurie*. The plate (Fig. 8) which represents this sacred tree comes from Lorraine, for the cap of liberty which crowns it is painted scarlet, and the fence which protects it on either side is scarlet also. Different examples were made at various other factories, but not all of them bear the proud inscription, "Liberté ou la mort." The bird of liberty with the open cage was almost as popular with the potters as the tree; our example (Fig. 9) is painted in the usual colours of Nevers.

To the people at large Mirabeau was without doubt the greatest of all the figures of the Revolution. His thundering eloquence dominated the Assembly, and his vices, which he never troubled to conceal, were the vices of a big man and were forgiven partly because they were so obvious. To many he appeared as the saviour of his country, and it was through his impassioned championship that the tricolour replaced the white flag and was adopted as the national emblem. At his death all France was in mourning, and immense crowds of free citizens gathered in Paris to watch the passing of his funeral cortège. His was the only name among the revolutionaries which was honoured by the potters; and hundreds if not thousands of the plate, with the tomb of Mirabeau surrounded with yews and decorated only in green and purple, were issued by the workmen of Nevers. "Aux mânes de Mirabeau la patrie reconnaissante. 1791" is on Fig. 10; while other variants bear the lines, "Aux mânes de Mirabeau, la patrie élève ce tombeau."

In 1791 the most popular cry was "Vive la nation." Ladies had it painted on their fans, and all over France the potters exercised their art to compose various devices embodying this patriotic outburst. Some of these, as in Fig. 11, symbolize the birth of a new nation.

Others show trophies of guns and flags crowned by the Phrygian cap. "W (vive) les bons citoyens," and "W la montagne," are on plates very simply decorated with a border and fern leaves, and "W la République Française. 1792" is inscribed on Fig. 12. The plate (Fig. 13) with the spirited drawing of the Gallic cock seems to be specially worthy of reproduction.

"Je suis las de les porter. 1791." This plate (Fig. 14), a rare one of unknown origin, depicts the peasant with his spade, bent under the weight of the sword and crozier. It has a corollary in that bearing the motto "Le plus fort l'emporte" (Fig. 15). By this time the peasant has got the upper hand of the clergy and nobility, and he and the emblems of his toil are henceforth in the ascendant. This popular Nevers plate is a favourite with the fakers; but though the colours on the modern forgeries are much the same, subtle differences can be noted in the drawing, which is less correct and has less vigour. In "L'équité" (Fig. 16), where the spade and hammer are weighing down the sword and crozier in the scales, the idea is much the same, and in "W l'utilité. 1792" the sword and crozier are buried in the wheatsheaf (Fig. 17). Curiously enough, another specimen of this plate in the collection bears the date of 1789. In 1783 the brothers Mongolfier invented the balloon. It has been depicted on every kind of ware, and many engravings are extant showing its early form. The plate (Fig. 18), which bears no inscription, has on it a balloon carrying two persons—one with, the other without, a hat. The first is obviously the peasant; the bareheaded figure is in all probability the priest, whose *tricorne* has been thrown out. The balloon appears to represent the State, which sails upwards when the clerical *tricorne* which weighed it down has been cast overboard. This must be an allusion to the "serment civique" which became law in 1790, when the priests had to swear to maintain the Constitution. Lord Ernle possesses one of the plates made at Nevers to celebrate this decree. On it a cherub holds a scroll with "W la nation, la loi et le roi" over a

flaming altar, while "le serment civique" is written above.

"Nous sommes invincibles." This warlike plate (Fig. 19), of which there were several variants, some of them bearing the date 1793, was issued when the enemies of the newly-formed republic were gathering on every side, and tells its own story. The next (Fig. 20) has a very different inscription and may have been produced many years later, when the Napoleonic wars were taking heavy toll of the peasantry. It represents a house called "Hôtel de la Paix" and a weary figure longing to arrive there. The last plate I have chosen to illustrate (Fig. 21) must have been very popular. It was made after the capture of Mantua (which was also, though rarely, depicted) to celebrate the victorious conclusion of the wars with Italy and the Treaty of Campo Formio which was signed in 1797. Thus "peace," which seemed to the simple and shortsighted potters to be the end of all their troubles, had at last been attained.

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A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

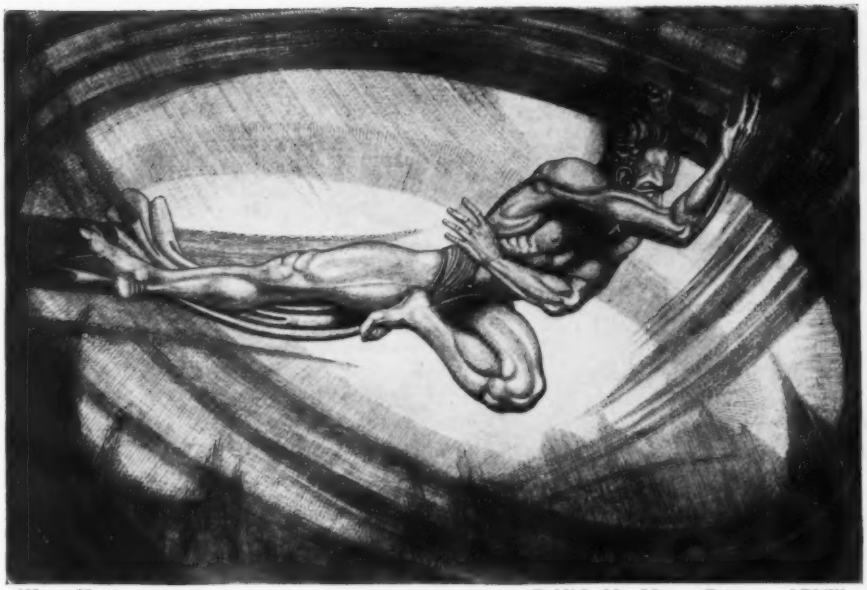
THE DRY-POINTS OF JOHN COPLEY

IT is extremely interesting to see an artist who has won high distinction in one graphic medium turning to work in another. Mr. John Copley is one of our most distinguished and original exponents of lithography used in its artistic form; he has achieved masterpieces, and there is no subtlety of the medium in its expression of light or dark that he has not compassed. His range of subject has been wide, and his treatment has invariably been marked by a distinctive personality. And not only in his handling of the lithographic chalk, but in his exquisite printing of the finished stone is the hand of the master unmistakable. Thanks to his own work, and the work of his wife, Ethel Gabain, whose range of accomplishment is peculiarly graceful and original, connoisseurs of prints have made a practice of collecting their lithographs who otherwise leave the medium severely alone. During their recent prolonged sojourn in Alassio both

9¾" × 8¾" *Published by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi*

AN OLD GENOESE

Dry-point by John Copley



7⅛" × 11¾" *Published by Messrs. Brown and Phillips*

LEAPING WIND
Etching by Vernon Hill

husband and wife have taken to etching, and with needle and dry-point they have pursued their several individual ways; but unhappily Mr. Copley's ill-health restricts the printing of his editions, so that each print becomes a rare thing. "From an Alassian Balcony" was done as he lay on the sofa, and we are shown the town and the Mediterranean across the balcony railings, with the jalousie shutters making for cosiness. In "Alassio" we have a different view; then there are "Three Bathers," in which the tall, thin bodies of the young men take the sunlight with peculiar subtlety, while the waves play beyond. Here, in "An Old Genoese," we have a very remarkable study of the old woman. In a head with straight black hair, set against palm leaves, is a face that has been beautiful long ago. The look is steady from deep-set eyes, but age and care have left many wrinkles in the rugged face, and the sunken mouth is firm. Mr. Copley has wrought with extraordinary subtlety of line, and the printing gives to every line and touch its full value. "Anselmo," the head of a very full-bearded monk, is also a study of much individuality and forcible character. Then there is "A Capucin Friar," there are "An Italian Ice-woman," "A Noble Lady of Genoa," and others. Mr. Copley has given print-collectors a fresh interest.

THE ETCHINGS OF VERNON HILL

Mr. Vernon Hill's vision is peculiarly his own; it wings its wayward flight at the beck of his imagination, which lures it to strange scenes and to "the light that never was on sea or land." A Yorkshireman of the great moors, of the country that Emily Brontë stamped immortally with "Wuthering Heights," he has never been able to see things as others see them. Nor can he be said to have had any real art training, though he passed some of his early years working for a trade lithographer. Yet in "An Arcadian Calendar," the first book he ever produced, it was easy

9" × 11⅞" *Published by Mr. Arthur B. Bailey*

PEASANT'S HOMESTEAD, NORWAY
Etching by F. H. Haagensen

$9\frac{7}{16}" \times 12\frac{1}{2}"$ *Published by the Abbey Gallery*

THE WINE SHOP, MADRID

Etching by Anthony Gross

to see a quaint fancy directing a curious invention quite different from that of anyone else. As an etcher there is something austere in the way Mr. Hill's imagination works, and moreover, there is something glyptic in the forms of his figures, as if he should also be a sculptor. Look, for instance, at the " Leaping Wind," how the figure falls into the sweeping rhythm of the design, yet how forcibly it is modelled, as if the muscles were stretched to leap with the wind. " The Spirit of Carnage," with brandished sword and yelling amid flames, is also a fine rhythmical design. Then there is the strange beauty of " The Vigil ": a naked knight, kneeling on a hillock, with a two-handed sword and a dog, while two figures lie sleeping in the foreground. " Solitude " is a satisfying design with its rhythmical lines, its abject nude girl and its sheep; and strangest of all, with its quaint beauty, is " Waiting ": an angel with two nude children in a boat, close to a curious landing stage, and a heron standing in the water, with a mysterious light over all.

SOME NORWEGIAN ETCHINGS

Norway is not a country that has appealed much to the British etcher, its atmosphere is too clear; but in its rugged, mountainous scenery is many an aspect of stern majesty which appeals to the native artist with the familiarity of a home scene. Mr. F. H. Haagensen is such an artist. He has etched the British Museum and other London subjects, yet without feeling

the true inwardness of them; but in his rendering of Norwegian themes, with their austere bareness and spaciousness, one feels that his foot is on his native heath, and he would not give them a look of prettiness if he could. In "Peasant's Homestead, Norway," the great fissured rock against which the peasant has made his home, with the bare, rugged space in front and the mountainous region behind, seems in no way strange; but the etcher has felt every cleft and fissure, and his lines have responded. Then there is "The Pilot's Home and Cutter," in which the almost secret waters of a mountain lake, with the pilot rowing home from his craft, are sternly beautiful with the contrasts of light and dark in the gigantic rocks and the light blazing through to the water. "Lapps' Encampment" and "Reindeer in Lapland, Norway," also have inspired the etcher's hand to other aspects of life in the far north. Mr. Bailey shows good judgment in publishing these things.

THE ETCHINGS OF MR. ANTHONY GROSS

A year ago I saw some etchings by Mr. Anthony Gross, in which I recognized promise but some lack of discipline in the line, though there was one plate, "Calle Gravina, Madrid," which, animated as it was with a bustle of population and happily illuminated by sunlight, had a casual charm of its own. This year I have happened again upon some of his etchings, and am delighted to present one here, "The Wine Shop, Madrid," which has an air of romance about it and is well designed. Mr. Gross has travelled much, I understand, but Spain seems to hold him for the present, and in the streets of Madrid he finds much inspiration. He made a very spirited etching of "A Village Bullfight" somewhere in Malaga, in which the excitement of the audience was happily caught. The Abbey Gallery is holding an exhibition of the etchings and paintings of this young artist, who will doubtless find a definite style of his own when his artistic adventure has passed through its experimental stages.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

A PAPER-MOSAIC BY J. KERR-LAWSON

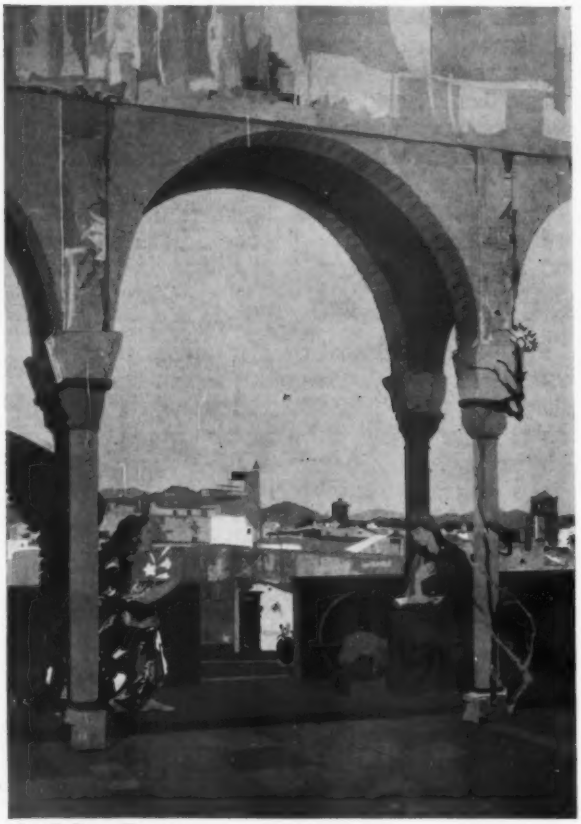
By HERBERT FURST

MODERN tendencies cause one more and more to overlook the fact that, whatever other significance pictorial art may possess, it is itself essentially manipulation; that is to say: the *handling* of concrete materials. The painter who does not respond to the nature of his medium—say, canvas and oil colour, or watercolour and paper—becomes, by that very fact, but an *indifferent* artist. Every sensitive watercolour painter knows the remarkable influence the nature, quality and shade of the paper has, not only on the technique, but even on the character of the design. It was the watercolourist's natural interest in paper, as such, that gave Mr. Kerr-Lawson—already well known as a decorator, painter in oils and lithographer—the desire to produce a paper-mosaic in which the qualities, the textures and the colours of the material should be given full play.

In this sense and on so extensive a scale, his paper-mosaics constitute a new medium of pictorial expression.

Mr. Kerr-Lawson commenced by collecting all kinds of paper—English, Old Chinese, Spanish, Italian and others—in many different colours, e.g. reds, blues, gold and silver, marbled, blacks, greys and whites; the latter due, not only to different shades, but especially to the varying reflections of light owing to its varying textures. Prompted by the pleasure these papers gave him, he designed two wall decorations on a large scale—they measure 7 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 2 in. each. The first one, exhibited at Wembley, represented "The Annunciation." This composition (a paper-mosaic is, more than any other form of pictorial art, a *composition* in every sense of the word) so appealed to Mr. W. H. Cawthra that he bought it and presented it to the Art Gallery of Toronto. Its companion, "The Adoration

of the Shepherds," is here reproduced. The effect of the original is really surprising: it looks like a fresco, though it possesses qualities of its own unobtainable by any method of painting, because they result from the textures rather than the colours of the papers used. The architecture, for example, is composed of different kinds of grey, white, gold, silver, red and marbled papers; the mantle of the Madonna is blue veined with gold; the rendering of the mosaics and the halo is done with silver and gold. Every single part of the design, from the sky to the shadows under the feet of the Shepherds, is made up of paper shapes; there is no painted brush stroke, no drawn line anywhere. Yet, seen at a distance, the picture looks like a painting—and, incidentally, like a very good one. Not only are the figures impressive, the landscape charming, the effect of distance subtle, but the thought of making the mosaic angel of the decaying architecture appear half-alive and in the act of bending down in adoration is singularly happy.



Art Gallery, Toronto

THE ANNUNCIATION

By J. Kerr-Lawson

Mr. Kerr-Lawson has so fixed the paper shapes to the ground that he sees, technically, no reason why these pictures should not last as well as any painting; but even if Time should prove that such a claim cannot be upheld, it is a delightful thing to have done, because the medium enriches the æsthetic experience of the spectator.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

EVER since schoolroom days I have been devoted to English history; have been an avid reader of a parliamentary literature unique in Europe, and particularly interested in the relations existing between the great artists and poets of the United Kingdom and their governments; have delighted to wander about those streets where the shades of Hogarth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Dr. Johnson jostle each other, passing in contempt of chronology beneath the shadow of Lord Beaconsfield—and yet questioning the writers of the two centuries I find nowhere a sign or echo of Britain's Directors of Fine Arts. Am I mistaken? Has London the good fortune to be free from this department? In France we have a State Under-Secretaryship of Fine Arts, and—the best of Ministers cannot help it—it might be that benign Ministry of Circumlocution dragged to the light of day each year from the recesses of Dickens' brain.

This fine department which, by a figure of speech, is termed the Rue de Valois, as one speaks of the Quai d'Orsay, has given us an extremely Byzantine month. Notes were sent to the Press, who made them the subject of articles, and we have not yet heard the last of it.

But what was it all about? What is it still all about? Listen: following upon some international conference or other, it was decided, very opportunely moreover, to carry out the exchange of masterpieces—temporary, of course—between the big foreign galleries and our national museums. At first only the works of Old Masters came under consideration, among which those least represented in each

country were selected, but very quickly the idea of exhibitions of living foreign artists was seized upon.

Certain susceptible persons, having been moved by the announcement of a Paris exhibition of the Berlin impressionist, Max Liebermann, the Rue de Valois forced M. Edouard Herriot to notify the Press that, following upon the Max Liebermann exhibition, there would be a Claude Monet exhibition in Berlin.

I will spare you all that was written about the reception which might be given to the German octogenarian.

The incident is closed and the illustrious old man assured of a courteous welcome.

With the object of avoiding errors when—as I hope very soon—the time comes for contemporary artistic exchanges between Paris and London, I write from a purely critical point of view. I write to attract the attention of the broadminded people of England, for, what with one thing and another, if we rely on our Rue de Valois we shall live to repent it.

LES CHAMPS ELYSÉES—I

By Geneviève Gallibert

It was certainly not Claude Monet's works which ought to have been sent to Germany. If Max Liebermann was an impressionist it was because his country was ignorant of Claude Monet. The German museums owned a number of fine works by Claude Monet at a time when our Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts would still treat the admirable recluse of Giverny as a reprobate, a dangerous anarchist, a Ravachol of painting. Claude Monet was a popular genius in Germany, while the only French museum in possession of the great impressionist's work was, through the Caillebotte bequest, the Musée du Luxembourg. Up till 1926 Monet and his friends were relegated to a remote corner of the poor orangery, which this museum is, to a small, mean room where the keeper had considered himself badly lodged.

It was Cézanne who should have been sent to Germany —Cézanne to whom Germany would have accorded a unanimous welcome. She possesses Cézannes as well as Monets, but is not Cézanne the originator of that living art of which our neighbours have received that lesson of personality which can through expressionism give them back to themselves?

Let us without further delay organize ourselves on either side of the Channel. It would not be a fruitless task for APOLLO to open a discussion, public or otherwise, which, in conjunction with French artistic opinion, would enable us to arrive at a decision as to the exchange of which two masters would be most justified.

I am not exaggerating when I say that, failing very careful consideration, we might wake up one day to find ourselves treated to a retrospective exhibition in London of Bouguereau or Detaille.

I have warned you. And I believe I have done my duty both as a candid friend and a good Frenchman. But I may not emphasize the point further.

And while the Press gave this insistent publicity to matters of art, the galleries were one by one closing their doors. The academies of Montparnasse succumbed to the cleaners' hands. The beautiful young English girls who were following the courses of André Lhote or Fernand Léger left the Rue de la Grande Chaumière and the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs to recross the Channel or to explore Provence.

In spite of everything art-life has not come to a standstill. To begin with, some interesting retrospective exhibitions have been prolonged, notably that of Paul Guigou at the Luxembourg. There have even been interesting developments of living art of a very high standard.

The Moulin Rouge was for a long time handed over to the most lurid plasterers. The acrobats whose painted canvases flapping in the wind are so often marvels of naïveté, in a truly plastic sense, would never have wished for the *décor* of the celebrated dancing hall. What ignominious colours, what infamous drawing, what a disgusting invention! And yet it was in this same hall, almost thirty years ago, that the stripling genius, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, came almost nightly to make sketches of the "realistic" dancers; it was there, watching the extravagant caperings of La Goulue and Valentin the boneless, that he conceived those masterpieces of which one is now permanently in the Louvre.

If the management has not yet attained complete reform, it has at any rate ceded a portion of its walls to a young artist of the highest merit, Germaine Labbaye. A recent exhibition at the Galerie de l'Etoile had begun to spread the fame of this young woman whose decorative panels in this little windmill of motionless wings, which on the Place Blanche dominates the entrance, were last month being "varnished." A bar has been installed. I venture to recommend a visit.

Germaine Labbaye had not only the success of her own exhibition to back her. The experts had unanimously called attention to her, in singling out for praise the china figures—hunting scenes taken from Geneviève de Brabant —and other objects which figured on the stalls of a powerful guild at the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs, although she was not allowed to sign them.

For her compositions for the bar of the Moulin Rouge Germaine Labbaye did not burden herself with a tradition she knows too well to be trammelled by. She did not, for instance, ask M. Maxime Dethomas what the former master of the place, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, would have done in her place. In several panels in which the figures are almost life-size she gives us a 1927 work.

That the figures of Germaine Labbaye, even the "Negress" in whom Stéphane Mallarmé saw the symbol of indecency, are at once so free and of such distinction compels our admiration. Boldness, flexibility of treatment, fantasy of a woman of letters who understands quickly enough to allow herself to pass rapidly over the applied texts, solidity of substance—all contribute to the complete success.

The order for these decorations was placed with the atelier "Pomone" which Paul Follot runs for one of our big fashion stores. For the first time an "artisane" was allowed to sign the work—that is to say, receive public recognition of her artistic merit. This is a great event. The interest aroused in 1925, during the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs, about this question of anonymity imposed by firms or, rather, the absorption by a patron rich enough in glory to be more generous, has not been forgotten. No one will be surprised to learn that the instigator of this reform, this revolutionary "Night of the 4th August" (chance willed that it was August 4), should be Paul Follot, that generous master and forerunner who knows the difficulties of a beginner.

I want to tell you about another young woman—a patient artist, in spite of the spontaneity of her gifts, conscious of the necessity of a thorough technical grounding, and whose name is already being classed among those that will not be forgotten. She is Geneviève Gallibert.

It is, too, a particularly suitable moment to speak of her, since she has not left Paris this summer, being kept there by a painter's whim closely connected with what is most in the public eye.

Like Miss Ball, Geneviève Gallibert has become an *habituée* of our flying fields. She is seen everywhere—from the plain of Bourget, where the aerodrome and the headquarters of the 34th Air Force Squadron face each other like symbols of Peace and War, over to those flower gardens of Morane, which are a mixture of Windsor and the Trianon, and Villacoublay.

This charming artist, an equally subtle interpreter of modern Paris and of the *Provinciales* of Jean Girandoux (which she went to illustrate in the country of the enamellers of Limoges), this traveller who reveals to us the dawn of the Acropolis is not striving after her wings, although she is worthy of them. Geneviève Gallibert is content for the time in being the first painter to study the countryside from an aeroplane at the moment when one loses the sense of depth. She even records the dazzling gyrations, the harmonious irregularities of the plane itself in full flight.

A coming exhibition will demonstrate the astonishing quasi-solar phenomena, the unsuspected play of this prism which results in full sunlight from a revolving propeller.

Although, as I said before, Geneviève Gallibert devoted herself to lyrical representations of Paris, yet she saw it from a realistic point of view as well.

LES CHAMPS ELYSÉES—II

By Geneviève Gallibert

The horse having been outclassed and the motor-car coming to the fore—thanks to the inevitable holocausts of the first Paris-Madrid races—which painters have tried their hand at taking to pieces and putting together again the pretty mechanical monster in the atmosphere of our time, with, in the middle distance, the unchanging landscape of the Bois de Boulogne, such as the belles of Winterhalter saw it in their Imperial gallops?

Raoul Dufy and Emile Othon Friesz, of whom one thinks in this connection, went to Munich to acquire the skill on skates of the "Pole Nord," now deceased—oh, memories of Jules Chéret, poster designer and poet!—and of the dying "Palais de Glace."

Emerging from the wings of the circus, Van Dongen is delighted to find in the figures of the amazons the forms of the circus artist erect on her white bus-horse. And the futurists? No doubt they jumble horse-drawn and mechanical traffic sufficiently to make them overbalance into the show windows of the *modiste* or gramophone shop. But what of a professor of algebra stripped and crowned by peacocks' feathers; what of a modern architect shod with ferro-concrete, but dressed in spangled skirt, style "Gommeuse" 1889? The futurists have made a mess of it, and betrayed the motor-car.

Since 1926 Geneviève Gallibert seems entirely enamoured of beautiful animated landscapes, and paints a moving car like Luc-Albert Moreau paints the fine fighting athlete. The two types—the human and the mechanical—both perfect, balanced, standardized, oiled, furbished.

A painter of the animated scenes of Paris, Geneviève

Gallibert could not conceive it otherwise than multiplied by its reflections from water, mirrors, fire, and from *speed*.

Without archness, without impersonal weaknesses, without that dandyism which Beaudelaire denies to women, but qualifying her refusal with paradoxical arguments, she paints the Champs Elysées splashed with fixed or moving lights, and the alleys of the Bois pierced by headlights.

Conceiving style like a cadence, Geneviève Gallibert disregards nothing of the two factors that go to make it up: the immovable—that is to say, the city, in spite of appearances of the moment; the fugitive, which is this precipitate mechanical procession. It is through the secret of her cadence which is so entirely hers that these luxurious limousines move and merge into the landscape, at the same time giving it balance.

A direct art, very pleasing, very frank, evidently intellectual but not scholarly, acquiring its value from the quality of observation. There is always a sense of freedom and ease in these Parisian pictures of piquant charm, or in the firm Nature-studies in which, somewhat brusquely, she tackles the problems of pure painting.

For the painters scattered to the four winds—more numerous, by the way, in the Midi, at St. Tropez, at Cassis (the young Roland Penrose, who studied architecture at Cambridge, might well set up a school with Marseilles disciples—are not, one thinks, idle. But how many have shown signs of life? Only one has taken the trouble to send us anything.

It is Max Jacob, the great Catholic poet of the "Défense de Tartufe," of the "Visions Infernales," of the "Fond de l'Eau," the painter for whose watercolours there is already competition among the buyers. It is to the credit of the City of Paris that M. Henri Lapauze acquired a series which you may admire at the Grand Palais.

In the early days of this century it was Max Jacob who first recognized the genius of Pablo Picasso, and became a shop assistant in order to help his friend to live and paint. Since then he has been involved in all the great literary and artistic events in France up to the time when, no longer content with a vague mysticism, he repaired, submissive to the Roman Church, to live in retreat in the Monastery of St. Benoit-sur-Loire. But one must remember that, as there were no monks, Max Jacob is more or less in the position of being the curé's boarder.

It is there that he writes and paints with extraordinary lightheartedness. Is he, perhaps, like your William Blake?

"I compare myself to no one," said the great poet, Jean Moréas.

Let us abide by this wise pronouncement. The fine days come, Max Jacob leaves his monastery to revisit his native Brittany. More often than not he is the guest of some princess whose salon he graced in the days of his social success, which were also the days of his extreme poverty.

From one of these Breton châteaux Max Jacob sends me evidence of his "new style." It is an evangelical *genre*. You must never forget that Max Jacob—an exemplary worshipper, a person with whom the Church wishes to be on good terms—introduced first into his poetry, and later into his religious effusions, a kind of humour of which France had no idea before.

Forty-five compositions of evangelical subjects will be published in an album this winter. Hogarth in Jerusalem? Greco next door to Montmartre, half-way between the Sacré-Cœur, where Max Jacob went to communion and the cabarets of the boulevard? An Angel at the Hôtellerie des Emigrants? Moréas has taught us lessons of prudence. Hence, coming after his "Scènes de Théâtre" and his "Aspects of Paris," the illustrations which he did for books of poems, his "Dessins Evangéliques," are at times of an unheard of, unparalleled purity.

You are scarcely free not to regard them as works derived from celestial inspiration dictated and revealed to Max Jacob, who, after all, took the trouble to learn everything, to acquire the most minute resources of his craft.

Dramatic and musical activities have, as you may imagine, been very modest. It is even doubtful whether September will see the first "répétitions générales." In fact, it has become customary with managers to reopen with a late success, thus postponing till the middle of October a "season" worthy of the name. We have, however, had the Orange Festival, the tragedies in the Roman Theatre.

It is a great achievement with which we are concerned, and we owe it to the Félibrige School, always keen and sufficiently prolific in spite of the death of its masters. As far back as 1889 a Provençal of much adroitness, Paul Mariéton, who had official connections with Paris, was able to rescue the antique theatre from the monopoly of the archæologists pure and simple, and restore it to life. Paris subsidized it and provided the artists, those of the Comédie Française; the Midi contributed its enthusiasm under the inspiring leadership of Frédéric Mistral.

The old theatre was filled with crowds even more enthusiastic than the Romans when a representation of "Œdipus Rex" was given; this was the triumph of the late Mounet-Sully, and he was acclaimed by twenty thousand spectators.

Since then the annual performances have been produced fairly regularly. Have they fallen off?

The setting is so beautiful, the very stones fraught with such tradition, that even a mediocre performance attains amazing grandeur.

Mediocre? Alas! The managers responsible for the productions are not taking a great deal of trouble. Not only the southern public (I say nothing of the Parisians, who no longer bother), but the foreign tourists, who came in their thousands—and it is deplorable to appear to scorn these—were scandalized at the ease with which the managers earn their 100,000 francs which they are to the good each season.

Without doubt Mlle. Delmair and Mlle. Madeleine Roch are excellent tragedians, but how are they supported? The young people of the Conservatoire who play to their lead have nothing to recommend them but their youth, and it requires very great technical skill not to be overwhelmed by tragedy. In fact, in such a vast setting, ten performers are hardly sufficient.

"The Midi is stirred! The Midi is moving!" as one used to say in the days of Tartarin de Tarascon. I believe the question will be raised in Parliament. Was there not question of the nationalization of the theatre at Orange?

It might be its salvation, and already the name of Mlle. Madeleine Roch is whispered as manageress. Only this hardly fits in with the purely regional sentiments of those who were the first to raise the cry of alarm.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The Charles Conder Exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

This is probably the first and last occasion upon which so many Conders will be seen together. Conder *dates* with an intenseness that must move those particularly who are now old enough to remember " The Nineties " and young enough to have been still in, or just out of, their teens at that time. Conder was then at his zenith. This Conder exhibition, indeed, reeks with the heavily scented, consciously poetical atmosphere of the period, in which poets and painters wore long hair, big bows, slouch hats and velvet jackets, and the women wasp waists, silk petticoats, coral lips and eyes of chrysoprase or amethyst. All the poets were painters and all the painters poets. Read Mr. D. S. McColl's " Studio " article of 1898, printed as a foreword to the catalogue of this exhibition, and you will see how even the critic must needs become lyrical; must talk of Avalon and the city called La Jolie, of *forests* of poppy and mandragora. In those days this critic could perorate thus : " After so many eminent men with their imposing baggage have occupied these columns, I do not know what chance a nonchalant dreamer may stand of being overheard. For the space of his turn he awaits your pleasure." We do not write like that now, because we do not think like that any more. No artist now awaits our pleasure—" the case is altered "; nor have we any use for " nonchalant dreamers." Nonchalant dreamers do not fare well in the tide of time, not because of—as might be supposed—their dreaminess, but by reason of their nonchalance. Nonchalance is the characteristic of the dilettante not of the artist, of the æsthete not of the poet. Conder was an æsthete, a persistent dilettante, fundamentally a trifler. In his early work, such as " The Beach at Littlehampton " of 1890 (106) and the " Hot Sands, Mustapha, Algiers " of 1891 (102), with its carefully observed colour and tone relations, there is evidence of the learner's serious intent. Already, however, in the " Spring time " of 1892 (98), the " Blossom at Chantemesle " (91), and the " Blossom, Dennemont " (85), both of 1893, there is a tendency to evade difficulties, to be satisfied with less than the artist, as distinct from the dilettante, should be. In such pictures as " Brighton Pier " (82), " Dieppe " (101), and the " Seascape " (99) of 1906, one can see that he is trying to reap what Whistler has sown. This willingness to profit without serious labour is everywhere apparent in his superficially so delightful fans and paintings on silk. There are the " Fêtes Galantes " fans, " Fêtes Champêtres " fans, " Hommage à Watteau " fans, that scamp what Watteau wrought, neglect that basic soundness of construction and draughtsmanship which characterizes the dreamiest " Watteau." " He was influenced," says a note in the catalogue, " by Toulouse-Lautrec and Anquetin and admired Puvis de Chavannes "; but as a matter of fact his art is the epitome of his circle and its ideals, for we find in it traces not only of Watteau, Fragonard, Gainsborough, Debucourt, Delacroix, Courbet and Rossetti but also of Whistler, Beardsley, Pryde, Shannon, Ricketts, and even of such *di minorum gentium* as Alfred Parsons and Edward Stott, though to rank Stott thus may be doing him an injustice. So far as his contemporaries go, the influences were " in the air," and affected a whole group of gifted painters whose art lacked therefore a certain physical robustness, characterized mainly by a constitutional inability to draw. There was a weakness of another kind, however, which, for instance, shows itself in Conder's lithographs; the " Dream of Araby," No. 6 of the " Carnival " set, is a good example of it. Yet even in these monochrome lithographs Conder's sense of design and of colour asserts itself, notably in the " Leaning Tree " (131) and " Chez Camille Maupin," No. 6 of the " Balzac " set.

It is in fact only his natural sense of colour- and tone-values, his somewhat uncertain but often happy sense of design, which may, in spite of his sentimental sensuousness and nonchalance of craftsmanship, enable him to remain in the ranks of the *petits-maîtres*.

The Pandemonium Group at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

There appear to be only six members in this alarmingly named but far from unruly group. Of these six, Messrs. Bentley, Grant and Reinganum are artists of considerable talent and accomplishment. Mr. Bentley's simple line drawings (" Grock " and " Sir Gerald du Maurier ") are especially excellent. These three, who have a certain strain in common, seem to have sought and found their style by visiting the Continent. Angus Grant's 25, 28, 30; Reinganum's 46, 47, 49 and 52 are worth noting both for design and for colour. These three should make their fortunes as illustrators. Mr. Pollard's art does not go quite far enough, though like " Yunge's," which goes too far in its admiration of Beardsley, it is competent.

Old Master Drawings and Engravings at the Twenty-One Gallery (15 *Mill Street, W.*1).

In this little show the prints outweigh the drawings in æsthetic value. A little " Landscape in Red Chalk " (1) and the almost Japanese " Boats at Anchor " (2), both anonymous, the " Harbour Scene " (52) by Van de Velde, and the anonymous " Archway " (46), evidently a design for a stage or a street decoration, are, however, worth noting—the " Boats at Anchor " making a particularly simple yet complete impression. The prints, however, are of greater interest, especially on account of the minor masters. " St. Jerome with the Book and Bottle " (16), for instance, is an extraordinarily impressive etching by Jan Livens and a good print (before Van Wyngaerde's name was erased). The earliest mezzotinters are represented by Vaillant's " Portrait of Prince Rupert " (20) and Cornelis Dusart's capital " Man and Woman at a Table " (23). The anonymous " Nude Woman taking a Thorn from her Foot " (61), an Italian engraving, is a design of considerable merit. Other prints worth noting are Baldassare Peruzzi's " Enemy Driven from the Temple of the Muses " (57) and Hendrik Goltziu's " Lot Leaving Sodom " (36), after Bloclande—both engravings. Of the great masters, Dürer and Rembrandt, the former is represented, amongst others, by that extraordinary, early " Le Violant " (21), and the latter best by the " Woman Bathing her Feet in a Brook " (31).

HERBERT FURST.

An Important Print Sale

Messrs. C. G. Boerner, of 26 Universitätsstrasse, Leipzig, will be selling, on November 10–12, a number of highly important prints by Albrecht Dürer, Rembrandt, etc., from the collections of Reichsgraf von Nostiz-Rieseneck and Sir Alfred Morrison, as well as from the duplicates of the Munich and Stockholm Print Rooms. Illustrated catalogue may be obtained, price 5s.

THE GAINSBOROUGH BICENTENARY EXHIBITION

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE Gainsborough Bicentenary Exhibition, which was opened to the public in the Ipswich Museum on October 7 and which closes on November 5, is a notable contribution to the study of the master's art. The organization was placed in the hands of Mr. Percy Moore Turner, who was faced with two possible procedures. He could either set out to collect "star" pictures, if they could be obtained, from the Royal collections, from America, from public galleries and from private collectors in this country, or he could set out to "place" Gainsborough in the hierarchy of artists by an historical exhibition demonstrating the influences which he absorbed and the influence which his achievements exercised on others. Those who saw the Centenary Exhibition at the Norwich Castle Museum two years ago will understand that Mr. Turner did not hesitate long between the two alternatives; that he chose the second as a procedure nearer to his heart. The result has proved both a surprise and a disappointment—a surprise, because it has brought to light a number of unknown early works by Gainsborough; a disappointment, because it contains no work where Gainsborough's magic handling of colour is seen in superlative degree.

Gainsborough as an artist had many qualities which are admirably seen in the exhibition. But his chief quality—the quality that lifts him above the other portrait painters of the English school—was the power to break and blend colour as a musician breaks and blends the timbres of instruments. When displaying this quality at his best he is a kind of Debussy among painters. Red, blue or green do not exist for him. He breaks his reds in living touches of trembling rose, vermilion and pink; his blues are green, his greens blue. The bouquet in the lap of the little girl in the "Baillie Family," in the National Gallery, is a passage of this kind; the hat of the older girl behind in the same picture is another; the silk sash in "Mrs. Moodey and Children," in the Dulwich Gallery, is a third. The modern passion for the enchanting variety of colour orchestration in a fine portrait by Cézanne—a passion which makes possible a full appreciation of the colour handling in Goya's "Royal Family" in the Prado—also enables us to appreciate Gainsborough's brilliant achievements in the same field, and at the same time it leads us to regard the pictures which exhibit that achievement as his most delightful and accomplished works. There are no such works in the Ipswich Exhibition. The nearest approach is the face in the portrait of "Margaret Gainsborough," the painter's daughter, where there is considerable variety of colour in the flesh and where, incidentally, the influence of Reynolds is seen in the treatment of the hat and gown. For this reason, in my judgment, it must be said at the outset that there is no really first-rate Gainsborough of the later manner in the show; and there are passages, like the red robe in "Sir John Skynner" (lent by Lincoln's Inn), where the colour has the harsh, monotonous quality of the ordinary Academy red robe of today. This said, we can turn to the imposing display afforded us, and contemplate the development of Gainsborough's powers from his very earliest years.

The exhibition, as stated, is arranged on the historical basis. Panel 1 shows landscapes by Rubens and Wynants, and a portrait by Van Dyck (Lord Spencer's "Lady Ann Carr," recently seen in London at the Flemish Exhibition). Panel 2 shows a fine Lely portrait (also lent by Lord Sandwich) and a Kneller from the National Portrait Gallery. Panel 3 shows portraits by Hogarth and Hayman and landscapes by Lambert and Wilson. Panel 5 shows a portrait by Watteau (the "Old Englishman" from the Louvre), Watteau's "Pastoral" from Edinburgh, and Fragonard's "Colin-Maillard" from the Louvre. Panel 6 consists of early works by Gainsborough painted at Sudbury and Ipswich. Panel 7 represents Gainsborough's work at Bath, and Panel 8 his work in London.

In the second gallery we have pictures by Henri Pierre Danloux, Francesco Casanova,

Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, Opie, Cotes, Raeburn, Cosway, Constable, Morland, Crome, Bonington and Cotman. In the third gallery we have Gainsborough drawings together with drawings by Rubens, Watteau, Boucher, Hayman and so forth on the one hand, and by Alexander Cozens, Romney, Reynolds, Downman and so forth on the other.

I have two small quarrels with this arrangement. The first is the placing of Rubens and Van Dyck at the beginning of the exhibition, instead of in the middle of the Bath period, when Gainsborough first made their acquaintance and set out to emulate their work. The present arrangement reminds us that Gainsborough, in imitating these Flemish masters, was a hundred years behind the times—a salutary and encouraging thought for modern English artists who frequently manage to see the point of continental work within as little as fifty and sometimes even thirty years. But the starting of the show with a superb Rubens landscape (lent by Mr. Otto Gutekunst) and the Van Dyck portrait, throws the whole of the Gainsboroughs on the first wall completely out of focus. Rubens, in any case, was a much more virile, versatile and original artist than Gainsborough, and he painted this landscape at the height of his tremendous powers. Van Dyck was also a greater artist than Gainsborough—as Gainsborough himself well knew. It is hard on Gainsborough—indeed quite indefensible—to put works by Rubens and Van Dyck in their maturity as a prelude to the early pictures of Gainsborough's youth. The real beginnings of the exhibition are, in portraiture, Hogarth's "The Hon. Edward Montagu" (lent by Lord Sandwich) and Hayman's "Lady and Gentleman in a Park" (formerly in Mrs. Boyd Hamilton's collection and now lent by Messrs. Knoedler), and in landscape the "View" by Wynants (lent by Mr. J. M. Beith); and here, in passing, I must regret the absence of anything by Highmore in the first category and of the National Gallery Wynants landscape (No. 883) in the second.

Lent by Sir Robert Witt

DRAWING
By Hayman

My second quarrel is the absence of any engravings by Gravelot in the drawing section, since these engravings were the earliest works with which Gainsborough was acquainted, and they formed an integral part of the foundation of his early art. There is one drawing by Gravelot lent to the exhibition by Mr. Henry Oppenheimer, but it was not as a draughtsman in soft chalk so much as an engraver that Gravelot was an important influence on his talented pupil; for that sense of style and technical probity which we see in Gainsborough's earliest works was derived from the instruction which he received from his French master.

The earliest Gainsborough portrait in the

Lent by Mr. Percy M. Turner

MR. PLAMPIN
By Gainsborough

exhibition is "John Joshua Kirby and his Wife," from the National Portrait Gallery, hung appropriately next to the group by Hayman. Here we can see that Gainsborough, who was just over or just under twenty when he painted this picture, had learnt a portrait formula from Hayman into which he was already able to make a contribution of his own. That contribution was, firstly, an innate sense of handling—witness the lace frills on Mrs. Kirby's sleeves, which are immensely lighter and more beautifully painted than those on the sleeves of Hayman's lady; secondly, a sense of female elegance which he derived doubtless from the engravings of Gravelot—(how French is Gainsborough's little lady and how like figures in pictures by Watteau and Boucher!); and thirdly, a sense of that mysterious quality called style.

The Kirby group is followed by the group of himself, his wife, and elder daughter shown as a child of four, which means that the artist was under twenty-five when he produced the picture. This most attractive picture (which belonged to the Rev. E. Gardiner, great nephew of the artist, and is lent to the show by Mr. D. H. Carstairs of New York), compared with the Kirby group and the other early works in the exhibition, is unfinished, the head of Gainsborough himself being only under-painted. But, just for this reason, it is supremely interesting; for in that head we see already the extreme sensitiveness of the artist's touch, and there is a lightness in the handling of the landscape background that was not to reappear till the pictures of his Van Dyck style. Here, obviously, we have the well-known phenomenon of an artist "letting himself go" on a portrait group that was not a commission, in a way which he feared to do when his task was not only the painting of a picture but also the pleasing of a sitter. We have, moreover, the same freedom in the admirable "Self Portrait" (lent by Sir Philip Sassoon), which was painted about this period and may have been a study for this actual picture.

Other early portraits in the exhibition are "Mr. Plampin" (lent by Mr. Percy M. Turner), a pair of heads (lent by Capt. the Hon. St. V. B. Saumarez and never before exhibited), "Heneage Lloyd and his Sister" (from the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge), "Robert Andrews and his Wife" (lent by

Lent by Mr. Arthur Kay

DRAWING
By Gainsborough

Mr. G. W. Andrews), and the "Portrait of a Man" (lent by Mr. Bowyer Nichols).

"Mr. Plampin" is a brilliantly thought-out composition, and most original. The young man who sat in the studio on a sofa, with one leg on the seat and his arm resting on the back, is transported in the painter's imagination to a green mound which takes the place of the seat, and a bent tree serves to support the back and arm. By this means Gainsborough achieved a striking landscape setting and an admirable design. The face, moreover, is admirably drawn and characterized.

In "Heneage Lloyd and his Sister" and the Andrews group, the figures are again transported into landscape settings. The Lloyd boy, whose feet, when he sat on the studio chair, failed to reach the ground, was given a footstool which becomes a large moss-grown stone in the picture. Mrs. Andrews is given a garden seat beneath an oak tree

Lent by Messrs. Knoedler

LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN A PARK

By Hayman

at the edge of her husband's cornfields and meadows. The painting of the enchanting Lloyd group, which is, of course, well known, has the enamel quality of Boucher's pictures. We can see in it the results of Gainsborough's studies with the French engraver; and the figures—like Mrs. Kirby—have a certain "chic" which is eminently French. The Andrews group has the qualities of "Mr. Plampin": brilliant and original composition, elegance rather than chic, and remarkable characterization in the faces.

Technically speaking, these early pictures, though the handling of paint is accomplished, are fundamentally conceived as drawings; the artist has not yet arrived at any exceptional capacity for handling colour; he succeeds in his blues and fails lamentably in the reds. But speaking generally, these portraits, all painted before he was thirty, are a revelation of youthful genius. They reveal an artist of energy, intelligence and sensibility; an artist with pictorial imagination, admirably trained as a draughtsman, with a sense of style and the handling of pigment, and a special gift for observing the structure of an individual face.

Lent by the National Portrait Gallery

JOHN JOSHUA KIRBY AND HIS WIFE

By Gainsborough

These early portraits were painted at

Lent by Mr. G. W. Andrews

ROBERT ANDREWS AND HIS WIFE
By Gainsborough

Ipswich, and at the same time, in the region of Ipswich and Sudbury, Gainsborough painted a number of landscapes. Of these, the exhibition contains, among others, a "Landscape with Cottage and Pigs," lent by Sir Charles Holmes; the "Landscape" belonging to the Corporation of Ipswich; the recently discovered "Grenfell Landscape," lent by Lt.-Col. A. M. Grenfell; a hitherto unknown "Landscape," lent by Lady de Saumarez; Mr. Edward Marsh's "Landscape with Church," and the "View of Dedham," from the National Gallery.

Sir Charles Holmes, in an introduction to the exhibition catalogue, says that Gainsborough was made a painter in his youth by his admiration for the landscape of Suffolk. This is doubtless true—witness the landscape in the Andrews group which is personally observed. But Gainsborough's development as a landscape painter was none the less much slower than his advance in portraiture. The landscape background in the Andrews group is immeasurably more original and more individually seen than any landscape pictures painted by Gainsborough at this stage. The early landscapes—not excepting the Grenfell picture (which is supremely interesting and the largest existing Gainsborough landscape of the period)—are fundamentally Dutch landscapes adapted more or less successfully to the landscape which the artist saw around him in Suffolk. From the early portraits with their landscape backgrounds it would have been possible to set Gainsborough down as a genius. From the early landscapes proper it would have been impossible to rank him higher than a furniture painter with a naturalistic bent. It was not till he painted the National Gallery "View of Dedham" that Gainsborough began to feel his feet in landscape proper.

Gainsborough left Ipswich in 1760 for Bath, and he remained there till he established himself in London in 1774. The figures in the Ipswich portrait groups are under half size. At Bath he developed a life-size portrait formula which was tedious though sufficiently efficient. But from Bath he visited the great

Lent by Lt.-Col. A. M. Grenfell

LANDSCAPE
By Gainsborough

houses round about and saw masterpieces by Rubens and Van Dyck and from that experience he evolved his later style.

The Bath portraits in the exhibition include "Lord Mendip," from Christ Church College, Oxford; "Admiral Hawkins," lent by Mrs. Noel Ashcroft; "The Parish Clerk," from the National Gallery, and "Miss Juliet Mott," lent by Mr. J. H. Harding, of New York. Of these the first three are well known. The last, a most charming study of a child, shows Gainsborough on the threshold of his finest period. The head is exquisitely modelled with all the precision of the early pictures and there is a new freedom in the handling of the lace ruff and cap. In this delightful picture we have the French influence of Gainsborough's youth absorbed and mingled with his new feeling for the large style of Rubens and Van Dyck. It is the result of a moment when the artist was poised between two manners, and it combines in a measure the charm and excellence of both.

Lent by Mr. Bowyer Nichols

PORTRAIT OF A MAN
By Gainsborough

Of Gainsborough's Bath landscapes, there is a series of excellent examples: Mr. Victor Rienaecker's "Romantic Landscape," which was seen in the Norwich Centenary show two years ago; "The Watering Place," from the National Gallery, and a "Gypsy Encampment" lent by Mr. Ayerst H. Buttery. "The Harvest Waggon," lent by Lord Swaythling, is hung in the London section, though it properly belongs in this section because it was painted at Bath and sent to the carrier Wiltshire by the artist on his arrival in London.

In this series of landscapes, culminating in "The Harvest Waggon," we see the new influence of the landscapes of Rubens on Gainsborough's style. As at Sudbury and Ipswich he had adapted the Dutch landscapes to the world he saw around him, so now he adapted the pictures he had seen by Rubens to the landscape seen round Bath. The great fallen tree trunk in the foreground of Mr. Rienaecker's picture is adapted from a favourite formula of Rubens, and the free convention for boughs and foliage in these pictures, the swing and movement of the compositions, the calligraphic drawing of the horses in "The Harvest Waggon," the warm foregrounds and blue distances, all derive from the same source. "The Harvest Waggon," which is the last of the seven, is also incomparably the finest. It is, in fact, in my judgment, the most consistent, the best composed, and the most lively of all the Gainsborough landscapes I have seen.

When Gainsborough established himself in London, in 1774, he entered on the period of his greatest achievement. He had quarrelled with the Academy two years before and he did not exhibit pictures in its exhibitions till

Lent by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister

MADAME BACCELLI
By Gainsborough

Lent by Mr. J. H. Harding (New York)

MISS JULIET MOTT
By Gainsborough

three years after his arrival in the city. In the intervening time he probably painted "The Blue Boy"—unless perhaps it was one of his latest works at Bath and brought with him when he moved to London; and he also certainly painted "Mrs. Graham," which was exhibited in the Academy in 1777. Neither "The Blue Boy" nor "Mrs. Graham," where Gainsborough's mastery of the Van Dyck tradition are so superbly instanced, is in the Ipswich Exhibition. The death of the owner, Mr. Huntingdon, while the exhibition was being arranged, made it impossible to contemplate negotiations to secure "The Blue Boy," and there is a provision in the terms of the Edinburgh Gallery's right to "Mrs. Graham" that the picture must never be transferred to any other place.

Lent by Sir Charles Holmes

THE WOODMAN
By Gainsborough

What we have from the long list of portraits which Gainsborough painted in London are the two versions of "Madame Baccelli" (the life-size picture lent by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and the smaller picture lent by Sir Otto Beit), the Duke of Portland's celebrated head of "Mrs. Elliott," the two portraits of the Younger Pitt (one belonging to the Leeds Gallery and the other to the Rt. Hon. Ernest Pretyman), Mr. Courtauld's "Mrs. Gainsborough," Sir Otto Beit's "Margaret Gainsborough" (painted the year after "Mrs. Graham"), a beautiful head of Gainsborough Dupont, and a number of others. In the London section also we have a small version of "The Woodman," lent by Sir Charles Holmes, and "Crossing the Stream" (formerly called "The Country Cart"), lent by Mr. Eugene Grace of New York.

Of the two portraits of "Madame Baccelli" the smaller was probably painted in the artist's studio from life and the other enlarged from it. As a result the small version scores in vitality and verisimilitude, while the large picture scores by more subtle disposition of drapery and greater elegance of proportion in design. The head of "Mrs. Elliott" is not so much a head as a mask—but a mask of compelling loveliness which the critics of Gainsborough's day described quite accurately in their eighteenth-century cliché as "uncommonly exquisite." Mr. Courtauld's portrait of the artist's wife is an elegant arrangement. I have the feeling that a good deal of subtle colour has faded from this picture, which was probably quite lovely in its original condition. The portrait of "Margaret Gainsborough," superbly drawn and painted,

Lent by Mrs. L. M. Garrett and Miss F. R. Wilkinson
MRS. WALKER
By Gainsborough

Lent by Mr. T. W. Bacon
GAINSBOROUGH DUPONT
By Gainsborough

Lent by Mr. Lovell Vicars
MISS POCKLINGTON
By Cosway

Lent by Mr. Percy M. Turner
PORTRAIT
By Bonington

is in one way, as I have suggested earlier, the most characteristic Gainsborough in the exhibition. In "Crossing the Stream" we have a vivacity of movement in the figures and a lightness of drawing in the trees that explains why Mr. Turner included Fragonard in his historical survey.

The section devoted to Gainsborough's drawings contains some sixty-five examples lent by Mr. Edward Marsh, Mr. Frank Gibson, Mr. Arthur Kay, Mr. Victor Rienaecker, Captain Richard Ford and other collectors. They have been arranged—rather arbitrarily—by Mr. Turner into Ipswich, Bath, and London periods, and taken altogether they show Gainsborough at work in building his compositions with a sense of architectural form of a distinguished though not very complex or original kind. Gainsborough as a landscape draughtsman—(nearly all the drawings shown are landscapes)—was not the equal of Claude or any landscape draughtsman of the first order. But his touch, which became so fluent after his study of Rubens and Van Dyck, gives in itself considerable charm, even to the slightest of his sketches. One of the most interesting of the drawings is Mr. Arthur Kay's "Landscape with Road" (No. 126 in the catalogue), a rapid drawing where the tree forms are repeated in the cloud forms with exquisite subtlety and skill. From the historical angle there is an intriguing juxtaposition, in this section, of a drawing of a man by Hayman and another ascribed to Gainsborough's early youth.

In the section showing paintings of artists who were influenced by Gainsborough or followed him in time, the outstanding pictures are Lord Spencer's "The Second Lord Lucan," by Reynolds; the famous "Willow Tree," by Crome (lent by Mr. James Hardy); Cotman's "The Waterfall" (lent by Mr. Russell Colman); an excellent Morland called "Childish Amusement" (lent by Mr. A. Morrison); and a "Portrait of a Man in a Top Hat," by Bonington, belonging to Mr. Turner, and not, I believe, before exhibited. The artistic connection between the Bonington portrait and Gainsborough's art is not apparent at first glance, but a careful comparison of this admirable picture with the head of Gainsborough's "Miss Juliet Mott" quite justifies its inclusion in the show. One other picture in this section calls for mention: the portrait of "Miss Pocklington" (afterwards Lady Martin), by Cosway, which is lent by Mr. Lovell Vicars. This queer composition and quaintly presented figure—a life-size adventure by a miniature painter—has for me a curious charm, though the drawing is open to obvious criticism and the colour scheme is crude.

Mr. Charles Marriott, writing of the exhibition in the "Times," describes it as a revelation of "the grace and shimmer which the stream of painting took as it passed through Gainsborough." This strikes me as a perfect expression of the service which the Ipswich show has rendered to the student. Wynants, Hogarth, Highmore, Hayman, Rubens, Van Dyck, Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard and Reynolds all contributed to Gainsborough's development. But at all periods and in nearly all his pictures he contributed something of his own. Behind all his pictures of consequence we feel the individual sensibility of the artist; and when he was most himself and most enchanting he imbued his pictures with a "grace and shimmer" that were all his own.

Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon

GAINSBOROUGH

By Himself

TWO SIENESE PICTURES OF THE "ANNUNCIATION"

By F. MASON PERKINS

THE earlier of the two "Annunciations" which form the subjects of this brief note is here reproduced for the first time in its entirety. Although united in our reproduction, its component parts are, unfortunately, divided between two widely separated owners. That of the "Virgin," which was first recognized and published by me, some ten or more years ago,* as a work of the anonymous follower of Simone Martini, usually known to modern students as the "Master of the St. George Codex," is now the property of M. Adolphe Stoclet of Brussels. That of the "Angel," which, at the time of the publication of its companion-piece, had been given up as irretrievably lost, was, by a singularly happy chance, discovered, some years later, in a city of Spain, by the Vicomte B. d'Hendecourt, of whose private collection in London it now forms part.

The little diptych is a very characteristic work of its nameless but gifted author, and shows most convincingly the direct and unquestionable derivation of the painter's art from that of Simone. The types and forms are, in fact, quite unmistakably Simonesque, but are, nevertheless, at the same time, imbued with a decidedly individual character that clearly distinguishes them from those of the great Sienese master. The linear design and the general cast of the draperies are, again, despite their undeniably Simonesque nature, distinctly personal in their peculiar style and disposition. In its colouring and execution the diptych reveals, in common with its author's other panel-pictures—almost all of which are of diminutive dimensions†—a softness and a delicacy which inevitably suggest the technique and taste of a miniaturist rather than of an artist accustomed to work on larger lines. That the painter was, as a matter of fact, one of the most genial and accomplished illuminators of his day is clearly proved by the existence of several productions of his hand in this particular field, and more especially by the beautifully decorated Codex of the Vatican archives from which he derives his present provisional name.*

Whatever the precise date of the illuminations of the Vatican Codex may have been,† the surviving works of the "St. George Master," and more especially his panel-pictures,‡ show him to have been a follower of Simone's later, rather than of that artist's early, manner. That he was an Italian, and not a Frenchman, as has sometimes been suggested, is virtually certain, although there are valid reasons for believing that a good part of his active career was spent at the Papal Court at Avignon, where he may well have continued to reside for some time after the death of his master, in that city, in 1344. Among the various pupils and imitators of Simone, he was, despite the essentially miniaturistic character of his art, by no means the least talented and certainly one of the most individualistic. Nor can it be said that any other of Simone's later followers understood and assimilated, with more sensitive or sympathetic intuition, certain inner qualities of that aristocratic master's subtle and exquisitely decorative art.

Of the two figures of our diptych, it is difficult to say which is the more attractive—that of the Virgin, with its quiet dignity and

* See "Rassegna d'Arte," Milan, 1917, p. 45. The same panel has more recently been described by A. Venturi ("Arte," 1922, p. 164) without, however, any reference to its previous publication.

† Only one panel of large proportions, by this master's hand, is known to me—a "Madonna and Child," now in the Museum (ex-Refectory) of S. Croce at Florence (see "Rassegna d'Arte," *l.c.*).

* Regarding this Codex and its text, see F. Hermanin, "Il Miniatore del Codice di San Giorgio" in "Scritti Varii di Filologia," Rome, 1901; A. Venturi, "Storia dell' Arte Italiana," vol. v; G. de Nicola, in "L'Arte," 1906 and 1908. The miniatures of the Codex in question were formerly ascribed to Giotto and to Oderisio da Gubbio—among others by no less a critic than Cavalcaselle himself. Their evident Sienese origin has, however, long since been admitted by the majority of modern students.

† I cannot share the opinion of certain critics, who appear to assign the illustrations of the Codex to a period far in advance of that of their probable date of execution.

‡ Vicomte d'Hendecourt's "Angel" is not the only picture by the master at present in England. Two other paintings by the same hand—one representing the "Crucifixion," the other the "Mourning over the Body of Christ"—are among the treasures of the late Benson Collection. Both are of the usual small dimensions, and originally formed part of a series of which two other numbers, having for subjects "Christ appearing to the Magdalen" and the "Coronation of the Virgin," are in the Museo Nazionale at Florence.

M. Adolphe Stoclet

Vicomte B. d'Hendecourt

THE ANNUNCIATION

By the Master of the St. George Codex

graceful poise; or that of the celestial messenger, with its energetic impetuosity of action, its powerful sweeping pinions, and its remarkable originality of outline. As a piece of sheer design the latter is, no doubt, the more striking and effective, but both are equally illustrative of those peculiar features which distinguish their author's style from that of Simone's other pupils and followers, and which give to it a character so entirely its own.

Save for a few slight and wholly insignificant abrasions, the two panels are still in an admirable state of preservation, the gold backgrounds being no less noticeable than the coloured parts for the purity of their surfaces and the beauty of their tone.

* * * * *

The diptych just described is a work of the middle years of the fourteenth century. The second of our "Annunciations" is representative of a considerably later phase of Sienese art, and belongs, in all probability, to the end of the third, or to the beginning of the final, quarter of the Trecento. So far as the identity of its author is concerned, the picture presents no opportunity for discussion, but proclaims itself, at sight, as an indubitable

Private Collection, London

THE ANNUNCIATION
By Bartolo di Fredi

work of Bartolo di Fredi. Its composition, on the other hand, calls to mind, no less inevitably, the name of another and far earlier master. In it Bartolo shows himself, in fact, to have been under the direct and obvious spell of a work of art which seems, for over a full century of time, to have exercised an undiminished fascination over the painters of Siena.* Both the Virgin and the Angel are quite evidently inspired by those in Simone Martini's celebrated "Annunciation" now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Together with the other artists of Siena, Bartolo must have been intimately acquainted with that remarkable masterpiece which, executed in 1333, still stood, in his day, in all its pristine glory, over the altar of S. Ansano, in the cathedral of his native town. Certain it is that he has given us a fairly faithful, if somewhat simplified and condensed, version of his model, at least as regards the postures and action of its figures and the main features of its composition. On the other hand, however, he has imprinted upon his paraphrase the quite unmistakable seal of his own peculiar personality and style. The facial types, the hands, the fall of the draperies, the quality and nature of the general design, all are highly and wholly characteristic of his easily recognizable art.

The fluency of the execution, the absence of exaggeration in the types, the ease and freedom of the draughtsmanship, all tend to prove that we have here a work not, it is true, of Bartolo's earliest and finest manner, of which but a few rare examples have come down to us, but at any rate of that middle period of his activity during which his style had not yet developed that hardness of line, stiffness of gesture, and comparative coarseness of feature and of form that so frequently mar the productions of his later years. The panels in London show, as yet, no signs of any of these defects, but display, on the contrary, a simple grace of outline, form, and movement, a neatness of handling, and a refinement of ornamental detail, that make of them two of the most attractive and charmingly decorative of their author's surviving works.

Judging by their shape and size, the two panels appear to have originally served as pinnacle-pieces to some large and elaborate altar-piece. In their present detached condition they form, however, a complete and perfectly satisfying diptych. As is the case with those of the "Master of St. George," both pieces are, happily, in an exceptionally fine state of preservation—a fact which adds not a little to their decorative effectiveness and value.

* That Simone was himself the inventor of the composition of this famous picture is far from certain and, for that matter, even improbable; but he was none the less able, thanks to his unique genius, to endow it with a character so peculiarly attractive and so distinctly original as to assure to the result a popularity such as has seldom been enjoyed by any single masterpiece. For upwards of five generations his picture served as a model and as a source of inspiration to numberless Sienese and Umbro-Sienese artists by whom it was successively copied with varying fidelity and success and with frequent minor alterations in the proportions and attitude of its two figures. Of its later imitations one of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most beautiful, is to be found in the large panel, variously ascribed to Andrea di Vanni, to Vecchietta, and to Sassetta, but in all probability a work of Matteo di Giovanni's earlier manner, in the Church of S. Pietro in Ovile at Siena; of its earlier free copies one of the most interesting (apart from Bartolo's version here illustrated) is that by Ilario da Viterbo in the little Church of the Porziuncola at S. Maria degli Angeli, near Assisi.

THE PORTRAIT OF CANON GEORGES VAN DE PAELE BY JAN VAN EYCK

By LIONEL CUST, C.V.O.

A CATALOGUE of the pictures, busts, etc., belonging to King James II, which was compiled by William Chiffinch in 1688, is preserved in the British Museum. (Harleian MSS. 1890.) A transcript by George Vertue was printed and published by W. Bathoe, in which, among the pictures at Whitehall, in the gallery next the park, there is an entry, No. 39, of:

A fat man's head, bald, with a double chin.

No painter's name is given and no further details. There is no such picture in the catalogue of the pictures belonging to King

Charles I, drawn up by Van der Doort in 1639, and also printed and published by Bathoe, but it may be assumed that this picture came from King Charles I's collection, as the additions made by King Charles II to the royal collection were not of a character likely to include a painting of this description.

This painting, or one answering to this description, is at Hampton Court Palace, where it hung for many years unnoticed as a work of art and looked upon as an oddity and rather comic. It was not until 1885 that Carl Justi noticed the resemblance of this portrait to that of the old "Kneeling Canon" in the well-known altarpiece by Jan Van Eyck, now in the Town Gallery at Bruges. This identity was convincing as soon as notice was called to it. Mr. W. H. J. Weale was deeply interested, and after examining the picture carefully, gave it as his opinion, which he embodied in his book on the Van Eycks, that the portrait at Hampton Court was an original painting by Jan Van Eyck, and an earlier study for the better-known portrait of Canon Georges Van de Paele in the aforesaid altarpiece. Later critics have not been disposed to accept Mr. Weale's opinion as to this portrait being the actual work of Jan Van Eyck. Mr. Weale contended that at all events this portrait was an original study and not a copy of the portrait in the altarpiece.

The history of this altarpiece is well known. At the date in question the chief religious centre in the city was the great church and convent of S. Donatian, the patron saint of Bruges. In 1410 Georges Van de Paele was installed canon in the chapter of S. Donatian, and in 1434 he founded two choral chaplaincies in this church, one in 1434, the other not taking effect until 1441. He died on August 25, 1443, at a very advanced age, having been very infirm and unable to leave his lodgings for about ten years. He was buried in the church of S. Donatian in the grave of his family. In 1431–32 Jan Van Eyck, the painter, settled down in Bruges and bought a house in Sint Gillis Nieu Straet. There he married and continued to reside until his death on July 9, 1441. As a member of the household of the Duke of Burgundy, Jan Van Eyck was interred in the church of S. Donatian, two years before the aged Canon Van de Paele.

In addition to the choral chaplaincies founded by Canon Van de Paele in 1434, he commissioned Jan Van Eyck to paint the famous altarpiece, which was placed at first over the altar of SS. Peter and Paul in the church of S. Donatian, close by the family grave in which the old canon intended to be interred himself. According to the inscription on the picture this was completed by Jan Van Eyck in 1436.

The wonderful portrait of the aged donor (page 206) needs little description, as it speaks for itself. The painter evidently took a special delight in depicting the wrinkles and pits in the face and the flabby folds of the skin. The peculiar conformation of the ear is portrayed almost to caricature. The canon, weighed down by age and illness, kneels, as if alive. He wears a white surplice or alb over a warm, padded tunic, the fur edging of which is seen round his neck. He carries his grey fur tippet over the left forearm in a conventional attitude.

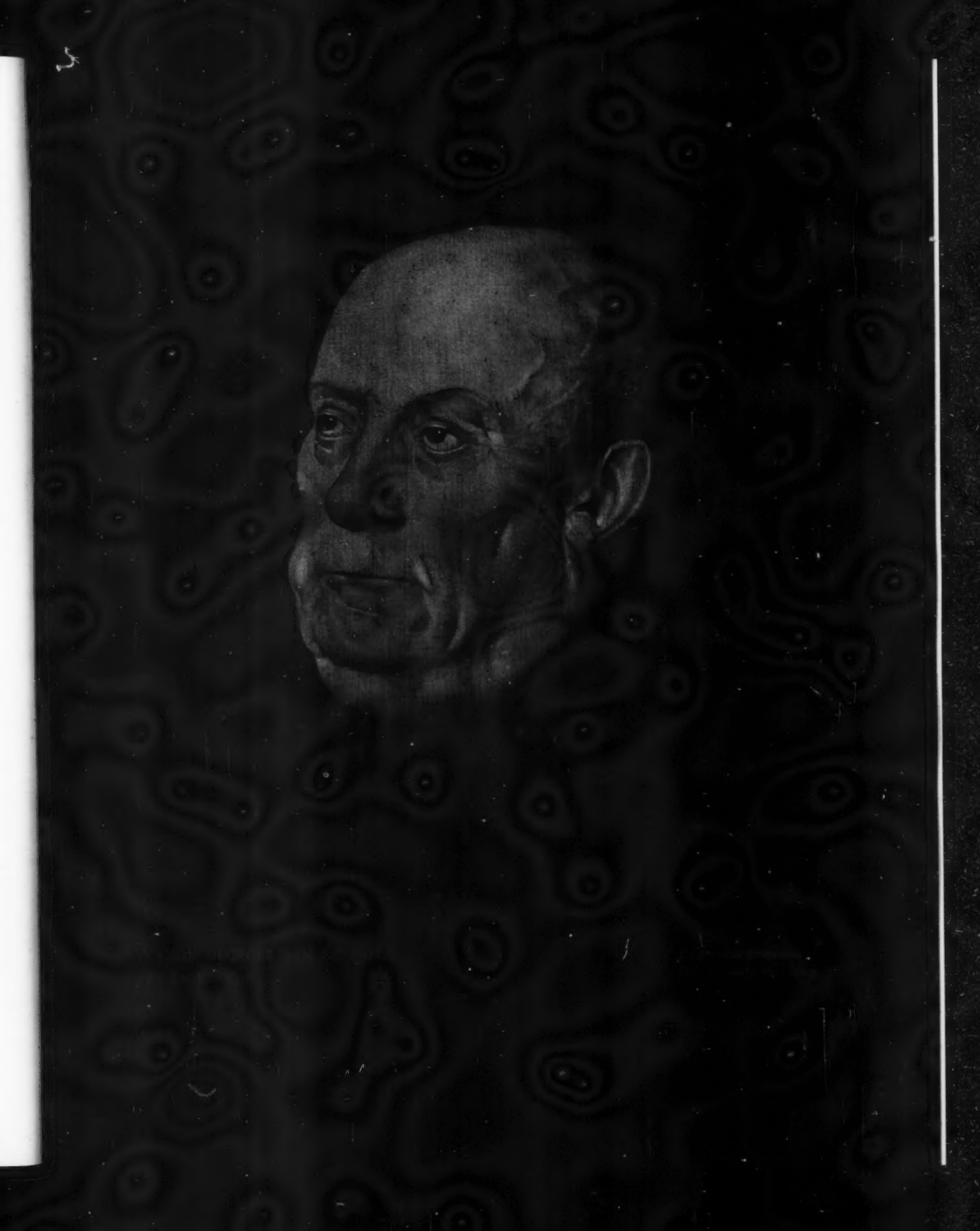
In the portrait at Hampton Court Palace the first note to be made is that the identity of the sitter is incontrovertible, but that the portrait itself is not the same. It is not a copy of the portrait at Bruges. It represents the old canon at a slightly earlier age before the wrinkles and pit marks in the cheek and neck had got so marked. The ear shows the same conformation. The crown of the head seems to be slightly higher and more dome-shaped than in the altarpiece, where there seems to be a *pentimento* in the drawing. The tuft of grey hair over the ear is much the same, though less distinct.

The canon is not in his robes, but in his indoor dress, the thick, quilted tunic with fur edging, worn by so many citizens of all ranks in the damp atmosphere of Flanders. The portrait at Hampton Court lacks the realism, the intensity of the portrait at Bruges, but is, nevertheless, a speaking likeness on its own account.

It is assumed, perhaps too hastily, that because the portrait at Hampton Court is painted on canvas, and not on panel, it cannot have been painted by Jan Van Eyck, but must belong to a later date. The portrait is thinly, though firmly, painted, and may have been transferred at some time from panel to canvas, which would account for its rather flat and tame appearance. This was done in the case of "The Annunciation" in the Hermitage Gallery, and other paintings ascribed to Jan Van Eyck.

Bruges Gallery

CANON GEORGES VAN DE PAELE
(Detail of Altarpiece)
By Jan Van Eyck



The Portrait of Canon Georges Van de Paele by Jan Van Eyck

Assuming that this is either a true original portrait of Canon Van de Paele or an early copy of such a portrait, the painter can hardly have been other than Jan Van Eyck. From 1432 to 1441 the painter was the near neighbour of the canon, and as the Duke of Burgundy's favourite painter, would be the most likely to be consulted and employed by the canon. As the canon was too infirm to leave his lodgings, the painter would have visited him at home, and it is easy to conjecture that Jan Van Eyck would have painted the canon unofficially in the first place, and then more elaborately in his ecclesiastical robes as donor of the altarpiece. It may be assumed, therefore, that Jan Van Eyck made at least two portraits of the old canon. If the portrait at Hampton Court be not accepted as an original painting, there must be, or have been, an original portrait elsewhere. It is difficult to believe that so strange and unattractive a subject should have been thought worth copying, and that the mere copy should have been acquired by so good a connoisseur as King Charles I. In the opinion of the present writer the portrait at Hampton Court has not the appearance of a copy. The verdict, however, may be given as *Not Proven*.

A FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS

By CONSTANT LAMBERT

FOR some months past those critics who would be more at home on the race-course than in the concert hall, and those composers who would be better employed forecasting dress fashions than attempting to follow musical ones, have with surprising unanimity predicted " a romantic revival."

If one takes the trouble to inquire into the causes of this revival one is told that " everybody's beginning to get frightfully bored with all this neo-classical music. It's so 1920 to try and write like Scarlatti." It is typical of this dreary age that the reason given should be a negative one. The romantic revival will be due then not to any real recrudescence of romantic feeling, not to any intelligent and sincere appreciation of the romantic masters, but merely to the fact that it is considered " 1920 " to try and write like Scarlatti. (Of course, one has only to narrow down the time-factor to reduce this type of criticism to an absurdity—one might just as well say " How very June of you to write a fugue ! How Tuesday to go to the ballet !")

These little parrot-cries would be harmless and even mildly amusing if they were only confined to the little circle that gave birth to them; but it is a depressing fact that this cynically fashionable and snobbish point of view has spread from the rag-tag-and-bobtail of the critical world to those creative artists who should above all be free from any such taint. Nothing is more pathetic than the spectacle of the modern artist torn from his proper surroundings to dash from drawing-room to drawing-room, from clique to clique, in a frenzied attempt to surprise or even keep up with his public, reacting and reacting continually.

This half-social, half-political attitude towards art has produced an intellectual forcing-bed that gives the unfortunate artist no chance of natural development, and small wonder that at the time he should be settling down to his best work he is exhausted both mentally and physically, a leader in name only, for ever at the beck and call of his often more astute followers, a weather-cock masquerading as a sign-post.

This attitude is to be found in varying forms in every country, and we need not flatter ourselves because we are comparatively free from the more *chi-chi* Parisian variety. Our hearty English snobbery is just as fatal in its effects as its cosmopolitan counterpart, and has indeed led English music into a cul-de-sac as complete as any to be found in Paris or Vienna.

The principal fault of the present-day attitude towards art lies in its complete inability to dissociate the essential form and feeling of a work from its purely external characteristics. For instance, it is amusing to notice how in the world of painting the thoroughly legitimate insistence on plastic values as opposed to literary associations has

led many people at the present time to acclaim as a formal masterpiece any picture or statue that is totally devoid of intellectual significance. Similarly in the world of music any work that produces in however garbled a form the more superficial characteristics of the eighteenth-century masters is considered a more classical and constructed piece of music than any outwardly romantic and literary work, even though the latter may possess formal qualities of the very highest order.

Balakireff's "Thamar" and the Faust Symphony of Liszt may be taken as two typical masterpieces of the romantic school which are yet classical in the fullest sense of the word, combining with an extraordinary depth of feeling a superb sense of design and development, for a parallel to which we must go back to the best symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. And yet any third-rate concerto-grosso of the twentieth century commands a better hearing at the present time, and will, I suppose, do so until the next vogue sets in, for the æsthetic "tipsters" are probably right in their predictions, and in ten years' time we shall have, instead of the clumsy pastiche of the least essential features of Bach's style, a similar autopsy performed on the body of Liszt. There seems little hope of any considerable musical works being produced as long as the present attitude towards music persists. There certainly has been surprisingly little new music of any value produced since the war—nothing as striking as "Le Sacre du Printemps" or "Pierrot Lunaire" (to name the two most obvious landmarks of pre-war modern music); and even these two works are seen in perspective to be not the innovations we thought them, but the death struggles of impressionism and the German *Lied* respectively.

It is true that one or two figures, notably Sibelius, have stood aside from the fashionable crowd, and it is interesting in this connection to realize that Sibelius is the one modern composer who has gone on producing new and original work up to an advanced age; but his good works are too few in number and too personal in their appeal to exert a really strong influence.

Some people maintain that this is one of those periods when serious music is at a standstill and popular music advances, but jazz, in spite of its charming innovations in rhythm and timbre and its superficial brilliance and sophistication, has already found only too many clichés of its own, and offers as little hope of future development as the "highbrow" music whose premature senility it shares. Senility is indeed the keynote of modern music, whose only method of rejuvenation would appear to be a series of Voronoff operations—grafting on to the withered body the glands of various apes:—a classical ape today—a romantic ape tomorrow.

It may be that the present troubled period is merely the prelude to a new and vigorous school of music, much as the experimental style of the early seventeenth century led the way to the superb accomplishment of the eighteenth century. It may be that the twentieth century will see no important artistic schools, but only brilliant individual figures. In either case it is unlikely that much real progress will be made until we have taken a firm stand against the ridiculous partisan *snobismes* and fashionable reactions that are stultifying our musical life today.

THE PERSPECTIVE PICTURE: A FREAK OF GERMAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ART

By JAMES BYAM SHAW

NEARLY everyone, I suppose, who has visited the small German room in the National Gallery, has had his attention drawn by the official on duty, or some more knowing bystander, to the mysterious object in the foreground of Holbein's "Ambassadors," that much-discussed picture painted in England in 1533 (Fig. I). At first sight the visitor may have mistaken it for a small shark; but he will have discovered, under instruction, that if he rests his cheek against the right side of the frame, about half-way down, and looks sideways across the surface of the picture, the object

will appear to him in perspective as a human skull—the "Memento Mori," which frequently occurs in German works of art of that date.

The introduction of a pseudo-scientific caprice into a serious work by a great master is indeed rather surprising; but it is, perhaps, least objectionable in a picture such as the "Ambassadors," crowded with political, topical and personal symbolism, and hardly pretending to a pictorial unity in the modern sense. Holbein may have had his reasons for disguising the "Memento Mori." And at least the freak is not without parallel in German sixteenth-century art.

National Gallery

FIG. I. THE AMBASSADORS
By Hans Holbein (1533)

It is less surprising, of course, to meet it in that medium which chiefly popularized pictorial art in Germany—the woodcut. Two woodcuts of the Nürnberg School in the British Museum are designed to show a similar "anamorphosis" when viewed in the normal way, which is corrected by placing the eye of the spectator at an acute angle of vision. One of these (Fig. II) is not as yet described in any catalogue. The centre portion, which is printed from a separate block and pasted on to the rest, appears as a meaningless confusion of lines, unless viewed from the extreme right side, with the left eye closed and the right one as near as possible to the surface of the paper; then the distortion is corrected and the lines take shape as an inscribed portrait of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, grandson of Maximilian I and brother of Charles V. It will then appear, moreover, that the portrait bears a striking resemblance to the beautiful engraving of 1531 (Fig. III) by the Nürnberg "little master," Bartel Beham (Pauli 91); and I have no doubt that this was the original from which the puzzle-portrait derives.* The rest of the print surrounding the portrait is drawn from the normal viewpoint; the clouds, the cupids' heads and crowned bird above, the Orientals in a landscape below, bear no particular relation to the portrait or to each other, and are evidently introduced only to fill up the surrounding space.

The other British Museum woodcut is described by Dodgson† and by Nagler‡ under the name of Steffan Hamer, the Nürnberg publisher. Here again the print is partly "anamorphosized," partly designed from the normal viewpoint. The latter part represents a scene from the story of Jonah and the whale; the puzzle-part is so well contrived (it is here cunningly combined with the rest, and evidently printed from the same block, not inserted afterwards, as in the Ferdinand cut),

* Perhaps indirectly, through the medium of some woodcut copy, since the puzzle-woodcut is in the same direction as the engraving, and not reversed, as one would expect if the author of the puzzle had worked from the engraving itself.

† *Catalogue of early German and Flemish Woodcuts in the British Museum*, i, 552, 9.

‡ *Künstler-Lexicon*, v, 530.

FIG. II. PUZZLE-PICTURE
Engraving by Erhard Schön

that Nagler failed to understand it at all, and in his catalogue dismissed it briefly thus: " Das übrige Gekritzel " (the rest is scribble). Or he may have been reticent through modesty; for we find if we apply our left eye to the surface of the paper at the extreme left-hand side and close the right, the " scribble " takes shape as a peasant crouching on the seashore in the foreground, engaged in an indelicate function. Below him runs the inscription: " Was sichst dv " (What do you see?). This print bears the address of Steffan Hamer and the date 1538.

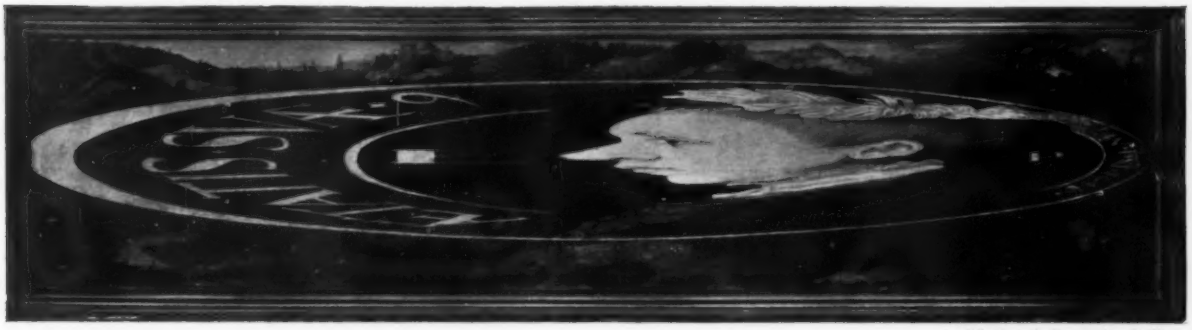
I attribute these two prints with some degree of confidence to Erhard Schön, who, in the latter part of his career, was strongly influenced by his younger Nürnberg contemporaries, the brothers Beham, and designed many popular and amusing broadsheets for the publisher Steffan Hamer during the fourth decade of the sixteenth century. The cuts, so far as they can be judged from the undistorted parts, are absolutely characteristic of his style at that period; the peculiar treatment of the trees amounts almost to a signature. The Ferdinand cut is probably the earlier; it is less ingeniously executed.

FIG. III. FERDINAND (KING OF THE ROMANS)
By Bartel Beham

Nagler describes as by Steffan Hamer another cut of this kind, " The Shameless Woman," apparently similar to the " Jonah " cut, but without the publisher's name. Again he leaves the puzzle part unexplained (" Das übrige ist nur Gekritzel "); and he omits to mention its whereabouts.*

Londoners are familiar with the puzzle-portrait of Edward VI at the age of nine, in the National Portrait Gallery, which displays exactly the same kind of distortion, and must be viewed through a peep-hole attached to the right-hand side of the frame (Fig. IV). This is a painting of good quality, dated 1546, and described in the catalogue as "probably by a Flemish artist." The arrangement is similar to that in the Ferdinand woodcut, the surrounding landscape, which is indeed Flemish in character, being normally designed. The portrait, which proves to be

* *Op. cit.* v, 531.

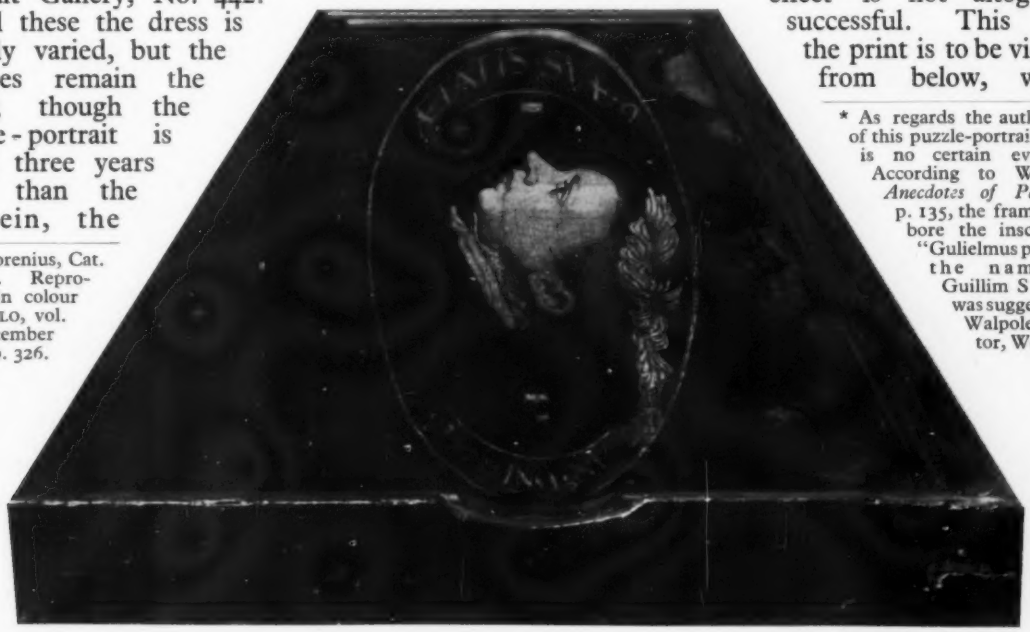


National Portrait Gallery

FIG. IV (*a*). PUZZLE-PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI

excellent when viewed in perspective, seems certainly to belong to that group of " Edward VI " profile portraits which derives from the little round Holbein painting, lately discovered by Lord Lee of Fareham, and now in his collection,* or rather, perhaps, from the drawing, now lost, which Holbein must have made for this painting. It was probably the last picture ever done by Holbein, and belongs to the year 1543. The group of profiles derived from it includes a drawing at Windsor, placed there with the original Holbeins, but almost certainly a copy (Braun, 79–016), and another picture in the National Portrait Gallery, No. 442. In all these the dress is slightly varied, but the features remain the same; though the puzzle-portrait is dated three years later than the Holbein, the Prince appears no older; it is clearly derivative from the same source.*

A similar portrait is said to have been done of Charles I. The " Edward VI " was in Charles's collection, and was no doubt the source of inspiration. Probably others exist; at any rate, the taste for these things seems to have lingered on in England for some time. There is in the British Museum an etching by an Englishman, John Harris (1686–1739), representing St. George and the Dragon, which is intended to provide the same kind of perspective-illusion, though the designer has not understood the principle so well, and the effect is not altogether successful. This time the print is to be viewed from below, where



National Portrait Gallery

FIG. IV (*b*). PUZZLE-PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI

* Borenius, Cat. No. 44. Reproduced in colour in APOLLO, vol. ii (December 1925), p. 326.

* As regards the authorship of this puzzle-portrait, there is no certain evidence. According to Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 135, the frame once bore the inscription "Gulielmus pinxit"; the name of Guillim Stretes was suggested by Walpole's editor, Wornum.

an engraved inscription occurs: "A George on Horse-back drawn in Opticks: place the letter A close to your eye and look on it as you do when you fire a peece at a Mark. Sold by Henry Overton without Newgate." Within the margin to the left is the signature, "John Harris, *fecit*," and to the right, "S. H., *delin.*" It would perhaps be extravagant to suggest that "S.H." stands for "Steffan Hamer," and that we have here an adaptation of a lost Nürnberg puzzle-woodcut; but it is surely a survival of a freak which originated in Germany in the sixteenth century.

It is amusing to speculate on the invention of these puzzle-pictures. I am convinced they were not produced with the aid of a convex mirror, as is suggested in the case of the Holbein skull in Miss Mary Hervey's authoritative work on the "Ambassadors." It is no accident, surely, that the distortion can be corrected in every case by looking at the picture from an acute angle of vision; and no amount of experimenting with convex mirrors will produce this convenient kind of distortion. The evolution of the idea was no doubt a capricious development of the scientific interest in the laws of pictorial Perspective, which had occupied the minds of Italian artists from the early years of the Renaissance. Now that the scientific aids to painting are decidedly *vieux jeu*, it is hard to realize the excitement caused in artistic circles in Germany, when the laws of Perspective and the rules for their application were first introduced from Italy through Albrecht Dürer. Dürer's work on "Measurement" appeared first in 1525 at Nürnberg; Latin editions were published at Paris in 1532 and 1535, and two more editions at Nürnberg in 1538.* No doubt most of the information contained in that book had already been spread through the Dürer circle into Germany, and the best German artists had a working knowledge of perspective many years before; but it is clear from Dürer's introduction to his book† that this knowledge was not scientifically applied, as it was by the Italians such as Mantegna, whom Dürer most admired: and it was through Dürer's book that ingenious devices for drawing bodies in perspective first became generally accessible. The last part of the work consists of a brief explanation of these devices, with woodcut illustrations. An examination of the illustration here reproduced (Fig. V), showing a method of drawing a lute in correct perspective, will open the eyes of the unsuspecting to the wide gulf between ancient and modern methods.*

With this fascinating material to work upon and the popular interest in view, it is easy to imagine how the scientifically-minded German artist, infected with the new fever, may have been led to experiment. What would happen, for instance, if he were to view a normally painted picture—take, for example, a portrait head—not from the normal viewpoint, i.e. from a point roughly at right angles to the picture-surface, but from a very acute angle, i.e. with the eye at the extreme right or left, and very close to the picture-surface? He observes that the painted head is, as it were, closed up towards him, in the manner of a concertina pressed from the farther end, so that it appears very narrow. Then an amusing idea occurs to him: would it be possible to correct this distortion by the application of these new laws of Perspective, so that from this acute angle of vision the head appears in proper proportions? And, to be brief, he discovers that by an *exact reversal of the rules of foreshortening*, this effect can be obtained. In foreshortening a body to be seen from the ordinary viewpoint, to give an effect of recession at an angle from the picture-surface, it is necessary to draw that body, as it recedes into the successive planes, increasingly shorter and shorter, and at the same time slightly narrower and narrower; and this diminution of the successive parts must be the more violent in proportion to the angle at which the body is supposed to recede. In exactly the reverse way, to avoid an apparent distortion when the painted head is to be viewed sideways from an acute angle of vision, the successive parts of the head, as they recede farther and farther from the spectator's eye, must be drawn longer and longer, and at the

* Conway, *Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer*, p. 211.
† For translation, see Conway, *op. cit.*, pp. 211–212.

* The nail in the wall, to which one end of the string is attached, preserves the eye-level; the other end of the string is attached to the tip of a short pointer, which the painter's assistant presents to the various points of the lute in turn, keeping the string taut. The artist measures in each case the exact point, with reference to two sides of the frame, at which the string passes through the frame, and notes this on the frame itself. These measurements are then transferred to the painter's panel, which is attached to the frame with a hinge and has been opened inwards to allow the measurements to be made. The dots on the panel in the illustration represent the transferred measurements. This woodcut is of interest in connection with the admirably foreshortened lute in Holbein's "Ambassadors." Did Holbein employ Dürer's device?

same time slightly wider and wider; and this distension of the successive parts must be the more violent in proportion to acuteness of the intended angle of vision. In painting an object on a flat surface in such a way as to make it appear to recede at an angle, the artist had to produce an optical illusion by foreshortening of the object painted; just so, in painting an object on a surface really receding at an angle, in such a way as to make it appear to be on the flat, the artist had to proceed by exactly the reverse process, and produce an optical illusion by *forelengthening* of the object painted. The picture-surface is thus artificially turned on to a plane at right angles to the line of vision. Incidentally, our enterprising German artist finds, when he surveys his forelengthened head from the normal viewpoint, that he has produced an amusing and mystifying picture-puzzle, which, he thinks, may appeal to the public fancy. Such a process of thought would, I think, have been not uncharacteristic of the German mentality at that date, as it reacted to the spirit of the Renaissance, and developed that curious sort of twisted ingenuity which we find exemplified in popular works of art of the period.

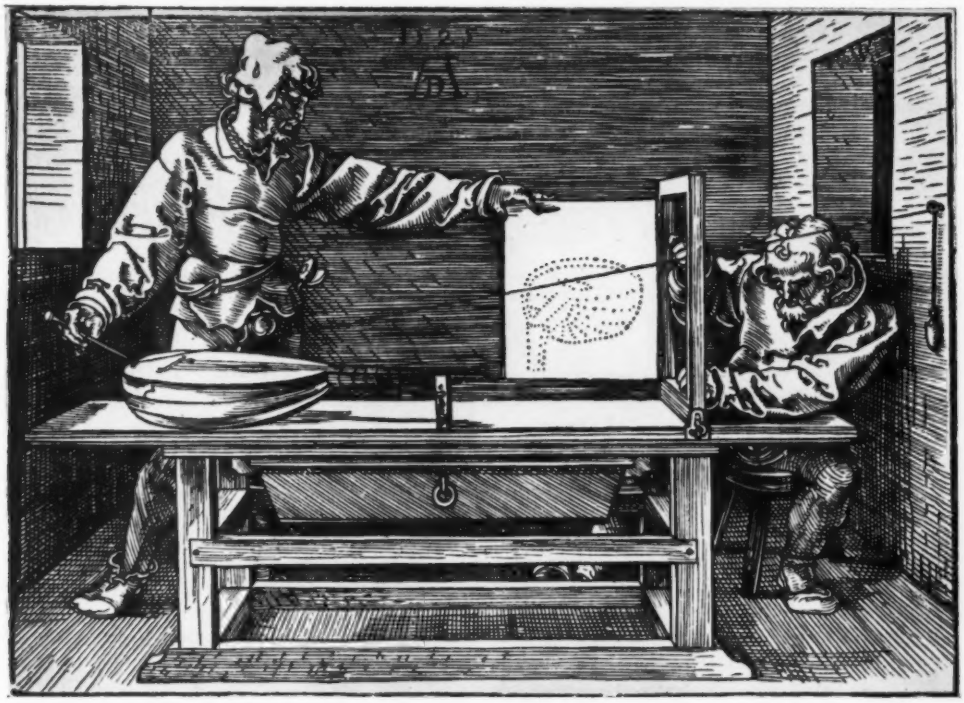


FIG. V. DRAWING A LUTE IN PERSPECTIVE
By Albrecht Dürer (1525)

It remains hard to decide the manner in which these puzzles were intended to be viewed. Horace Walpole, who saw the "Edward VI" "among the stores of old pictures at Somerset House" ("Anecdotes of Painting," p. 135), describes it as "to be discovered only by the reflexion of a cylindric mirror." It is certainly a fact that the distortion in all these puzzles can be corrected by reflexion in a simple cylinder of polished metal. Anyone may test the truth of this by experiment. On the other hand, three points may be taken into consideration: First, there is an older record of the "Edward VI" puzzle-picture, dating as far back as 1598, in Hentzner's "Itinerarium," first published at Nürnberg in 1612. Hentzner visited England in 1598 and saw the picture at Whitehall. His description must be quoted, as the meaning is rather obscure: *Eduardi VI Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid repræsentens, sed si quis per foramen operculi vel tabellæ, quâ pictura tegitur, effigiem*

*rectâ intueatur, tum vera deprœhenditur; ingeniosum Artificis inventum.** "Portrait of Edward VI King of England: at first sight a representation of some monstrosity; but if it be looked at straight through the hole in the lid or shutter, with which the picture is covered, it is seen in its proper proportions; an ingenious invention of the Artist." The exact nature of the "lid or shutter, with which the picture was covered," is rather hard to imagine. Evidently it was not a fixed covering, since the picture "seemed at first sight to represent some monstrosity." One may suppose, perhaps, that the picture was covered by a shutter, hinged on the right, which contained a peep-hole close to the hinge; when this shutter was opened at right angles to the picture, the peep-hole would have been in the right position for a corrected view of the portrait, and the shutter itself would have served, as the board containing the peep-hole in the National Portrait Gallery now serves, to exclude from view the landscape, which would appear distorted from the acute angle of vision. At any rate, the point to be emphasized is, that there is no mention of a "cylindric mirror" in Hentzner, who saw the picture hanging presumably in its original position, and not, as Walpole had seen it, in the store-room. Secondly, it is improbable that the German woodcuts, popular works to be sold for a trifling sum, were intended to be viewed with the help of any apparatus, however simple, when the same effect could be produced by placing the spectator's eye at an acute angle of vision. And thirdly, in the case of the "George on Horseback, drawn in Opticks," a later work, it is true, but surely connected with the others in principle, we have express instructions in the engraved inscription. On the whole, I am inclined to think that Walpole's remark is misleading, even in the case of the "Edward VI"; and that all these puzzles were intended to be viewed simply from a line of vision at an acute angle to the picture-surface.

* *Itinerarium*, 1st ed., Nürnberg, 1612, p. 127.

TURNER IN COLOUR-AQUATINT

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

"THAT mysterious forest below London Bridge"—with this umbrageously picturesque phrase Ruskin begins that passage in "Modern Painters" in which, picturing Turner's boyhood, he foreshadows the painter's life-long preoccupation with every craft of the waters. "How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring, and clambering—these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights, over their castle parapets—the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world." So here, in "A First-Rater Taking in Stores," we have Turner the man putting to brave and splendid use all the knowledge of ships and winds and waters that he had so lovingly accumulated from his boyhood, the great men-of-war and the small sailing craft, the gallant seamen, the green surging waters of the tideway, and the wonderful moving mystery of the windy sky. This, dating from 1818, is one of the famous Farnley Hall drawings, and Ruskin cited it as an example of those noble works in which Turner expressed his thoughts as they came, with a miracle of invention and a swiftness and obedience of hand, forgetting himself entirely. There had been some discussion, at Mr. Fawkes's table at Farnley, as to the relative sizes of boats and ships, and, to prove the accuracy of his statements, Turner "took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot," Mr. Fawkes sitting at the painter's side the whole time, watching every stroke of his brush.

A great concentrated effort of memory was exacted, considering especially the painter's environment—a drawing-room in the middle of Yorkshire, far away from ships and the sea—yet here is the master's consummate knowledge, with all the artistic facility of statement one might have expected in view of the actual scene. Here is every detail of the great armed hulls in perspective from stem to stern, with the rigging complete down to the least rope, not only of the battleships, but of the small craft, and the sea drawn with breadth and most delicate touches, so that depth, volume, weight, and an infinite variety of buoyant movement are conveyed with freshness of colour, artistically true, and relative sharpness of tone, that follow with gusty sweeps the sudden influences of the sky. Now, it is remarkable that this great drawing had never been engraved. A hundred years ago it might very well have been translated into mezzotint by Thomas Lupton or Charles Turner; but only now some experiments by Mr. Kenneth Hobson, in the revival of an old method of colour-engraving, promised such results as to induce the present owner, Major F. H. Fawkes, to yield his consent to the attempt. By this method—which is none other than the aquatint of many colours from separate plates, with which François Janinet would multiply, for the Parisian boudoirs of Louis Quinze, such pleasing pictorial fancies as those of Lavreince, Boucher, Fragonard, and set the gamut for the original airs of Debucourt—Mr. Hobson had already proved his right to interpret Turner. He had taken a drawing, " The Two Bridges, Shrewsbury," and with the most sensitive use of aquatint—treating the dust-ground and acid as if they were actually washes of tone and tint, not merely a meticulous process of auxiliary etching—he gave a perfectly sympathetic rendering of the master's work, keeping justly the values of the near and the farther bridge, the distant hills, the intermediate buildings, the water with its many reflections and then its rush and tumble among the stones. The Cotswold Gallery published " The Two Bridges, Shrewsbury,"

By courtesy of the Cotswold Gallery

A FIRST-RATER TAKING IN STORES

Aquatint after Turner by Kenneth Hobson

and its success foreshadowed the present more ambitious venture. Mr. Hobson was an enthusiast for aquatint; he felt it could legitimately respond to the call of an infinite range of tones, and he had on his own initiative been experimenting with it as an independent medium, exploring its subtleties as well as its broad effects, and with considerable finesse he had further tested its capacity for printing colour from more than one plate. He made original prints. Two years ago he had a success with "Ludlow Castle," a fine composition with a cloud-racing sky; then, with changes of motive, variations in the disposition of light and shade, and more assurance in the colour scheme, he had proceeded to "Richmond Castle, Yorkshire," and "Notre Dame de Paris." Now came the great opportunity of engraving an important Turner drawing which, so far as translation went, was virgin ground, and the supreme thing about it was that it was to be translated, not into monochrome, but into the very colours of the original. Here, then, was the chance of proving, with enlarged experience, the colour-capacity of the old French aquatint method for interpreting a work of art essentially English and by a supreme master. It was certainly in the right hands, for Mr. Hobson's experiments had given him confidence for the test. He found four plates enough, but in various subtle ways his purpose suggested modifications of Janinet's procedure while yet he adopted the primitive French method of using pins for securing exactness of register—*la manière au repérage*. To look through the various progress proofs of "A First-Rater Taking in Stores" is to watch the beautiful development of a very remarkable print. It is to trace, through the blue, the ochre and the black, the growth of transparency in the plashing waves so restlessly vivid; to peer into the blue of the sky and see it become more vaporous as it waxes deeper; to see the shape of one great hull emerge in yellow ochre, while the bare forms of two others literally bolt from the blue. Then, by a kind of etched tracery added, the whole of a sudden takes definite form; the ships are manned, rigged and armed, guns in their portholes are seen along the first-rater's side, halyards are in their places, and the spar of a foresail appears with its grace of ropes. Against the great ship's side, magnificently small in comparison, are three ketches with stores to unload, while another is approaching, running with the wind. That this splendid print does full justice to the romantic spirit of the original, as well as to the masterly facility of its execution, we may infer from the cordial approval with which the owner of the drawing has sanctioned its publication by the Cotswold Gallery.

A TINTORETTO FOR MELBOURNE

By TANCRED BORENIUS

VENICE was decidedly happy in her series of official portrait painters during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. First Gentile, then Giovanni Bellini, then Titian, and finally, Tintoretto—what a succession of names!

Among the portraits of doges painted by Tintoretto, either singly or as units of more elaborate compositions, there are several which stand out as memorable achievements; but he surely never did anything finer in this province of his work than the likeness of Pietro Loredano, which lately has been acquired for the National Gallery of Victoria. And in congratulating the Melbourne Museum, we may at the same time rejoice at what amounts to the rediscovery of a hitherto unknown masterpiece of the great Venetian artist; for although its *provenance* is far from obscure or insignificant—being the collection of Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London at the outbreak of the war—the picture has escaped the attention of all who have so far written on Tintoretto.

Pietro Loredano occupied the highest position in the Venetian State for only a brief time—from 1567 to 1570; hence the picture, which shows him in his robes of office, may be dated with considerable accuracy. It belongs to the middle period of Tintoretto's career which saw the commencement of his work for the Scuola di San Rocco, where his great picture of the Crucifixion was completed in 1565; while another masterpiece, the

National Gallery of Victoria

PORTRAIT OF PIETRO LOREDANO, DOGE OF VENICE

By Tintoretto

Crucifixion, in the Church of San Cassiano, is even closer to it in point of time, dating, as it does, from 1568. Other portraits of the same sitter, which may be associated with Tintoretto, occur in the frieze of the Sala dello Scrutinio, in the Ducal Palace, and in a picture representing the aged ruler of Venice introduced to the Madonna by various saints; while, if my memory is not at fault, there was some years ago in the London art market a bust portrait of Pietro Loredano by Tintoretto of which I have now lost trace. The present picture is, however, by a long way the most important portrait of the sitter known to us. Magnificent in colour, it is truly admirable in the simple, monumental architecture of the composition, in which, as almost invariably in Tintoretto's portraits, the agitated play of line and chiaroscuro in his great religious and mythological compositions has been replaced by the utmost calm and restfulness.

AN UNRECORDED VELAZQUEZ

By WILHELM SUIDA

I HAVE deferred publishing a little discovery which I was convinced of having made some years ago, until a comparison with the originals of Velazquez in the Prado enabled me to verify my observations with the greatest accuracy.

In 1859 a little portrait of a child,* attributed to Anthony Van Dyck, found its way into the Accademia Carrara of Bergamo with the bequest of Conte Guglielmo Lochis, so rich in precious works. The smooth hair, executed with broad, lighter and darker strokes, enframes the face of a child who looks at the spectator with a pair of large, dark eyes. The highest lights occur in the dark pupil, which is at the same time the lowest tone in the whole portrait. But the soft face merges delicately into reddish to greenish tones, the little nose is heightened with a yellowish light sparingly applied, and the mouth is very softly embedded in its surroundings. The dress, with a small opening at the neck, shows nothing but brown underpainting, the white collar being only just indicated. It is clear that only the head was completed; the rest of the picture remained for some reason unfinished. It is

PRINCE BALTHAZAR CARLOS
(Detail)
By Velazquez

* Catalogue 1912, No. 481, canvas 34×24 cm.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
By Velazquez

Bergamo, Accademia Carrara

impossible to say with certainty whether it was ever larger in size. The canvas, as it exists today, has been cut at the edges, fastened on to a later canvas, and then on to the stretcher. However, it is probable that nothing more than a bust was ever intended, as the tone of the background passes comparatively rapidly from the dark of the left side of the picture, against which the head stands out light, to the lighter tones of the right side, where the lock of hair stands out in silhouette. It is worth noting that the whites of the eyes appear singularly blue amid the predominating interplay of brown and green tones. The whole picture, probably preserved in its essentials,* proves on closer examination to be the work of a great painter who is able to produce a strong effect with simple means.

Several friends to whom I showed the photograph of the picture thought of the possibility of its being a study for the portrait of Prince Balthazar Carlos. There is an undeniable similarity, yet the relations of the masses of the face do not appear to be quite the same; the distance from the mouth to the top of the chin seems to be a little shorter in the Bergamo head. Besides, there can be some doubt that the little picture in Bergamo is really the portrait of a boy and not of a little girl, as is stated in the catalogue of the Accademia Carrara. In any case, the head of the equestrian portrait of Prince Balthazar Carlos in the Prado offers the closest parallel, not only in type, but above all in the manner of painting. The equestrian portrait as well as the portrait of the prince as a sportsman, also in the Prado, reveal similar pictorial and technical peculiarities, leaving little room to doubt that the portrait study in Bergamo should be dated in the middle thirties of the seventeenth century. The remarkable quality of the little unfinished picture assures its claim to a place among the works of Velazquez's own hand.

* I have to thank the expert restorer of the Brera, Professor Cav. Mauro Pelliccioli, for his co-operation in the detailed examination of the technique and condition of the picture in Bergamo.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

ON the first day of autumn those for whom the sweetest fruit of the season are pictures in oils, or at any rate some of them, proclaim the necessity of a new "Fauvism"—an admirable subject for discussion among the young painters, who are returning to their tables at the Café du Dôme and who, having passed the summer side by side, shoulder to shoulder, easel beside easel, at Cassis, Sanary, Baudol, or Cagnes-sur-Mer, had absolutely nothing to say to each other.

A new Fauvism? By Jove! Revolutions are full of charm for the young. It is an intoxication of destruction: the pride of being a little Saint Just, a little Robespierre, the sweetness of dying a martyr like the Girondists, the immense hope of being the Bonaparte of a new Paris school.

Note, however, the curious fact that the young painters won't even hear of this revolution, this "Fauvism." The new Fauvism is nothing but the agitated critics calling out for it. They want a Bonaparte in order to be able to write their "History of the Consulate and of the Empire." You will have guessed that it is the young critics, at least the newcomers, who, not having been mixed up with the great adventures that are beginning to convulse America, after Europe, find the conditions of life flat and insipid. There is little suggestiveness for them in following from gallery to gallery, from salon to salon, the moderate exploits of the painters of less than forty who draw with prudence all that they can from the masters, one only of whom, Henri Matisse, has passed his fiftieth year.

It is easy to recognize that for these unfortunate critics a second Picasso would be welcome. A Derain, recommencing his life and grinding his "pure colour" over again, would at the same time weave golden days for them.

Well, I would tell these critics that they are not very reasonable. What have they to complain of since it is the great noise made in the world by Henri Matisse, Picasso, and Derain, as well as Braque, Rouault, Friesz, and others, that has led them to the criticism of art? They are face to face precisely with what they wished to contemplate. We may confine ourselves to telling them that, as these young masters are barely commencing to order the virgin elements with which they have enriched the plastic arts, there remains sufficient for light criticism to say of their work if it is, as must be supposed, thoroughly penetrated with the truth, that the Fauves and Cubists broke with academism, and passed beyond the tender impressionist path, only to find once more the great classic truths.

And this may be added: the critics who were the witnesses of the great Fauve shock twenty years ago, and who accompanied the great Fauves all along their tumultuous career, became critics by accident. What were they, then? This is a point in the history of the artistic movement which has its value; they were the poet friends of some of the painters susceptible to ideas and to that criticism of life itself, or its appearances—forms—which is made above and is essentially poetry.

I do not think that I am obeying an impulse of pride, or a necessity of paying excessive homage to the supreme

art—that which commands all the others—in saying that the whole of modern art has issued from the conversations of the painters of 1900–1905 with the poets of that time. Moreover, the poets were repaid without delay for their unpreconceived intervention. In a recent interview Picasso could speak of that Cubism which was " influenced in turn by the poets, and influencing them."

There is the law and the prophets.

Although, as I have said, the evolution of the movement that was Fauve yesterday is not yet complete, something unexpected might result if disinterested poets, not aspiring to the " position " of critics, were to take a passionate part in the spiritual life of the young painters of 1927. They are in dire need of it, these young painters, who themselves reason so often as critics. If I am not mistaken—and I think I am not—nothing more is needed to explain the spectacle which the Salon d'Automne will once again present to us: a few masters, less and less eager to exhibit in these great fairs, and whom the latter-day critics so easily weary of commenting, surrounded by an infinity of moderate talents, always more intelligent than passionate, and in evident danger of falling into the pit of a new academism. A professor has very aptly said, " Academism is an abstention."

A closer examination of these talents, restrained to excess by a fatal employment of unleavened reason, reveals nevertheless, here and there, explosive forces that it is difficult to resign oneself to consider as dominated for ever.

That is why, in the sincere regret of not being able to have too much faith in a new and quite sudden revolution, I will, after all, publish some of the most powerful arguments of the generous advocates of this good cause: Fauvism at any cost.

You will agree with me, then, that they put forward, not so much a doctrine as a formula of hope. M. Tériade, who as a child played on the steps of the Panthéon and who has just found himself in the Louvre in the galleries of the " Collection Camondo," writes in the " Comœdia ": " The young are endeavouring today to reinstate the poetic gift by appealing to imagination in its lightest form, that is, fantasy, or through the subconscious depths of dreams."

That is believing that superrealism will be the ferment of the expected Fauvism. The superrealists are very few in numbers. They have given the men of their generation no personal means of plastic expression. After having literally shouted down Cubism, they triumphantly searched out a young ancestor, Picasso, the father of Cubism and, in fact, the master of plastic imagination.

Are these good revolutionary conditions? The Fauves of 1905 only referred to the man whose glory, whose triumph they alone had assured—a man who had completed his work (though he thought that much remained for him to find); a man from whom they did not inherit cynically, but whose example liberated them—and that was the great Cézanne on the eve of his death.

M. VLAMINCK
in his Norman kitchen at La Godelière (Eure-et-Loire)

Meanwhile, until the second Fauvism comes to upset the wise order of the marble tables in the cafés of Montparnasse, the great champions of the first Fauvism who remained nearest to the initial doctrine seem to me to be doing very well.

I have been down to see one of the purest, one of the greatest, in his country retreat—Vlaminck, the good old giant, with his aphorisms, with his unexpected whims, of whom I have often spoken to you before. But Vlaminck is inexhaustible.

Ah! it was not dull. No sooner I arrived than Vlaminck sped me along at a hundred an hour in order to say:

" Because I have often repeated that I do not stupefy myself with theories, that the museum is as dangerous as the barracks, and that I want to remain a free man, there are respectable people who visualize me as a good fellow who shuts himself up in a trunk with a canvas and colours, and at the sound of the gong comes out again with a signed picture. Do they take me for an imbecile? "

Vlaminck is furious, pale with rage. But the powerful car does not swerve, because the hand of Vlaminck is the surest and most delicate that exists.

He once restrained himself from letting the dogs that guard his simple and pretty Norman house loose on to an " enlightened amateur " who asked him, as a simple formality, whether he always painted from Nature.

" It is only one who has never seen anything, neither pictures nor Nature, who can ask such questions," said Vlaminck.

Let us remember this remark of Vlaminck's, which is equivalent to a sane apology of the imagination.

Landscapes are ever before the eyes of him who one day replied to George Duhamel, his biographer :

" I am listening to you, old chap, but at the same time I am thinking of what this sunset has produced there, in that little wood, where we have just been."

For Vlaminck, people, artists, who intoxicate themselves with doctrines, theories, arguments, quibbles, are simply drunkards, drunk with the worst kind of alcohol, and he despises these as he despises the others. He has fled from Paris, that colossal café, where many drinks of this nature are served—and then, joking apart, do you ever see a landscape painter in Paris ?

Yes, but when he wanted to, Vlaminck, who presumably would let his dogs loose if one were to speak of psychology, has painted, when he was in the mood for it, the most beautiful, the most intelligent portraits in the world. Some day I must get him to talk about one of the most perfect Rubenses—a portrait of Plantin, which is still in the Musée Plantin at Antwerp. Rubens painted this masterpiece some time after Plantin's death, and, of course, if any fool dared to speak of chic on that account, the dogs would have to be let loose. Vlaminck has not even painted with chic that synthetic portrait — the portrait of nobody, and of so many men, alas ! the triumphant, but in no way truculent, success of which broke the monotony of the last Salon des Tuileries — the portrait of a happy taxpayer. How many thousands of models were taken in by that clear eye of Vlaminck's, the eye that has the movements of the ocean, for this portrait of nobody !

VILLAGE STREET
By Vlaminck

Vlaminck, who has the finest literary gift, his style being composed of that " frankness " which he ranks above all, writes, as a recreation, things like his " Histoires et poèmes de mon époque," which are, perhaps, the first writings of revolt in which the heart prevails without their losing their incendiary qualities. He has also written much about painting ; but with what a pen ! For example : " Some twenty-five years ago, coming away from an exhibition of Vincent Van Gogh, in the Rue Laffitte, my soul was convulsed and I had the wish to cry for joy and despair. That day I loved Van Gogh better than my own father."

As he fled from Paris, so Vlaminck left Chaton, where he produced the fine, dramatic, at times hallucinating landscapes which established his reputation. He has abandoned the district of Auvers-sur-Oise, where not very long ago he painted canvases on which there appeared for the first time those masses of almost pure white ; so that one cannot imagine that any colour can take its value without this white, which in the future may provide food for generations of art critics. In Normandy, Vlaminck peacefully carries on his work, always new, and yet without loss of continuity. Living in the most brilliant solitude, he does not hesitate to go a hundred kilometres for some mysterious rendezvous with Nature. The local colour is in himself. No one before Vlaminck had lifted landscape to the eminent dignity of a work of the spirit, with such generous, such loyal submission to Nature.

One day, when I was not dealing with the fine arts, I happened to write that imagination cannot flourish where the heart is not. That day I must have thought of Vlaminck.

Max Jacob, the poet and painter of whom I spoke to you the other day, has just recalled the days of Fauvism, and even a little farther back, in pages that will rank among the purest of his works. With tragic reticence of emotion, using modestly contained phrases, Max Jacob enables us to see the arrival in Paris of Pablo Picasso. Very few people then had any presentiment of his astonishing destiny. At that time Vlaminck was the leader of the school of Chaton. Others were experiencing the greatest distress. The poorest of the poor, Max Jacob found the means of saving up in order to assist Picasso, who possessed nothing.

Before establishing himself near Max Jacob in the quartier de Charonne, and later at Montmartre, Picasso stayed at a sordid hotel in the Rue de la Seine, the Hotel du Maroc, sharing a wretched corner with an obscure sculptor called Sisket. Max Jacob writes :

" The bed was littered with grand drawings and a large black album. . . . Neither Picasso nor the sculptor had anything to eat. I was a tutor at that time, and I used to come and see Picasso with my pupil. I think that good gentleman will remember all his life that he had seen misery and genius."

It is, indeed, the tragic life of the eighteen-year-old painter and his friend in a workman's quarter :

" Picasso remembers the first meal we had in the open air in the Rue de la Roquette : a sausage that contained nothing but the gas of putrefaction, a rotten fish. He remembers, perhaps, the glance we cast on the ground one day from a high balcony, and the night when the verses of Alfred de Vigny made us cry (perhaps it was not the verses). At last, one day he sold a pastel to a Mme. Bernard for sixty francs, and with this money he returned to Barcelona."

The same essay contains interesting notes on the formation of the inventor of Cubism, who, I think I was the first to say, was not an infant prodigy.

" No sooner arrived in Paris (1899) than he held an exhibition at Vollard's and had a genuine success. He was reproached with imitating Steinlen, Lautrec, Vuillard, Van Gogh, etc., but everyone recognized that here was a tremendous ardour, a brilliance, the eye of a painter . . ."

Steinlen ! It sometimes seems to us that it was yesterday. How much older it is ! The illustrated invitation to an exhibition of paintings and drawings organized by a gallery near the Opéra takes me back so far into the past ! Steinlen's people have nothing in common with the masses of 1927. Steinlen's workman is an idealist in search of liberty, with the clear eyes of the dreamer, the son of the sentimental communard; he is the cousin of the vagabond who perpetuates a romantic dream along the roads. Where would Steinlen find such a model among the Marxist workingmen of today, more intelligent but less candid, and who are rapidly being dried up by the Bolshevist " cell "? Only with the advent of show do we sometimes see the return of a model of Steinlen's — the mistletoe seller. But he is an old man, and Steinlen painted wandering rustics with red beards and wolf's eyes.

FARM BUILDINGS
By Vlaminck

The chroniclers of the old school, that of Francisque Sarcey and of Jules Claretie, who were so solicitous about the beautiful transition, would have been jealous of the one actuality provides me with. Hastening to speak to you of the theatre, I can do so without as yet taking leave of painting.

Mlle. Falconetti, who, after boring herself in the official Comédie Française, had some " genre pieces " produced in the theatres of the boulevards, is now rehearsing a comedy by M. Pierre Frondaie at the Theatre Sara Bernhard. I am deceiving no one by spreading the well-founded rumour that this comedy will be produced with the greatest refinement. It is in the most modern interiors that the three acts unfold themselves. A portrait of Mlle. Falconetti was required. Instead of asking the scene-painter for a vague suggestion, the commission was given to the painter Kisling, who set to work at once, as he had just completed the portrait of Mlle. Valentine Tersier in the costume of Célimène.

Thus it is possible to see the *hispanosuiza* of " L'Homme à l'hispano-suiza " on the threshold of the old, semi-historic house at 3 rue Joseph-Bara. Taking care not to disturb the painter, M. Pierre gives advice to Mlle. Falconetti, sitting there where, offered a fraternal reception, the poor and sick Modigliani painted his last masterpieces.

Kisling appears to be very much attracted by the dramatic atmosphere. In order to acquire that precious " local colour," of which we spoke just now, though without too much faith in it, Kisling has wended his way towards the theatre. He who never moved except to go to the nearest cinema is now in friendly relations with the Frères Isola, directors, prodigiously active managers, rich in memories, and who take the marvelling painter from the " Olympia " of the days of Yvette Guilbert to the " Opéra Comique " of the first appearance of Mary Garden, from " Parisiana," timidly attempting the " nude in the theatre," to those stages shrouded in the mist of the legend, where the transmission of thought served the magician brothers to attempt the musical education of the masses.

Indeed, a happy wind has swept away the worst dust that covered all too many theatres. Today I am able to write not too harshly of the Parisian performances. By an unhoped-for chance I can with good faith recommend several new plays to those of my readers who wish to cross the Channel.

You must see " C'est jeune ! " by Léon Ruth, at the Théâtre des Arts; a sort of " Daphnis and Chloé " in the days of jazz. But it remains far below the antique example in audacity, so true is it that a certain measure of balance between cynicism and prudery has been lost. Or else irony must intervene, and that is what makes the success of the new revue by Rip, " Au temps de Gastonnet." M. Gaston Doumergue smiled at it, happy to hear himself called in Paris after the fashion of the old people of his native Midi.

At the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, " Knock, ou le triomphe de la Médecine," that brilliant, but doctoral, university farce, is advancing full speed towards its thousandth performance. " Une bourgeoise," by M. Victor Francen, at the Maison de l'Œuvre, is a painful, unpleasant, irritating play, but well given, well written, and moving. Is it possible to speak of a " Parisienne " written forty years after Henry Becque's ? This woman, diseased in all her senses, no more belongs to the bourgeoisie than the " Parisienne," an adultress by habit, was the woman of Paris. It should have been called " Une Parisienne," as Francen has said " Une bourgeoise." So let us speak of a Parisienne written not only after Becque but, above all, after Freud and, perhaps, after Lenin.

The modern comedy in the style of the eighteenth century, " Crébillon fils en pyjama," which M. Bibesco

produced on the little stage of the Mathurins, only recalled to my mind the great painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's amusing quatrain :

Le prince Bibesco
Se baigne dans l'Escaut
Imbibe, imbibe Escaut
Le prince Bibesco.

At the Théâtre Michel there is an excellent comedy by M. André Lang, " Une charmante jeune fille." Before devoting himself to a theatre evidently intended to please all, M. André Lang began by inquiring into the newest literary problems. In order to write his " Voyage en zig-zag à travers la République des Lettres," M. André Lang got into communication with the minds most anxious to lean towards new or revived material. It is perhaps to this preparatory stage, to the touching memory of his stay among the disinterested writers, that M. André Lang will owe the good fortune of realizing a sort of accord between that easy theatre, agreeable to all, and therefore dubbed " bourgeois," and the theatre dangerously styled art, in realization often below that which was intended, the announcement alone of which suffices, alas ! to cause the true public to flee.

I think that soon there will be a good deal to say about Marie Dubas, an operette star, who has passed to the music hall. Does Marie Dubas aspire to incorporate the whole of modern art in her tremulous turn ? Let her listen to a poet's advice of moderation, let a painter explain colours to her, let her find her musician, and, thanks to this perfectly beautiful white woman, we will cease at last to pay tribute to wily mulattos.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE OPERA IN GERMANY

FORMERLY the opera existed only in highly-cultured circles. This system was broken by the German opera, which lacked a national past and did not grow out of the use of the voice, nor out of the life of the people, nor out of an aptitude for rhythmic pageantry. The reason for this is that the Germans are at bottom not makers of opera at all but instrumentalists, using the voice as an addition. They have always made experiments to associate themselves with the universal course of opera, but these remained isolated and without issue. They composed most successfully when admittedly employing the Italian language and form. The opera with dialogue had followed a certain independent development which reached its summit for the time being in the " Magic Flute." Serious opera seemed to have found an original note in " Fidelio," but that failed to produce a following. At last the " Freischütz " showed a way along which progress was possible. The opera with dialogue was brought into a certain unity with pathos. It was along these lines of romantic opera that Wagner produced his great work of creating a German opera that was accepted throughout the world and became a hitherto unheard-of synthesis of the most varied operatic forms, the ethical, the dramatic and the naturalistic. Wagner's work begins with embracing and raising all the former styles, and returns to the same circle after having prevailed over the specially German puritanic theory.

After Wagner's death the system was bound to fall to pieces because it was the result of personal genius. German opera found itself again on the road of experiments. As before, it had no finite tradition to uphold just because its greatest tradition had been a personal matter; it had even been obliged to give up its dependence on the Italian and French models on account of its great national strengthening. Some of his disciples were still in possession of Wagner's heritage. The greater number, however, went out into the world of problems, which make this form of art ever-changing, never clear, and always charming. Never has the general aspect of opera been so varied at a given period as today in Germany, and never has a nation been so divided—I should even say, so perplexed—as is ours, in this branch of artistic activity. The opera has already experienced many tragedies, but never one of this nature, that a nation, which was originally not at all destined for opera, has reached the greatest demand for this art and at the same time has the least continuity of tradition. It should be remembered that opera is really a child of feudalism, that it can only exist with the help of subsidies, and that its whole machinery is based on prodigality. Now that the economic conditions are so changed, and it is not easy to find and retain the subsidies, the attraction of opera, which continues to be irresistible, has become at least as much an economic disease as it is an artistic virtue. Let loose on the great field of personal operatic activity, open to countless theatres which in the provinces are even more readily placed at the disposal of new experiments than in the capital, the German opera composers have, indeed, tried various possibilities of placing their craft on a firm basis, but each for himself, without any natural connection, with anarchy amounting to revolution. That is the position of German opera, varied and involved, and perhaps, because of that, characteristic of a country, which so often only has parties instead of a policy.

The heritage of the great Romanticism, grown almost an anachronism in these unromantic days, is to be found in but a few hands. Pfitzner is without doubt the leader of this group. He still writes with his blood, sacrifices nothing of his character, and places all dramaturgic and artistic requirements behind psychological truth. It is one aspect of Wagner, the confessional side, that continues to live on in him. " Der Arme Heinrich " rises higher, with every new revival, as a confession of faith of a deeply romantic soul, and finds, in spite of all the decline from Wagner his own form of expression, his own blood-colour. The life-confession grows out still more clearly in " Palestrina." Pfitzner has written his own text for this, as do nearly all opera composers who give confessions instead of a theatre, writing naturally their own words, following Wagner's example. Schreker does so, Busoni sometimes, and even Strauss by way of an exception in his " Intermezzo." In " Palestrina," the musician's

counter-pointal handling of his material prevails, if I may say so, over the dramaturgic requirements of the theatre, because the unity of these two conceptions no longer exists for Pfitzner as it did for Wagner. For him Palestrina's lonely world and the inartistic working of the council stood side by side as absolute opposites. He has treated them frankly as opposites, and has divided them into the first and second acts, without finding the unity which should link them together in Palestrina's soul. It is a remarkable example of a deep music that has suffered violence from a subject that has remained too material in its details. Thus the first act remains the finest torso of romanticism that we possess today. Are there any other operas of confession with so much subjectivity? There are many variations of this type. Krenek can hardly be called a composer of confessions, but he is a musician of actuality, who feels the necessity of being at variance with his times. In the " Zwingburg " he sings of the fruitlessness of a revolution, in the " Sprung über den Schalten " he ridicules the same theme, in " Orpheus " he presents the most modern feelings in the garb of an antique matrimonial dispute, in " Jonny " he tackles the action and inaction of the American rhythm of life. In another sense, Schreker may be called a composer of confessions. He has followed an inner line, has unfolded a given theme from his youth onwards; but however romantic he remains, he will probably deviate into our sphere from the ecstaticism of this tendency in his next work. Schreker has consistently followed the motive of " Der Ferne Klang," a union of music with dramatic passages as a mysterious power which lies at the bottom of life's work, up to " Irrelohe," but he has enough theatrical blood in him not to confine himself to a pure problem; he suggests, not ineffectively, already in the text, the magic of the world that his colourful, intoxicating music will then bring out on the stage. If we are to pigeon-hole, then Schreker belongs already to the transition from the confession opera to the theatre opera.

In the theatre group the influence of modern Italy is certainly as strong as that of romantic Germany in the confession opera. Puccini, that remarkable man who developed from a drawing-room composer into a master of the burlesque in " Gianni Schichi " and into an intensifier of the lyrical opera in " Turandot," has given the world a style of emotional expression and suggestive stage music from which no one can depart. German theatrical composers, such as D'Albert, concentrate on the effects of the stage in this style. Perhaps Korngold should be classed with him, and Zemlinsky and perhaps Schilling's " Mona Lisa " should be placed on this theatre line, though it has a German element in it. There are varieties, if not very numerous. I am not bound to give an enumeration. The transitional artists are interesting, such as Wolf-Ferrari, who forms the link between the theatre opera and the artistic opera which will occupy us presently. Perhaps his artistic productions—those delightful comedies with old literary subjects, true children of Falstaff—are the most valuable portions of his work, which tries to find the great Southern theatre in the " Schmuck der Madonna " and tries to depart from the romantically coloured lyrical fairy tale in the " Himmelskleid."

I would call those operas artistic, taking the word in its general sense, in which the composer is less powerfully stimulated by a confession or by a theatrical effect than by the simple musical fact, that some theme sings within him and he feels the desire to hear it in sounds. It is clear that a generation which tackles the problem of the opera in so many ways will find this the most fruitful side. It is here that the heavens shine upon it most brightly. Its rays will fall upon a composer who is not accidentally a genius of this nature. A hundred years ago the ray fell on the romantic composer, today it falls on the susceptible musician who possesses the strongest artistic sensibility. Let us look around. Sometimes, owing to a surfeit of the too dissolving romanticism, new old forms are sought which bind the web of the music together. Wellenz builds up something of this sort in his " Alkestis," Hindemith carries it through in his " Cardillac " though the subject is derived from E. T. A. Hoffmann. The impressionists occupy a position next to the formalists. Opposites touch. Elements of Debussy and Russian influences produce their effect. Intellectual heads like Busoni's create spiritually fine syntheses of style by trying to lift into a higher sphere that which they have sensuously painted in colours. Kurt Weill also belongs to this mixed sphere. His " Protagonist " was a brilliant example of a heightened, sensually intellectual direction with an intercalation of the stage orchestra into a dramatic opposition which was new and modern.

His " Royal Palace," on the other hand, loses itself in a concession to the actual world, which Krenek treated with greater skill. Still the themes are new, and it is new to look for music in all parts of the present world—why not? Look for it and you will find it everywhere. But the methods are as yet too varied. Beside the impressionists, we find again the naturalists. In the deep association of this whole tendency with the modern pantomime, which has inspired the symphonists, not only of Germany, to produce a whole class of realistic illustrative music, Schönberg has drawn the result of these processes with unerring seriousness in his two monodramas, in which only one person appears accompanied by mystical choruses, orchestra, and declamation, which produce undreamt-of precision in pictorial realism. Schönberg's pupil, Alban Berg, has attained the ripest fruit of this new naturalism in his " Wozzeck," an uncannily powerful work which, however, still does not altogether disown the old symphonic education of the German musician.

If we take the average, Richard Strauss remains at the summit of these composers of opera. It is on him that the ray of heaven is directed. He is the genius of the day. In his works the nature of this attractive artistry is more clearly represented than in the case of any other. The confessional element becomes an intermezzo; the theatrical element is never so strong as to impede musical revolutions. Knowing no music except that inspired by the material, he moves in a circle of reactions not only in relation to the various subjects, but above all in the relation of the subjects to one another. Oriental colour, brazen antiquity, Viennese Rococo, the French antique poem, the symbolic fairy tale, private domesticity and at times again heroic antiquity, each sets off the other and tries new creative sources. Among the experiments there appear syntheses. The most powerful syntheses were " Electra " and " Ariadne," against whose intensity, set down by a master hand in the most flowing writing and in a new score, all the attempts of his disciples will find it difficult to assert themselves.

BOOK REVIEWS

BESCHREIBENDER KATALOG DES HANDZEICHNUNGEN IN DER ALBERTINA, by ALFRED STIX and L. FRÖHLICH-BUM. Band I. Die Zeichnungen der Venezianischen Schulen, Vienna. (Anton Schroll & Co.) 206 pp., 487 reproductions.

Every lover of Italian drawings will be grateful to Dr. Alfred Stix and Frau L. Fröhlich-Bum for this attractive and valuable book. It is the first volume in a series which will reproduce the whole of the contents of original examples of the famous collection of drawings at Vienna. It is to be hoped that the further volumes may soon follow. The present one, inaugurating the undertaking, comprises the drawings of Venetian masters and of those of the Venetian *terra ferma* from the early fifteenth century down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Every sheet—where needed, its reverse as well—is reproduced in a half-tone block, the clearness and distinctness of which does all honour to the well-known firm of Anton Schroll. The scholarly commentary is distinguished by a terseness which avoids all objectionable circumlocution. The ascriptions are not always happy. Indeed, unfortunately it has to be said that the criticism of the two authors has failed particularly in the case of the three greatest masters of the *Cinquecento*—Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese.

HADELN.

THE LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. Selected and Edited by PROF. WILHELM ALTMANN. Translated by MM. BOZMAN. (J. M. Dent and Sons.) 2 vols. 10s. 6d. each.

These two fascinating volumes are a permanent addition to Wagnerian literature. They show us Wagner throughout his career as he revealed his hopes, ambitions, disappointments, irritations to his friends, and it is a tribute to his greatness that he emerges from the ordeal with our admiration higher than it was before. The translation has been excellently done, indeed, the only improvement one can suggest in this English edition is that the name of the addressee should have been printed over every letter. "To the Same," is a bugbear to those who are in the habit of working on published editions of letters and a copious waste of time. The excisions in the letters themselves, which are the work of the German editor, Professor Altmann, constitute the one serious blot on the book. There is hardly a letter from which words, sentences and even paragraphs have not been omitted. The result is too often like listening on the wireless to a man talking when the transmission is faulty. True, one always comes in again on a full stop, but the uneasy feeling is there that something important has been missed. This is particularly the case in Wagner's letters to Minna at the time when she was wildly jealous of Frau Wesendonek. The whole of an unusually poignant letter to this lady is given and one cannot help regretting the reticence of the editor towards Wagner's letters to his wife. The total impression of the volumes is to add to the stature of this nineteenth-century giant. What a man he was! In his case there was nothing of the proverbial narrowness of genius. It is amusing, indeed, to notice that Wagner's literary power, which is always evident in his letters, comes nearer to flattering his artist's pride. "What a poet am I! Heaven help me, I am growing quite arrogant," he says in 1860. He "really lived" whilst writing the poem of "The Meistersingers." As regards "The Ring," when he has finished the libretto, which has reacted on his nerves so strongly that he can only work two hours a day at it, he feels that he has given the poem of his life to his country. If Germany continues to keep him in exile he will "abandon all art"—in any case, "The Ring" is finished for he has "*only* the music" of it to make. The sobering thought that Wagner's literary works fill forty-four pages of the general catalogue at the British Museum Library, is some indication of his amazing industry and of his natural bent towards letters. In one place we find him regretting for his own happiness that he is not a man of letters all the time.

Apart from these volumes as the document of an extraordinary personality, they are full of vivid pictures of the times. There is a charming letter to Minna about his interview with Queen Victoria in 1855, at a Philharmonic Concert during the interval. "You have probably heard that little Victoria was very nice to me," he writes to Liszt, apropos of the same occasion. "She came to the seventh concert with Prince Albert . . . but I really seem to have pleased the Queen very much." (One would like to know what Professor Altmann has hidden under the oblivion of the asterisks.)

Wagner's experiences as the conductor of the Philharmonic during that season were not of the happiest. He found the orchestral players woodenly efficient, the audiences undiscriminating. And the Mendelssohn cult, then at its zenith, naturally irritated him. He called it "ridiculous." "The whole brazen sanctimoniousness of this ridiculous people"—that was how he felt until Queen Victoria's graciousness before "the most aristocratic court in the world" softened him. Yet on the whole, in spite of Wagner's readiness to harsh judgments and of the intolerance that went with his vast originality, he strikes us in these letters as a kindly, even a considerate, person. His letter to von Bülow's mother, urging her to agree to her son adopting a musical career, is a most moving document, and his thoughtfulness towards the young men, like Ritter and Tansig, whom he attracted, shows a fine humanity.

H. E. WORTHAM.

ART THROUGH THE AGES, by HELEN GARDNER. 506 pp. (George Bell and Sons.) 15s. net.

To embark on a History of Art from prehistoric days to the twentieth century is, indeed, a stupendous task, yet this is what Miss Gardner, of the Art Institute of Chicago, has undertaken. Moreover, in that indefinite word "art" she has included, not only architecture, painting, and sculpture, but also furniture, silverwork, tapestry, pottery, china, and other minor arts. The author is not content to confine her attention to Europe alone, but also embraces India, the Far East, and the Far West. To say that she has succeeded admirably is but small praise. Naturally, however, in the small space of 500 pages it was impossible to give but the broadest outline, and no branch of the subject could be dealt with in detail. For this reason the book will appeal to comparative beginners, to "those but nakedly knowing the nature" of things, rather than to those seeking expert knowledge, and, as Miss Gardner says, it is written chiefly for the benefit of American educational establishments.

A word must be said for the illustrations, which are an important feature. They are nearly 700 in number (four of which are in colour) and are admirably chosen. For architecture and painting Miss Gardner has been forced to draw upon world-famous examples, but for the minor arts lesser known objects from American museums have

been included. These few examples are enough to show that the study is not approached from the topographical standpoint, as has been partly the case with works of a somewhat similar nature—for instance, M. Reinach's "Apollo." Each work discussed and analysed has, therefore, been treated more fully than would have been possible had the whole *œuvre* of masters of first and second-rate importance been reviewed.

Nevertheless, it will come as a disappointment to many that in the realm of painting alone Breughel, Carpaccio, Raeburn, and Degas are not mentioned, while all early Flemish artists other than the Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, and Memling are passed over. One English cathedral only (Gloucester) is illustrated, while Mino da Fiesole (and in the minor arts), Lamerie, Buhl, and Wedgewood lie unnoticed.

Above all, we must admire the author's methodical and well-organized arrangement of the book. Each chapter is preceded by a brief "historical background" and succeeded by a résumé. To each chapter is added a bibliography, though this is confined almost exclusively to works in our own tongue. A glossary and an extra bibliography on æsthetics are given in the appendix as well as such curious (to us in England), yet business-like matters as sources for procuring reproductions, coloured and photographic, lantern slides and periodicals—in short, this book is thoroughly practical, in fact, truly American and, by the way, American in spelling.

BERNARD BEVAN.

MODES AND MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehm. Edited by Grace Thompson. 4 vols. (Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons.) £2 2s. the set.

"Modes and Manners" was originally published in three volumes in 1909. In the present edition the volumes I to III are each augmented by new illustrations and an illustrated note by Grace Thompson devoted to the important subject of American Modes and Manners. Vol. IV, now first published in English, has been edited by Grace Thompson in order to include chapters on English Social History and the development of sports fashions, supplanting, for the benefit of English readers, Chapters II and III of the original edition, which deal with German political history since 1870.

This is really a work which no one who takes any interest in life would like to be without; it is both amusing to look at and fascinating to read. One wonders whether the fashions of yesterday—that is to say, of before the war—are really so much more ridiculous than the fashions of the day before yesterday—that is to say, the Victorian age—not to mention the days of the Regency and the French Revolution. If the illustrations, many of them in colour, are delightful, the text, though written to a great extent for a German public, is nevertheless often of absorbing interest. For example, speaking of the travelling conditions at the beginning of the last century, the authors say:

"Again we must mention England as an exception, and those travelling in that country could hardly conceive what it was like on the Continent. The English roads were so splendidly kept that the speed with which the coaches and carriages flew along did not always please foreigners, as, for instance, Campa, who travelled from Yarmouth to London, and complained that at the rate they went along he could see nothing of the country he passed through"!

Here is another glimpse:

"The passion for theatre-going gave rise to new professions. Clapping had been in existence since the beginning of the nineteenth century, but now the directors of the Parisian theatres employed 'pleureuses,' whose weeping secured the success of melodrama, and 'chatouilleurs,' who at the right moments saved the situation by laughing. This was about the twenties of the last century."

And here one final quotation which will no doubt raise considerable opposition from the quarters whom it attacks:

"The amusements of the masses are bound to be based on bad taste, not on good, proof of which has been abundantly afforded by the cinema. This magnificent invention has been abused to pander to the worst instincts of the people and to form a kind of supplement to the columns of criminal reports in the newspapers. Film drama has succeeded in reaching the very summit of bad taste. . . ."

But that was "yesterday." Now "the industry" has adopted Coué-ism and appears to be getting better every day in every way, as in point of fact all our modes and manners are seeming to improve; or is that, too, only a snare and a delusion?

ART EPOCHS AND THEIR LEADERS, by Oscar Hagen. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) 10s. 6d. net.

This "Survey of the Genesis of Modern Art," the outcome of a series of lectures delivered by Professor Oscar Hagen of the University of Wisconsin, contains a great deal of thought-stimulating matter, but it is not always in the direction in which the author would have us follow him. The truth is that his book is somewhat difficult to read, partly because it is sometimes too "deep" and at other moments curiously naïve. For example, as illustrating the first tendency: "The colourist absorbs the beauty of phenomena in terms of their coloured stimuli on the retina, and reproduces them by virtue of his inborn instinct for the elemental beauty of colour"; and as illustrating the other: "Male characters evidently came more naturally to Michelangelo than female ones. . . ." Often, too, he seems to contradict himself; for example, of Millet he writes: "His simple visions of Nature, experienced from within his soul, he painted just as he had seen them without asking what the gentlemen who taught the theory of composition might say to them." In the next sentences, however, he tells us that these "simple visions" were not painted "just as he had seen them," but as Virgil and the Parthenon Frieze had taught him. "He is the first, it seems, who thoroughly understood the art of Greece and Rome, for he did not imitate it like all before him. But the spirit of ancient art lives on, without any doubt, more purely and creatively in the primitive grandeur of his formal instinct than in the works of Poussin, David or Ingres." Is this "without a doubt really so doubtless"? But even if it is, how does this statement accord with the other about the "simple visions of Nature painted just as he had seen them"?

The professional mind is apt to lose its way in its own theses. It is, however, interesting to find him propounding his theory that behind Cézanne's still-lifes, for instance, that "wills the clock" lies, as commonly in those of the seventeenth century, a symbolic significance: "For time stands the symbol of the right angle, which recurs everywhere in the picture." For the purpose of drawing such conclusions from modern pictures it seems rather unfortunate that he should have hit upon Van Gogh's "Prison

Yard" as an illustration, for this is really Gustave Doré's design!

Nevertheless, those who are able to digest this survey of Professor Hagen's critically, will derive a considerable amount of profit from its perusal.

LATER GREEK SCULPTURE, by A. W. LAWRENCE. (Cape.) 25s. net.

Although Mr. Lawrence treats his subject from an archæological rather than an æsthetic point of view, its hundred and twelve plates, of an admirable clarity of reproduction, make this a book of great value to the student of art as well as the historian. The period with which it deals extends from Praxiteles to Augustus, but its consideration includes also the Oriental extension of the Greek sculptural tradition. With a precision only lightly indicating all the labour involved, Mr. Lawrence fixes attributions and maps out the progress in what has hitherto been a confused and misty phase. He shows how closely the art of sculpture has kept pace with social and political change, while retaining the basis of its convention. It is this property, indeed, which has given its study a place in the English academic course of education, while our universities still deny to art in general a place in their humanities. Only within the last century did sculpture become frozen into the meaningless and inappropriate formula which renders hideous the vast majority of public monuments in the modern world. This is no place to examine the flaws in a civilization which has managed to bring an art to a standstill, though such a result is surely indicative of a flaw existing somewhere. It is significant, however, that the Greek civilization was one which perfectly fitted its conditions, and that in our present barrenness in respect to sculpture we have desperately adopted the Greek convention, in the hope that some breath of the great tradition which inspired it may give at least an illusion of life to the expressionless stone.

The period of which Mr. Lawrence treats shows this Greek sculptural tradition at what is really its most fascinating phase, during that long moment when the majesty of the world moved westward and the tradition, surviving the environment which had created it, took possession of the new world-empire. To the amateur of abstraction, the productions of this cycle of transition are naturally unpleasing. But there yet remain many who consider that art increases in æsthetic value by widening its expression, rather than by refusing all communication with those to whom it is exposed. The change from the Praxitelean to the Augustan epoch was really a growth, a matter not of adopting a convention, but of developing a tradition; not of increasing reproduction, but of more skilled creation. And, as happens with progress in art, there were mistakes by the way. There was the error of allowing expression to deviate into unimportant realism, as in Late Etruscan sculpture, from which the recovery was by way of definite caricature and grotesque. There was the dangerous attraction of overladen ornament, as always recurs at intervals when each movement towards development in an art begins to lose its momentum, which is corrected by transferring the surplus burden of ornament to its independent basis of decoration. But between these various pitfalls the great tradition continued in its course, taking to itself on the way such new strength and added beauty, during the time with which this volume is concerned, as the suggestion of emotion in the hitherto inexpressive facial mask, the refining of drapery, greatly increased realism in portraiture, and a great technical advance in the medium of bas-relief. It was the stage, in fact, which marked the definite and permanent establishment of the Greek tradition of sculpture in Europe, which was later to prove of incalculable importance when it came to a matter of the survival of Greek culture altogether.

The chapters on the projection of the tradition into the East are by no means the least interesting in the book. In spite of alien conditions, and without responsive psychological support, it held its ground long enough to create the first great Buddhist monuments in India, if not even to give the enduring Buddha type to the whole of Asia. Mr. Lawrence's survey of these adventures of a spirit in art is a triumph of compression and proportion. The form of the book as a whole is excellent.

T. W. EARP.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ÆSTHETIC

THE ANALYSIS OF ART, by DE WITT H. PARKER. (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press)

In the United States they have a practical way of looking at things and of making use of them. The author of this book is a professor of philosophy, but he makes his philosophy a part of life. He regards art from the human standpoint. His book is based on a series of lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and has therefore a popular flavour and appeal. It is all the better for that. In book form the value of the lectures is reinforced by adequate references to the authorities on æsthetic used in their preparation, but the most valuable feature is the continual references to well-known works of art. These are described for the most part from personal observation, and extend to seventy-two examples. They do literally point the moral and adorn the tale.

Benedetto Croce's contention that a work of art exists as soon as the intuition of the artist has perceived it is not sufficient for Professor Parker, who takes a much more concrete view. Croce refers his æsthetic to philosophy as a part of metaphysic; Parker is less abstract and refers his to the philosophy of human activity. In his analysis of art, he finds three principal elements—dream, expression, and design. In his thesis he assumes, contrary to current opinion, the oneness of the arts, believing that the primal art-impulse is due to a wish to do, its expression depending on a mere specialization of faculty and medium—words, notes and pigments—on the varieties of sculptural materials. True, spontaneous art he regards as he regards play, but his insistence on the resemblances between play and dream is not convincing; indeed as his argument proceeds, the differences multiply, rather than the resemblances. Play is not always make-believe, although make-believe is always art.

From the dream, whether sub-conscious, semi-conscious or deliberate, arises the wish to express, and, from this desire, the medium and shape, which is design. No great work of art exists which is not well-designed, otherwise the expression of the dream or wish would be incomplete. So, from this analysis the professor proceeds to build up again, and produces by synthesis his idea of the function of art. The two chief, and opposed, ideas on æsthetic theory of the moment are Croce's pure intuition and that formal order fashionable with certain younger writers in London—the system which, it is piously hoped, accounts for the general level of poor accomplishment in the work

of the modernists: their want of quality and their poverty of style. Neither of these theories takes account of Nature; but it is to Professor Parker's credit that, although not explicitly, he allows for Nature throughout his system. He says that art is the imaginative expression of the values of reality, and with this idea in mind he is able to deal logically not only with formalism as a system, but to give to futurism a better standing than it has ever had before.

Professor Parker has a large mind, wide in its sympathies, deep enough in its power of analysis. By its means he is able to give good reasons for things, and this faculty is not better exercised throughout the volume than in his exposition of the æsthetic of the ugly, in the section called "Art and Pain," in which he clears up a good deal of difficulty by nice and precise argument as well as illustration. In his anxiety to prove that art is for all men and women's pleasure, he is not afraid of stating the obvious, for he writes for humanity rather than for the specialist, but the latter has to reckon with what he has to say. In this connection he enlarges from time to time on an idea of the moment that the share of the spectator is an essential factor in the virtue of a work of art. "Emotion," he says, "is the basic thing in art, and what the painter and the sculptor are trying to do . . . is to communicate the way they feel about things." The artist gives expression to his dream, his wish; but if his design, that is, his execution, fails to communicate itself to others, his effort is not a work of art. A work of art must necessarily be a *rapprochement* between its maker and its receiver.

The function of art is the expression of beauty of some sort or kind; but Professor Parker does not enter into a metaphysical discussion as to the character of beauty, but contents himself, incidentally, with a commonplace view of the beautiful as being the pleasing, and in the case of the ugly as being pleasing mainly by means of treatment, but also by the desire which is inherent in human nature for the expression as well as incidence of suffering. We suffer the pangs of love, but to us they are beautiful. We suffer the horrors of tortured death as we see it, for example, in Goya, because death is our heritage as love is. The artist raises even horror on to the plane of the beautiful, if he should dream of horror.

The idea promulgated in this practical treatise is that art is the subconscious forcing its way into consciousness, and effecting the desire or wish to record an exalted state of feeling by concrete expression, by which it communicates with the consciousness of others and finds its reward.

KINETON PARKES.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

The B.B.C.—The most important event of the month, and a thing which may come to be looked upon as marking a vital date in the history of English music, was the first B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall. This took place on October 7, 1927—I record it here and now for the benefit of posterity. Certainly the B.B.C. have given orchestral concerts before. They did so at the Albert Hall last year, with various native and foreign celebrities to conduct programmes that were well and carefully chosen. But the Albert Hall has always remained outside the orbit of London music. It has a special audience which is endowed with special tastes. The real home of our orchestral music in the past twenty-five years, since the St. James's Hall was pulled down, has been at the top of Regent Street. Now, following on the Promenade season, which this year was admittedly arranged in a hurry, the British Broadcasting Corporation, to accord it its full title, has entered into competition with various musical organizations that also give orchestral concerts in the same place. And it has begun by lowering the prices of the more expensive seats, making 7s. 6d. the maximum for a stall. So far, so good. Concert-going has always been either too cheap or too dear in London. Anyone has the right to expect to be able to listen to music with the maximum of comfort if he pays that amount of money. Whether the result would be to increase box-office receipts is another matter. Presumably not, otherwise it would have been tried before. In any case the B.B.C. does not look to making this series of concerts financially remunerative, for its revenue comes from other and more dependable sources. On the other hand, the London Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society cannot afford to lose money on *their* concerts.

That this extension of the activities of the State to the business of giving orchestral concerts should compete with private enterprise is what always happens under Socialism—so at least we are told. Whether it is a good or a bad thing I shall not venture to say. It does, however, seem to me to be of the utmost importance that, if the B.B.C. is to give symphony concerts, they should be of the highest quality. The National Galleries of Art in London are as well managed as any public galleries in the world. If the State, under the thin disguise of the B.B.C., is to become the controlling force in English music, one would like to see it animated by an ambition not less lofty and by a knowledge not less complete than that which inspires and directs the nation's patronage of art.

Some Criticisms.—At present this is not the case. Let us take this first symphony concert. To begin with, the programme laid itself open to obvious criticism. It was devoted to Bach and Beethoven, an altogether unexceptionable choice. John Sebastian, indeed, has been adopted by us in much the same way as Shakespeare has been by Bach's countrymen. He is thoroughly congenial to the English temperament. His seriousness, his piety, his manner of saying sublime things without raising his voice or appearing to realize that they are sublime, attract us enormously. In the United States, where the public demand for the classics is much greater than in this country, Bach cannot presume to rank with Beethoven in the affection of concert audiences. Here, on the other hand, he stands with Beethoven, and possibly before him, as one whose music has the deepest spiritual message for the modern world. That these two, therefore, should monopolize the programme was perfectly right and proper. And since Beethoven's Choral Symphony is admittedly amongst his two or three greatest masterpieces, there is nothing to be said against its inclusion.

The choice of the Bach works, however, was much more questionable. The Brandenburg Concerto for strings may pass. If not Bach at his best, it is Bach in one of his jolliest moods. But there is little to be said for the Organ Toccata, arranged for orchestra, and absolutely nothing for the so-called suite which Sir Henry Wood has strung together by arranging various well-known pieces from the harpsichord suites and the "Forty-Eight" for a modern orchestra. Granted that it has often been played at the Promenade Concerts, where it has become one of the most popular of the Bach numbers; granted, too, that Sir Henry Wood has helped to spread the love of Bach's music as much as any contemporary Englishman, it does not alter the fact that an arrangement of this kind runs counter to every canon of musical taste. It would be quite possible to score the sonata "Appassionata" for a full orchestra, and to make it an effective concert piece. One can imagine, however, the wrath that would be let loose were such a thing done and included in a programme at the Queen's Hall! Yet to arrange a Beethoven piano sonata for orchestra would be a far less serious musical metamorphosis than that of which Sir Henry Wood has been guilty. It seems startling enough to transfer to the orchestra thoughts to which Bach gave expression in the slender, sharp tones of the harpsichord. To arrange for a modern orchestra music which Bach wrote for the clavichord—that shy instrument whose beauty always trembles on the verge of silence—is a solecism the more serious because it shows a misunderstanding of the values which Bach set upon his art.

Sir Henry Wood, I know, is not the only one who has transcribed Bach in this way. Sir Edward Elgar is also one of the guilty ones. Busoni laid violent hands on the "Forty-Eight," and much else of Bach's, following there the example set by Liszt. Even Mozart must have remained some days longer in purgatory for not having been able to let Handel's "Messiah" alone. It is easy for composers to sin, and much shall be forgiven them at the Judgment. But the B.B.C. should not sin, and nothing shall be forgiven it at the last, or the first, judgment. What makes it worse is that the official apologist who wrote the programme notes, anticipated—for he knew of his sin—such objections as I am making now. He anticipated them as coming from a "purist," adding, if I remember right, the epithet "severe" to emphasize that I, and other loyal Bachians, were prim, thin-lipped fellows, whilst he was a genial man of the world who went behind the letter, the notes, the instrument, to the spirit that inspired it or them. Well, if to be a purist is to wish to hear music sound as its composer intended, then I am very glad to be one. It is true that in a world of change this is not always possible. But I object to see people going out of their way to misrepresent masterpieces. A bright and glowing representation of a Titian might be made through the rapidly developing art of the electric sky sign. I should not be surprised for many to find the reproduction admirable. If Sir Charles Holmes, however, stigmatized as purists those who did not, then I should feel some astonishment.

Slovenly Performances.—The next point in my indictment of the slovenly attitude of the B.B.C. towards music, as exemplified at this concert, lies with the performance. The Choral Symphony, as everyone knows, is a most exacting work. In the recently published "Letters of Richard Wagner," one sees the trouble Wagner went to in conducting the performance of this symphony at the concert which inaugurated his Bayreuth Festival. It was one of his chevaux de bataille, and history records how for one performance in Dresden he had twelve rehearsals for the 'cellos and double-basses alone. Those were heroic times, and no conductor in England today would expect half that number of rehearsals for the ensemble of orchestra and chorus. Nevertheless, it is no good pretending that the B.B.C. performance was up to the average standard to which we are accustomed. The orchestral playing was lifeless, the choral work rough, and there was little distinction in the singing of any of the soloists. Sir Henry Wood is an immensely accomplished Kapellmeister, and got through without any serious contretemps. It is unnecessary, after this length of time, for me to criticize the performance in detail. Suffice it to say that it was a second-rate and "Beta plus" affair, much inferior, for instance, to that of the London Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Choir under Herr Abendroth last March in the same hall. My point is that the British Broadcasting Corporation should be content with nothing less than the best, and to obtain this should be ready to pay for it. To judge from results, they are not at present prepared to spend. I am not aware whether this comes from the spirit of economy or from a lack of knowledge. Anyhow, the matter is an important one. Hitherto music has only been recognized by the State as a source of revenue. Now that, through the wireless, the State has been forced to become an impresario, we should insist that it undertakes its duties with a responsibility not less clearly felt and expressed than that which it shows towards the plastic arts. From the gossip that is current about the tasks imposed upon the London Studio Orchestra, music is not treated with the seriousness that is its due. Certainly the results, as exemplified in the particular symphony concert which I have been discussing, are not an encouraging sign for the future of Socialized, State-controlled music.

What is to be done?—The only thing is to find fault, as I am doing now, and to trust the innate good sense of the people, as our statesmen always profess to do. Reforms will come in time, when our leading conductors, inspired by the spirit of renunciation, grow as uncompromising of the world as was Wagner, and insist on all or nothing. There is a good deal to be said in favour of the attitude of the medieval saint for those whose vocation is music. Sir Henry Wood must feel the still, small voice whispering to him in clavichordish tones when he is getting into touch with the infinite through the chisel and the plane. Those who make carpentering their hobby must have finely-tempered natures. He has it in him to be a prophet and to convert the heart of the B.B.C. In the meantime we can be impatient and querulous in the true spirit of democracy. I may add that two things have impressed me recently as showing that music is not altogether represented nowadays in England by the broadcasting and the gramophone. The Brass Band Championship at the Crystal Palace, which has been in existence since 1900 and draws competing amateur bands from all over the country, is in its way a unique festival, showing a keenness and a standard of skill which are unequalled by bandsmen in any other country. These bands play the best music, and the best of them play it extraordinarily well. Their personnel is drawn from the ranks of labour, to use a military metaphor which is not altogether unsuitable, since the brass band has owed much to military influence.

When miners and railwaymen will give up their leisure to playing Beethoven and Schubert, the state of music in this country cannot be altogether parlous. Another thing that impressed me was the singing of musical classes from elementary and secondary London County Council Schools which I listened to at the Æolian Hall one Saturday afternoon. They showed real musicianship. Admittedly they were picked schools; but when boys and girls can get a training such as their skill implied and can sing with such taste, there is hope for the future.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Fantin Latour, Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger and Orlando Greenwood at the Leicester Galleries.

The drawings by Fantin Latour received special consideration in the last number; there is therefore no reason to refer to them here.

Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger's paintings of Tunisia are able and pleasant sketches, but strike one as a little lacking in spirit. The Baron does not make quite enough of his vision either in respect of tone values or in that of design. "The Pathway to the Bishop's House" (86), "The Bay of Tunis" (90), "The Cemetery of Sidi-bou-Said" (100), and "Sidi-bou-Said, the Channel" (101), are amongst his best.

Mr. Orlando Greenwood would, I think, be well advised to stop painting his still-life compositions. Seen together on the walls here, they give one the impression of an obsession. The semi-naturalistic setting which he gives his jade animals, his Tang horses, his Dresden china Venuses, are almost uncanny. One makes this suggestion with the less reluctance as his landscapes are of special merit. They are severer in feeling, firmer in design, and both more delicate and more subtle in colour. "The Little Delf" (115) with its rising road, the "Barnard Castle (No. 1)" (118) with its ruins reflecting in the water, the "Vaupalière" (125) with its vanishing and converging furrows, "The Peveril Castle" and "Burns Delf" (128)

Lefèvre Galleries

AU THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS
By Honoré Daumier

Lefèvre Galleries

UNE LAVEUSE AU QUAI D'ANJOU

By Honoré Daumier

with the rock formations that show the energy and rhythm of their making, the " Durham " (133) with its cubic pattern, and the " Whitby " (143) in snow, deserve to be singled out as especially successful.

Paintings by Vladimir Polunin at the Lefèvre Galleries.

Mr. Vladimir Polunin's name is familiar in connection with his stage decorations for the Russian Ballet. His paintings here reveal him as a colourist with an—in these days—unusual sense of surface quality. These paintings, mostly still-life, are done in tempera or body colour on rough canvas; they have therefore no shine on them, neither are they glazed. Their effect is somewhat akin to tapestry, except that, owing to the painter's skill, they have much more luminosity. One can, I think, have nothing but praise for all his still-lifes; they are all distinguished by a closely-knit design, and rich, satisfying colour, though my personal preferences are for his variations on the theme of green, e.g. " Apples in a Dish " (3), " Still-life " (12), " Reflection " (23), " Vegetable Marrow " (29). His " Fishes " (15) is a brilliant piece of sheer painting. As regards his other subjects one is less moved. The Sickert-Bertram Nichols-like " San Gimignano " (5) and the El-Greco-like " Adoration " (16) are less convincing, and the latter, in common with his other figure subjects, is spoilt by quite superfluous distortions, or rather misdrawings. Mr. Polunin can afford not to pay these tributes to " Modernity."

The Celtic Artists at the Redfern Gallery.

The most considerable works of art contributed to this group of " Celtic " artists are, without a doubt, Mr. Staite Murray's pots. They are models of refinement in taste. If one ventures to find fault with some of them nevertheless, it is because one would like him to explain just exactly why he does what he has done. One appreciates for example the, in itself, meaningless brush decoration on No. 4, because it is beautifully " lost and found " and so adds a charming rhythm to form and glaze; but whilst that, too, holds good of No. 13 so far as the inside of the bowl is concerned, the underside seems marred by a patchiness of glaze and a decoration that is " out of tone " with the inside and even with itself in parts. Also several of the pots are warped, which is surely an elementary fault. Where the standard is so especially high—as in Nos. 16, 17, 23, and No. 7 for example—the layman may be excused for wondering why the potter should have overlooked these evident defects.

Amongst Mr. Francis Doyle's sculpture are the little terra-cotta sketch of a " Keening Woman," and the stone-carved " Fist " specially noteworthy.

Watercolours by Edward Bawden, Douglas Percy Bliss, Eric Ravilious and P. H. Jowett, at the St. George's Gallery.

One cannot help regretting that Mr. P. H. Jowett's watercolours should have been relegated to the corridor of the St. George's Gallery, for they are doubtless the most accomplished work in this exhibition. I am not endeavouring to cast aspersions upon the watercolours of Messrs. Ravilious, Bliss, and Bawden, but merely recording my conviction that Mr. Jowett's work is more mature, less tentative. His range, as here seen, is small, his colour gamut limited, and his design simple; but precisely perhaps on that account his watercolours are pleasant things to behold. Incidentally, it is interesting to compare his " Chantemesle " subjects with those of an artist of the last generation: Conder to wit. Amongst Mr. Jowett's work " The Ferry, Chantemesle," " Boats on the Seine," and " Boats at Chantemesle," are the most attractive: they get their effect mainly from the easy rhythm of their design. Conder obtained his from the sentimentality of his colour. Mr. Ravilious and Mr. Bliss, both well known on account of their very excellent and original woodcuts, are a little disappointing in their watercolours. They do not seem to have taken to the medium with any strong convictions about it, except that they are determined not to copy the old watercolour school. There are nevertheless some attractive works here, notably Mr. Ravilious's " Wreck of a Schooner " (2), " The Green " (3), and the " Red House " (13); and Mr. Bliss's " Road at Glencorse, Edinburgh " (23), " Dun Park, Montrose " (27), and " Canal, Chester " (29). Mr. Bawden's work is distinguished by greater inventiveness and a certain whimsicality —at least it is so distinguished where it has such characteristics; in his " soberer " moods he pleases less. In other words, such watercolours as " A Dark Lane " (44) and " Bradwell " (45), both suggestive of some fantastic lace-work, are worth while. That also applies to the very imaginative " Drawings of Architecture " and particularly to the illustrations Nos. 64, 66, 68. One has not the faintest

notion what they illustrate or even what they represent—but they are nevertheless highly entertaining. Another pleasant surprise are his whimsical but technically excellent engravings. They remind one rather of Laboureur's, but Mr. Bawden avoids the formula of conventional distortion used by the Frenchman. Amongst the best things are " The Jetty Beach " (51), " Marine Parade " (52)—a very skilful piece of work—" Reverie " (53), and " Tortoise " (54).

Some Contemporary French Painters at the French Gallery.

The *raison d'être* of this particular assembly of artists is a little difficult to grasp. The majority of them belong to the older generation, one of them—Gaston la Touche—being, in fact, no longer a contemporary. Gaston la Touche was a gay decorator of a rather superficial and sentimental kind. The pictures chosen to represent him here, however, do him not even that amount of justice. M. Henri Martin is a celebrated *luministe* whose technical abilities are greater than his poetical qualities. M. Lucien Simon's portrait group, already mellowed by age, is a work of considerable merit and at this period of time more interesting than his subject pictures, such as " Communion de la Religieuse," "Marché aux Chevaux," mainly because the once new " realism " is now no longer exciting. Chabas is represented by the kind of subject which made him popular throughout at least two continents twenty years ago—young girls bathing without bathing costume René Menard is the most truly poetical artist of this group; his landscapes, with and without classical figures, have a real feeling which carries conviction in spite of a certain conflict between prosaic facts and æsthetic fancy. M. Jean Challies's work is competent, but not very exciting. In point of fact the only pictures here which are stimulating are those of M. Paul Charlemagne, whose " L'Eglise de Marcq," Vlaminck-like, I heartily detested; whose " Marine " began to interest me on account of its realization of light and movement; whose " Les Ifs " have a sort of unruly imagination; and whose flower-piece, " Soucis," a harmony of browns and orange, a convincing force and sombre beauty. Another artist who seems to be capable of more exciting things is the young Egyptian, G. H. Sabbagh, but he is not represented by his most important work.

LOTUS-SHAPED BOWL
Light glazes of blue and green over dark mat foundation heavily fired

SHORT-NECKED POT OF ETRUSCAN SHAPE
Mottled markings of light turquoise-green over dark petrol-grey foundation, hard fired with traces brown giving depth and warmth to the colour scheme

Masters of Modern Art and Young French Painters at the Warren Gallery, 39a Maddox Street.

In the last analysis all æsthetic judgment is reduced to something beyond the reach of logic. After passing quite a number of still-life and flower-pieces in this exhibition of the modern French school, you happen upon a " Nature Morte " (54), consisting of some bananas, an orange, and (I think) a pomegranate on a napkin—a darkish picture, not of itself very likeable, but impressive, authoritative; it is by Derain. Your perambulations confront you with a roomful of queer, sombre, saturnine watercolours and *gouaches* and ceramics that look like them, and immediately again you are impressed; they are authoritative; they are by Rouault. His " Clown " (73), a ceramic, is almost monumentally tragic. Now these thrills, which do not at all necessarily carry logical approval, come unbidden *before*, and not after, one has ascertained the names of the author! so they are authentic. These painters, as well as Matisse, Friesz, Vlaminck, and Dufy, whose works here left me disappointingly cold, are designated as *quelques maîtres*. There were, however, some fifty pictures by *les jeunes*. The thrills here were few and far between. Roland Oudot's bold and sculpturesque " Nus aux Rochers " (1) and Soutine's " Homme en Prières " (43) thrilled one most certainly; Fournier's " Poissons " (11) and Fautrier's " Nature Morte " (50), the latter nearly as authentic as Derain, also awakened a thrill, though to a lesser degree; de Waroquier's " Nature Morte, Poires " (14) had a slight hint of it. Fornari's work is interesting, especially

the " Poisson " (16), the " Poires " (18), and the " Poulet " (17); they are new experiences, but rather " thin " ones, leaving no room for the heart to throb. Kisling—who surely is by now accounted one of the *maîtres*—I distrust æsthetically; he is very clever—compare his " Garçon " (5)—but, it seems to me, not sincere. The rest is silence—at least on the part of the judgment faculty.

The Theodore Roussel Memorial Exhibition at the Goupil Galleries.

It is significant that Mr. John Tweed, who writes the introduction to this memorial exhibition, finds himself impelled to dwell upon the dead artist's mind rather than upon his work. " My conversations with him will always remain a delightful memory " are his concluding words. I had the privilege of knowing Theodore Roussel many years ago when I was a very young man, anxious to learn *everything* about art. Roussel, the friend of Whistler, spoke with apostolic, if aristocratically tempered, fervour. Whistler was, in my eyes, then, the saviour of art, and all Theodore Roussel said seemed to me gospel truth and revelation. The loving care with which he handled, by way of illustration, his—oh! so laboriously produced—colour-prints; the reverence, almost, with which he himself contemplated the *ensemble* they made with their specially engraved and coloured frames of his own invention; the awe with which he spoke of ART FOR ART'S SAKE; and, perhaps not least, the Whistlerian monocle—all that impressed me immensely, the more so as he was one of the most charming personalities one could wish to meet.

Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur . . . Now, seeing his pictures and some of the very prints again, they evoke different thoughts. A word of Wilde's echoes, unbidden, through the mind: " a type of exquisite sterile emotions that it is the function of Art to awaken." There you have the Whistler-Wilde circle of art in a verbal nutshell. " Must we go, then, to Art for everything? " asks Ernest in the " Critic as Artist," and Gilbert replies: " For everything. Because Art does not hurt us." That is the fatal flaw: an art which cannot hurt can for that very reason never really move us, since pleasure and pain belong to the same category of sensation. And this Wilde fallacy one feels in Roussel's art. He is willing enough to " imitate " Nature, but afraid to render its forms, its contours, its harsh edges; he is anxious to create a work of art, yet unable quite to distinguish between Art and Nature. Look how he wastes the *rail-motif* in the large " Night, September, Chelsea "! Roussel was not a strong artist, but so long as he leant on Whistler he was capable of giving one something of the pleasure Whistler's art gives; as, for example, in the " Mrs. Gray Robertson " (98) of 1886, or " The Steamer, Dover " (82) and " Dover Quay " (84), both of 1898. This same kind of pleasure radiates from many of his etchings and also from the *ensembles* of the framed colour-prints, especially " Anemones " (62) and " The Sea at Bognor " (67). But he was more timid than his master, so that paintings like the large nude, " The Reading Girl " (112), or the " Persephone " (95), or the " Sheffield Vase—Grey and Silver," all of the early 1900 period, show an uncertainty of aim. They hover between Art and Nature, they confuse what is beautiful in life with what is poetical in art. That is not so much Roussel's fault as his misfortune: the influence of his mental environment was too strong for him; for, strangely enough, Roussel's art suffers because he was fundamentally a better draughtsman than his master, and hence drawn to that definition of form which the Whistlerian dogma forbade.

The British Independent Society of Artists at the Beaux Arts Gallery.

It is very pleasant to be able to welcome this new group of artists, " The British Independent Society," which appears under the ægis of Lord Lathom. They assert that they have " little in common as far as their art is concerned "; they maintain that " to have chosen as president a writer, not a painter, is to have assured that the society's activities will not be known by any particular æsthetic theory "; and they conclude with the assertion that " the independence of the British Independent Society of Artists does not refer to the society but to the independence of its members." Although these statements are either somewhat cryptic or else not incontestable—there is a manifest community of interests even in their art which is distinctly " modern "—the exhibition itself deserves a welcome because of the high level of the works exhibited. One may not personally covet all the pictures shown, one may even dislike some of them, but at best this is not due to incompetence and amateurishness on the part of the exhibitors, who all appear to know what they are about. Having thus given all of the members exhibiting—of which there are seventeen—the credit they deserve, I can only enumerate a number of works for which I have a personal preference. Mr. Hemming Nyberg shows a " Canal Scene " (4), sombre and a little depressing, but well designed; Mr. Sydney J. Abbot's exhibits are more cheerful, orchestrated in pleasant tertiaries and well designed; the " Interior " (9) and " Still-life at Window " (10) satisfy one most. Amongst Mr. Trevor Tennant's pictures " Game Preserves " (17) and " Thunder over the Downs " (18) appeal strongly in virtue of their colour and their rhythm. Mr. Cosmo Clark has managed to give one a curiously " intriguing "—that is the only word—interest by depicting a " Cactus on an Eiderdown " (25); I think it is the incongruity of the combination which aids the pleasure one has in the colour and the design. Mr. P. D. Maclagan's work is perhaps rather more traditional than that of the others, but the " Old Book " (30), a still-life subject, is immensely satisfying.

HERBERT FURST.

The following important exhibitions are now open:—

At Barbizon House: A collection of new paintings by Nico Jungman.

At the Lefèvre Galleries: An interesting collection of paintings by Daumier, of which two are here illustrated.

At the Beaux Arts Gallery: A representative collection of Reginald Wells's work, including bronzes, pottery statuettes and new pottery, of which two examples are likewise here illustrated.

Our Colour Plates.

Of those of the colour plates in the present number which do not illustrate individual articles, the frontispiece reproduces the charming portrait of a girl by Cornelis de Vos (*c.* 1585–1651), which attracted so much attention at the Flemish Exhibition last winter. The other is a picture by Rembrandt, " The Philosopher," signed and dated 1652. Both these pictures are in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and we take this opportunity of correcting a misprint in the caption of our frontispiece last month, where the title of the picture should read " Portrait of an Old Man."

A PARIS ATELIER OF GOLDSMITHS OF ABOUT 1400

By AUGUST L. MAYER

ON the occasion of the third national Spanish Eucharistic Congress at Toledo in October 1926, a noteworthy exhibition of ecclesiastical art was arranged in the Archbishop's palace of that city, and several valuable objects belonging to the various chapels of the cathedral itself were shown for the first time to the public. Above all, there appeared a little golden statuette of the Madonna " Sa. Anita," which belongs to the treasure of the chapel of the new kings in the cathedral. This precious piece of goldsmith's work had not been seen by the eye of a connoisseur for decades, perhaps for centuries, and after the exhibition it returned once again into the darkness of this carefully guarded treasure, without its having been possible to make a series of serviceable photographs. We can only present the piece in a small photograph taken by Rodriguez at the opening of the exhibition.

The statuette is described in Toledo as St. Anne with the little Virgin Mary, and was held by the organizers of the exhibition to be an Italian work of the end of the fifteenth century. The group is 16 cm. high, the base is 12 cm. wide by 8 cm. deep. The material is pure gold, and is remarkably richly set with pearls. The mantle of the seated saint and the child's little tunic are covered with white enamel. The description as " St. Anne " is, at first sight, disconcerting, because no representation of that subject is known in which the little St. Mary holds a bird in her hand. This motive, as far as we know, is confined exclusively to representations of the Virgin. It does strike one, however, that the seated female figure is not a very juvenile type; and the motive of turning the pages of a book, which is here resting on a desk, in the shape of a column, is one that occurs in the subject of the education of the young Virgin. But in this case the child is much too small. The group could, therefore, with equal reason be interpreted as a Virgin and Child. The strange apparatus, a cage on three wheels, at the foot of the saint, who is seated on a folding chair, is a so-called *andador*, a sort of go-cart or roller in which little children learn to walk.

When I saw this remarkably fine piece of craftsmanship at Toledo, I took it for Burgundian work of the early fifteenth century. In the course of further research I was struck by the extraordinarily close relationship of this group with the famous piece of goldsmith's work known as the " golden Rössel," which was completed in Paris towards the end of 1403, and constitutes the greatest art treasure of the church at Altötting.*

Not only is the strikingly rich employment of pearls common to both pieces, but the style is exactly the same, especially in the treatment of the folds of drapery, and in the modelling and the rendering of the hair. The folds in the child's sleeve at Toledo should be compared with these. A far-reaching correspondence in technical details will be noted, not only in the similar use of white enamel.

It does not appear possible to establish how and when the Toledo piece came into the possession of the chapel of the new kings. But as this is the burial chapel of the Castilian kings of the house of Trastamara—Henry II, John I, Henry III, and their wives—we may assume that the work was ordered in Paris by Henry II (died 1407), or his wife Catherine of Lancaster (died 1409), or came to them as a present from France, and was then either given or bequeathed to the chapel at Toledo by the king or the queen, who for many years acted as regent for her young son.

The question whether the Toledo group was executed by the same hand as the " golden Rössel " must remain open. The possibility

* It is known to have been given by Queen Isabeau of Bavaria to Charles V for the new year 1404. In 1405 it was pledged by the king to the Bavarian Duke Ludwig um Barte, together with a similar image of the Virgin, which had the kneeling figures of the Royal couple with St. George and St. Elizabeth. This afterwards found its way to Ingolstadt and was melted down in 1801. To judge by reproductions and descriptions in inventories, this work comes from the same Parisian workshop and was also richly set with precious stones and with 186 pearls.

Toledo, Cathedral Treasure

"SA. ANITA"

is great. But we can be absolutely certain that both works proceed from the same Parisian atelier. We know of some other things produced in this workshop. Not only does the reliquary No. 147 in the Louvre—in the form of a little retable of gold, silver, and white enamel, which shows, besides precious stones, the characteristic rich decoration with pearls, and comes from the chapel of the Order of the Holy Ghost—belong to this workshop, but also the reliquary No. 67 in the Waddesdon (Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild) bequest at the British Museum. This piece (11·7 in. high), not much finer than the one in Paris, and not nearly so perfect as the "golden Rössel," is described in the catalogue as German work in the French style, fourteenth to fifteenth century, and is identical with a piece mentioned in the inventory of the Imperial treasure house at Vienna, which was replaced by a copy during restoration in the nineteenth century. The actual reliquary which, as the inscription, "Ista est una Spina corone Domini nostri Jhesu Christi," shows, contains a thorn from the crown of our Lord, is supported on a castle-like base crowned with the angels of the Last Judgment and a representation of the resurrection of the dead. The principal group consists of Christ as Judge enthroned on the sphere, with the kneeling Virgin and St. John at His feet; the whole is surrounded by a circle of half-figures of the Apostles, and is crowned by God the Father, in a glory of rays with two angels, and St. Michael and St. Christopher at the back. In this case we once again observe the partiality for the employment of large pearls, the wealth of

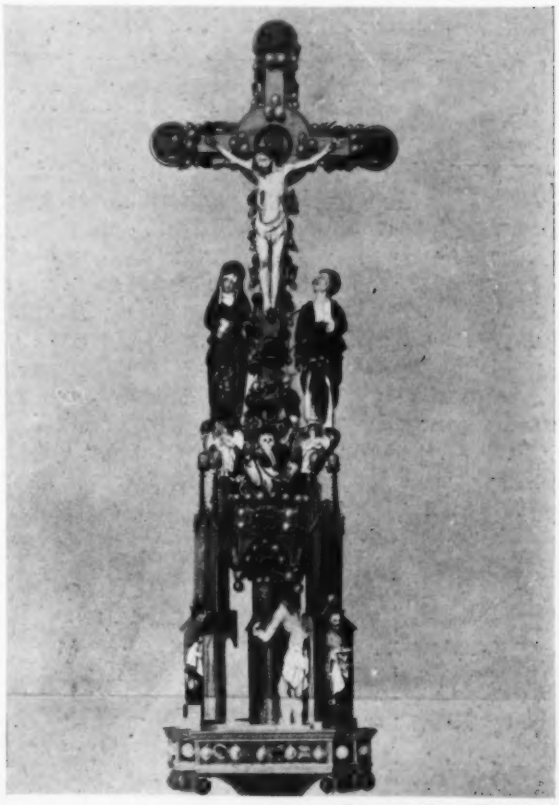
Altötting

THE GOLDEN "RÖSSEL"

By special permission of the Bavarian National Museum

precious stones, and we are again struck by the perfect white enamel.

It is well known that the large crucifix in the treasury of the cathedral of Estergom-Gran, to which a Renaissance socle, quite artistically executed, was added in the first half of the sixteenth century, is the work of the chief master of the atelier, who executed the "golden Rössel." This Gothic work of art rests today on a narrow golden base set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. As in the case of the other productions of this Parisian workshop, pearls have been very lavishly employed on this object. A Gothic chapel arises over this foundation. Against its central column stands the scourged Christ with bowed head—a remarkably nobly conceived figure, expressing pain and resignation, though the head is not seen. The prophets Elijah, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, holding scrolls and standing on double steps, occupy the three outer niches. The figure of Christ, as well as the three prophets, shows the most delicate enamelling. The roof is formed by three enamelled Golgotha rocks,



Estergom-Gran Cathedral
CRUCIFIX

Altötting
THE GOLDEN "RÖSSEL" (DETAIL)
By special permission of the Bavarian National Museum

animated by winged angels, who are seen behind the pearls of the finials. The cross bearing the gentle figure of the Saviour is richly decorated with rubies, pearls, and enamelled leaves. The Virgin is clad in a red tunic and blue mantle of translucent enamel; St. John is in white with a green mantle.

Thanks to the datable Madonna of the golden Rössel, and the group of St. Anne, it will be possible to assign a more precise date than has so far been done to an important painting of the French school, namely, the "Vierge à l'Ecritoire" in the Louvre, No. 3156, formerly in the Brauer collection. This Madonna shows the closest relationship to the figures of the Paris goldsmiths' atelier, not only in the general conception, but even in the treatment of the folds of drapery. Instead, therefore, of assigning this panel broadly to the reign of Charles VI, it will now be possible to say that it was produced about 1400.

THE CHURCH DOORS OF GOTLAND

By DONALD SMITH, F.R.G.S.

THERE is a continual mystery, a lasting fascination, about a doorway. There hovers about it an expectancy. It is the place of welcome, the place of partings. Within, all is known, is the work of man; without lies the world of Nature, where man becomes small in the presence of eternity. The doorway, be it a cave entrance or the portal to St. Paul's, is a place where men pause; it is a definite halting-place. When men halt, there their eyes are busy. Of all places where men pause, the entrance to their temples would come first. This place, where things earthly ceased, would share with the altar pride of position in the minds of men. Upon these two places would be lavished whatsoever of wealth, or skill, or imagination, or inspiration, builder and worshipper possessed. This doorway, before all others, was, to the primitive mind, actually the gateway—the "Beautiful Gateway"—to the kingdom of heaven.

FIG. I. ALSKOG CHURCH

Before the coming of Christianity, the northern craftsman lavished the beauty of his imagination upon the decoration of the things he loved, upon weapons and horse furnishings, upon brooches and jewellery. Barbaric in life, the barbarian carried his wealth with him to the portals of the kingdom of death. The White Christ taught the vanity of earthly splendour, and barbaric burials ceased. But while the man remains, art and inherent love of beauty, the skill of generations of patient craftsmen does not die, it rests but to flower again. Since the extraordinary skill of the metal workers of the island during the early and late iron ages is fairly well known, one would have expected the architect to have investigated where the archæologist left off, and a continuity of art to have been manifest, wood and stone forming the media in place of metal. That barbarian art had its youth, its wonderful golden age, and that it passed the various phases of degeneration to an enfeeblement which preceded death is a matter of history. But what followed? Did the coming of the new faith bring no stirring of the old skill; did Christianity bring no new impulse; was the island which was and remained the very hub of the Baltic trade—was this island whose wealth of the Viking times was but a tithe of its wealth of the early middle

FIG. II. LUND CATHEDRAL
North doorway

FIG. III. FARDHEM

ages, left without inspiration? Crusade after crusade crossed the Baltic, from Sweden, Denmark, the German marklands. Old trade routes were revived, new routes opened, religion, fighting and trading went hand in hand. Monk and merchant prince trod close behind the bearer of the sword. Were there no places for prayer, no places of high burial for the knight, no guild chapels for the craftsman and trader? The churches of Gotland have stood, and still stand, a silent witness to the wealth, to the piety, to the builder-craftsman's skill of those days. It is possible to deal with only one feature, but this one may serve to indicate that the art of Gotland suffered merely a change by the introduction of Christianity, and flourished for many years later.

The warp of architecture is woven on the loom of history. To understand the story of these doorways it is necessary to follow in the barest outline the fortunes of the island. Christianity arrived in Sweden very late and very hesitatingly. Its actual passage to Gotland is unnoted. Legend ascribes its introduction to Olof Haraldsson (St. Olaf—our St. Olave of the Church by London Bridge), who landed on the island in 1030 when on his way to exile in Russia. He is stated to have overcome the free Gotlanders in battle and to have imposed the new faith upon them. It seems certain that Christianity was known long before on the island, if not actually practised, for the whole of the northern world was aware of the faith of the south, by virtue of its contact with the Christian peoples. Gotland lay in the direct line of pilgrimage from Sweden to Jerusalem (via Poland and the Black Sea or Constantinople), and so came to be visited by many a highly placed ecclesiastic, while the increasing Baltic trade with Novgorod, Viborg, Reval, etc., brought the island more and more into prominence. This involved a prosperity which was shared by the whole of the population, a peasant republic owning a loose dependence to the Swedish king and a religious adherence to the see of

FIG. IV. FARDHEM

Linköping. Owing to its favourable position, more and more merchants of various nations, but especially Germans, settled at Visby. These were most likely to show activity in two directions—to associate for self-protection and to afford all possible assistance to the various military expeditions which opened new market possibilities to western trade. In both directions they were so successful that it seems possible that the Hansa League took its birth in Visby, and, what is incontrovertible, that the Pope Honorius II (1124–30) granted privileges to the town and harbour in acknowledgment of the part played in the conversion of heathen lands. So bitter became the feud between the indigenous yeomen merchants of the countryside and the cosmopolitan merchants of the town, that civil strife broke out, necessitating interference by the king (Magnus Ladulas), whereby the town paid a greater tribute to the king, but the islanders lost the

FIG. V. HABLINGBO
North doorway

FIG. VI. VÄTE
North doorway

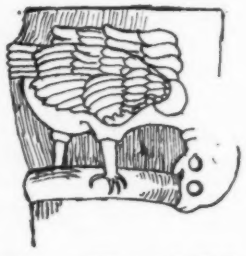
day (1288). From this time dates the "golden age" of Visby. This lasted until the Danish king, Valdemar Atterdag, took the town and exacted a heavy tribute in 1361; and although this misfortune was one of those incidents of the middle ages which a town of Visby's importance could well sustain, yet it marks the beginning of the period when shifting centres of trade and constant conflict among the Scandinavian Baltic powers caused the slow but certain decline of Gotland's outstanding importance.

The doorways here illustrated show that the architectural periods shadowed in some degree the decisive events of the island's story. The doorways are emphasized since their recognized merit caused their preservation in many cases when the whole of the remainder of the church underwent change or rebuilding.

First comes the doorway of the wooden church of Hemse. This, dating from the saga times of Saint Olaf (*circa* 1000), is

unfortunately, but appropriately, fragmentary. It was found beneath the floor of the present church, and is preserved in the Historical Museum at Stockholm. At first sight one notices a feature so outstanding in these Gotland doorways—the comparatively great height to the width. In this first example, the height is about 15·3 feet, the width 3 feet. One may perhaps be forgiven the suggestion that there was a definite symbolism in the constant narrowness of these doorways, to be referred to the extremely well-known passage, "Enter ye in at the strait gate . . . Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life" (S. Matthew vii. 13, 14); and also "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" (S. Luke xiii. 24). The bold, crisp cutting and the general strength of line show none of the decadence of the metal-work of a date immediately preceding; the whole rather throws back to the stronger work of the early iron age, as though the craftsman, still so close to his pagan tradition that he introduces no Christian symbolism into his work, yet was inspired to seek the best that had gone in the service of this young, triumphant faith.

Although four or five timber churches have left inconsiderable traces, it seems that the island's growing prosperity soon caused the use of stone and the demolition of the timber churches. This was so much the easier carried out since the whole island is based upon limestone and sandstone. This habit of the Gotlanders of rebuilding their churches is a matter of regret, since so much was lost thereby, and a certain stability of population seems, in many cases, to preclude the mere addition of newer portions in the newer styles, as it was not a question of more accommodation, but of building in a later style. This was not always the case, as will be seen. The period comparing roughly with our own Norman covers the years 1000 to 1170, and divides into two named after the outstanding significance of two Swedish churches to the building activity of the north. The first of these, St. Olof's of Sigtuna, exhibits all the features of the fortress-church. The time was stern, the building hurried. Little ornamentation appeared, but that most naturally around the doorway (cf. our Early Norman). This was still the time when, as Saint Olaf's saga tells, "It was determined to take a cruise in summer in the Baltic, *to gather property*." Gotland tired quickly of these unadorned churches, and so soon as a generally accepted Christianity checked once and for all the sporadic Viking forays, and the Hansa Peace began to rule the trade routes of the Baltic, then a general rebuilding began. Of the first period (1000–1130) some interesting pillar capitals remain; two—obviously by the same hand, the one at Alskog (south nave doorway) and one at Lye (north nave doorway) compare with the Norman birds' beak, though in these Gotland examples the entire bird is represented (*see* sketch).* The whole doorway is seen to the left in Fig. I, which gives a general view of the two south doorways of Alskog. The choir doorway to the right, a fine example of a later period, is referred to farther on. The most characteristic of these doorways of the Sigtuna time is that of the choir at Fardhem (Figs. III and IV). From this, the oldest choir building in the island, it is obvious either that foreign masons were employed or that building in hewn stone was no new art. One would also hazard a guess that the original builder left the doorway unadorned, with nothing to recommend it beyond its projection from the wall face and its excellent proportions. Possibly, towards the end of the next period the bare limestone offered a tempting field to some itinerant mason who set to work where he could work best without use of scaffolding or bending uncomfortably low. It seems that two craftsmen had a hand in the business, and that neither was able to carry out a complete scheme. This, of course, is pure hypothesis. The flat treatment of the lion devouring a man is interesting, as is the undercutting which transforms the roll moulding to a detached shaft. The mounted knight riding over his foe is also pleasingly vigorous in treatment.



The building of the cathedral at Lund (choir and nave dedicated 1145) set the seal upon the second portion of the Romanesque period (1130–1170). Every indication points to the fact that security and prosperity resulted

* This capital is particularly interesting in that the body of the bird is returned on the *two* faces of the capital (the outer and the jamb face) so that the head—at the angle—possesses two bodies, in the same manner that the Assyrian man-headed bull flanked entrances.

in the erection of churches decorated, not merely around the entrances, but over the whole of the external wall surface. The rich variety of Gotland tympana contours begins to manifest itself in these churches. Some remind us of the beautiful Sussex tower doorway of Clymping. But the rarest of all is the present north doorway of Hablingbo (*circa* 1150). Here is indeed a treasure (Fig. V). This, originally the south doorway, was removed carefully to its present position on the rebuilding of the church in 1350. Beginning with the delightful tympanum, the balance of the design, the crisp cutting of the low relief, the impression one has of mosaic work, an impression which would be immeasurably heightened when the work was coloured, all this points rather to the east than the west. Here God the Father sits in judgment and blessing. On His right stands Abel with the accepted offering from his flocks. Behind is represented Abel's murder by Cain. On God's left is Cain with the rejected sheaf. Behind Cain is a child and (apparently) a mother bird feeding its young. These possibly refer to the fact that it was Cain who fathered a people, and also to the pronouncement that the sins of the father descend to the third and fourth

FIG. VIII. ST. MARY, VISBY

FIG. VII. HAVDHEM

generation. The whole was strikingly appropriate as standing above the main entrance and thus first meeting the eyes of those coming in their turn to offer and to worship. The archivolt reverts to a most interesting purely northern interlaced motif, while the outer moulding is purely classical. Of unique interest are the two pairs of lions, the one being the head only, while the outer pair, as placed at present, give the fore half of the animal. The workmanship of the two pairs again differs, the head betraying eastern affinity while the others in their grotesque realism predate remarkably the Gothic freedom. The whole work bears a striking affinity to the north doorway of Lund cathedral (Fig. II), a similarity that suggests that the two flanking lions may have been carried originally upon two detached shafts. Apart from the fact that a knowledge of the greater doorway may have influenced the design of the Gotland doorway, it seems clear that the Hablingbo portal was the work of an entirely different craftsman. More truly of Gotland, however, and of clearer descent from the wooden door of Hemse, are those of which the north doorway of Väte is a type (Fig. VI). A lack of symmetry is explained by the fact that the decoration of these churches originally

spread over a great part of the wall face and was not concentrated as part of the doorway only. The byzantine influence is most manifest in the palm motif with which the freely flowing floral sprays terminate. The pictorial panel represents the pains of hell, a woman being tormented by two serpents and crept upon by a toad. It is noteworthy that the interlacing tails of the serpents also end in the palm motif. The medieval ironwork of the door itself merits attention.

It is perhaps natural that the extreme imagery of the late Lund period should be followed by a time of severe restraint. There came to the island Cistercian monks (1164). Severe in poverty, rejecting all ornament, they reared their churches in bare nakedness, trusting to nothing but honest masonry and pure lines. It was not until the end of their influence, from 1170–1220, and the first signs of a transition from the round to the pointed arch, that a shy return to imagery appears. In the simple but dignified tympanum at Havdhem (Fig. VII) is seen Christ giving to St. Peter a key and to St. Paul a book. The break from the austere tradition of the early Cistercian was definitely made by the erection of the Church of St. Mary by the German merchant guilds in Visby (dedicated in 1225). This church is now the cathedral of the diocese (Fig. VIII). No other reference is made in this article to the churches of Visby town itself, since the severance between town and countryside was marked and, apart from St. Mary's, the whole of Visby's churches are in ruins. The noble choir doorway of St. Mary's retains a pure Romanesque outline, but has a capital band of a floriated design in somewhat low relief. The gable dripstone, so persistent a feature from now onwards, appears, as do alternating detached shafts of red and white limestone. The depth of the three orders added to the gable gives the nearest approach to a porch to be found in these churches. It would be interesting to know why the porch, which is such a striking feature of general church architecture, is so uniformly absent in Gotland. It may be that the accentuation of the entrance gate subtracted from the need for a porch. It seems that the wall surrounding the yard was rather more substantial than the usual English feature, and that this wall was pierced on the four sides by a very considerable gate porch, deep enough to serve all necessary purposes of ceremonial and shelter. The yard at Garda preserves all four porches. If this hypothesis be correct, then there was no need for the porch obstructing the main entrance, which was free to develop untrammelled by the existence of a forestructure. The similarity of this with the usual cathedral garth with its entrance towers is at once apparent. But, to return to Visby St. Mary's choir doorway (the bride portal), one feels that the breadth of this doorway is foreign to Gotland. It is only when translated into terms of the island countryside—as in the south nave doorway at Dalhem or in the west doorway of Tingstäde (Fig. IX), that one recovers the true height and aspiration of the native builders. From the delicate introduction of naturalistic floral motifs and numerous smaller indications one feels that the mason's craft was now instinct with life and was but awaiting the inspiration of the pointed arch to burst into exquisite fullness.

FIG. IX. TINGSTÄDE

It is with the Early Gothic school (1250–1290) that this doorway architecture of Gotland reaches its prime. The exuberant imagery of the Romanesque, chastened by the severe discipline of the Cistercian, merging tentatively

in low floral relief during the transition, now flowers most exquisitely in the capital bands and broken tympana of the Early Gothic. One feels the abandon of utter joy arising from the perfect mastery of the stone cutter's craft which fashioned these carvings. There is nothing riotous, nothing coarse. There is no animal or human imagery. There is just the gracious symmetry of the whole leading inwards. It is a doorway of gladness, the gladness of rejoicing at an eternal springtide.

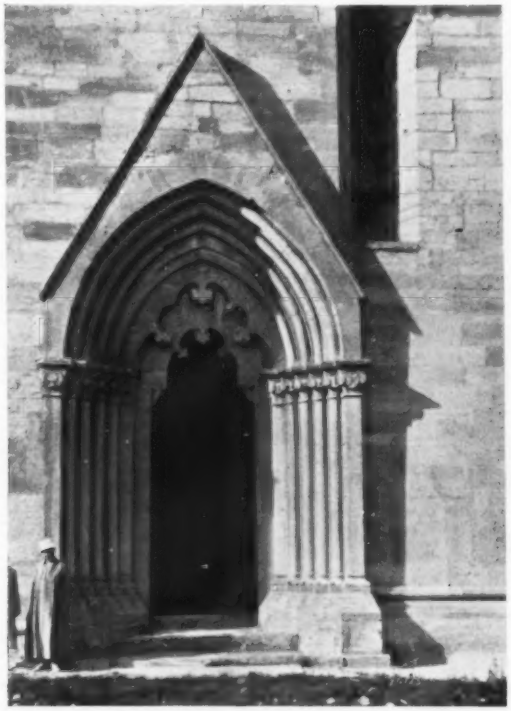


FIG. X. LAU

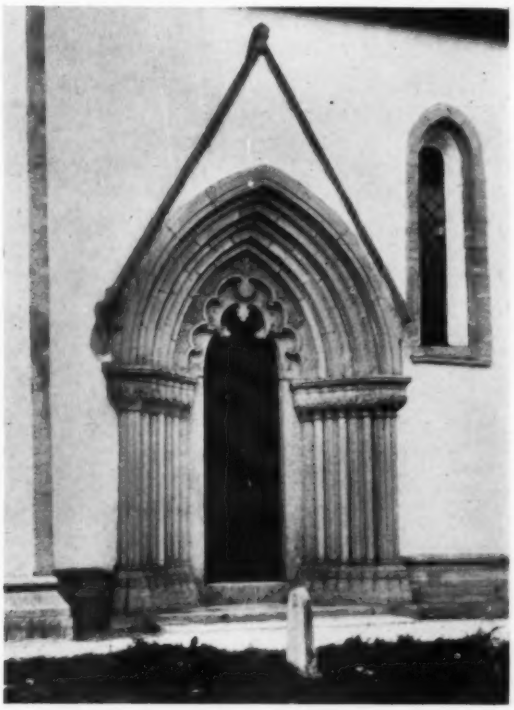


FIG. XI. ETELHEM

It is a doorway of welcome, a doorway of praise. No head could be bowed in passing such a door. Here for a brief space the influence of east blended most perfectly with the spirit of the west. One can in fancy picture the construction of such a work. The master-mason, reserving to his hand the light and shade of the broken and recessed tympanum with its strong yet subtle curves, its masterful play of deep shade which by contrast should preserve the lightness of the whole, and yet turning from this to the delicately patterned ground or the star-like rosettes; and around the master his "school," one working on one capital band, another on the other, another and another on the plinths, all subordinate, yet working independently, as should those labouring for one "whose service is perfect freedom." With reference to these most perfect doorways and the note concerning the absence of a true porch, it is impossible not to turn to the porch-doorway of Skelton in Yorkshire, and to surmise a connection with the Baltic island. "All Saints' Church, Skelton, Yorkshire, presents an example of a deeply recessed doorway of great height for so small a church. The walls project from the church very slightly, just sufficient to contain the depth necessary for the nine shafts on each side; the conventional foliage of the capitals is very fine . . . The gable is very high and acute . . ." (*Porches and Fonts*. Wall.) One feels the impossibility of treating justly of these doorways in so restricted a space, and so leaves the views to speak for themselves. Two main craftsmen were responsible for these—one for those of which Lau (Fig. X) and Etelhem (Fig. XI) are examples, and, following, the mason responsible for the choir doorway of Alskog. This latter, by its vertical

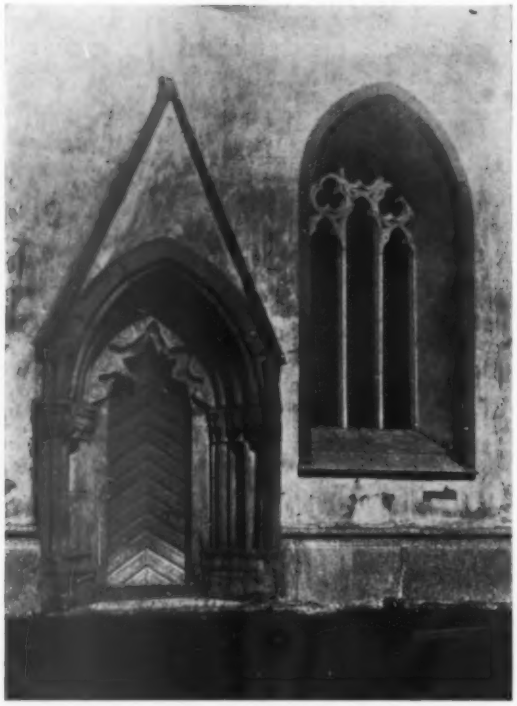


FIG. XII. HEJDE

shows the devil with bound feet; to his left is Christ in the kingdom of the dead, and to his right (as one looks at the photo) are scenes concerning Cain and Abel. The left capital band represents scenes from the life of Adam and Eve. As is usual on Gotland the capital bands are carved from one block, but whereas in the earlier work there is due relation between the shafting, the capitals, and the mouldings of the archivolt, in this and later work the band bears no relationship whatever to the other members, but cuts independently across them, and is rather a pictorial frieze, conceived as a unity, than a composite of capitals. An interesting feature is that every inch is utilized, even to the "return" to the enclosing wall.

As so frequently happens, this phase of art flamed to sudden excess before its death (1320–1360). And as an old man's thoughts turn to his youth, so this last phase turned again to certain features of the far older schools. As in the oldest churches of all—the timber-built—the door-framing itself, the pilasters, are carven. As in the Early Romanesque the tympanum again becomes the site for figure representation, and as in the lion doorway of Hablingbo grotesques spring from the outer face of the capital band. With regard to this capital frieze on the jambs and a tendency to a grosser outline, points to the succeeding period of High (decorated) Gothic (1290–1320). The craftsman has become bolder. It is the time when the merchant farmer of the countryside vied in wealth with the merchant of the town; when the countryside armed itself against the burghers of Visby. The mason experimented at first, as at Hejde (Fig. XII), with strange contours, retaining the floral motives but luxuriating in a skill that could exact from stone what the chisel can extract from the fibrous wood, but later turning to a new presentation of the human figure. The semi-classical figures of the Romanesque give place to the robust, full-moulded imagery of the medieval mind. The doorway of Gammalgarn (Fig. XIII) is a splendid example of the good and bad of this period. The tympanum—coarser in outline and quite spoiled by the lierne panelling—yet retains in the bolder rosettes a vestige of the purer Early Gothic. The grace has gone from the shafting and, most deplorably, from the base. Symmetry is rudely shocked by the breaking of the gable point. The details by themselves gain an individual interest of a bolder kind. Under the gable canopy is a bold God the Father, and upon the peak a free-standing dove. The capital band to the right

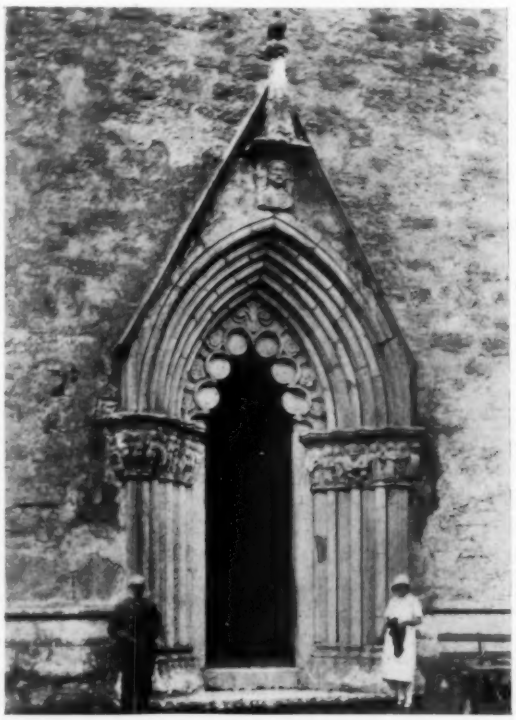


FIG. XIII. GAMMALGARN

band, the island practice of carving it as a whole and treating it as a whole results in the degradation that it totally ignores the articulation of the members of the jamb mouldings. In some cases, as the result of badly co-ordinated work of different craftsmen, the capital band does not tally with the shafting—in geologic language, it rests unconformably. Compare this with the lovely work of Etelhem and Lau. There occurs another ugly break in symmetry where the capital band interrupts the running frieze of the jamb. The unity of the Alskog example is rudely shattered in these later works. These features are clearly shown in the Hablingbo doorway (Fig. XIV). The grotesques are man and woman, the capital bands contain the twelve Apostles and Christ, the pilasters are unidentified saints with rather interesting canopies crocheted and pinnacled — an extremely rare feature. This doorway may be usefully compared with the north doorway of the same church which was removed to make way for it. The Stanga doorway is unique on the island (Fig. XV). Most obvious is the broken gable, the lacking frieze on the west jamb, the raising of the flanking grotesque from the capital band, the irregularity of the two pilasters, the introduction of figures into the

FIG. XV. STANGA

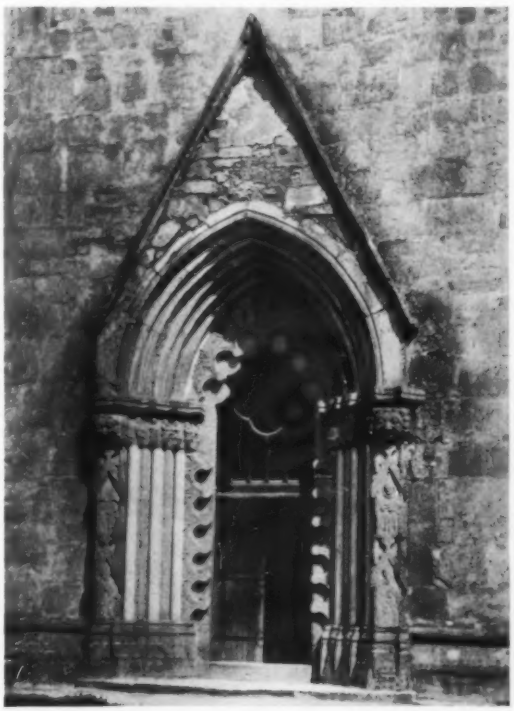


FIG. XIV. HABLINGBO

tympanum (side) field, and the presence of the high relief sculptures. It is obvious that several hands have been at work. One would hazard a guess that the original doorway was completed much as at Hablingbo; that a much more ambitious work was planned and work begun; that for some reason—possibly casualties due to the invasion of the island by the Danish king (1361)—the work was roughly interrupted, but that the sculptures already completed were placed as now seen, the gable being raised to receive the Christ, and the whole being included into some sort of unity by the pinnacle of the canopy (now missing) over the Madonna. This, of course, is pure hypothesis. The imagery represents: in the gable, Christ's Resurrection, with two sleeping and one fleeing Roman soldiers; in the tympanum, the Coronation of Mary, with Saints John the Baptist, John the Divine, Peter and Paul; the western capital band, the Murder of the Innocents, Christ Presented in the Temple, the Flight to Egypt; the eastern capital band, the Annunciation, Mary and Elizabeth, the Birth, the Three Wise Men. The wall sculptures, from below, are the Offerings of the Kings and the Enthroned Madonna; in the second row, Christ being

spat upon, or being reviled by His scourgers; in the third row, the Descent from the Cross, with, to the right, a man with upturned face, possibly the pardoned thief. It will be noticed that these, with the Resurrection, form an exquisite sequence. One can but regret that the art that began by covering every available inch with decoration and which, after so long a time, again began to spread from the confines of the door opening to the wall again, though in so different a style, should suffer so sudden an eclipse, and that persistent ill-fortune should have stilled most effectually the art and craft of the church builders of Gotland.

And here the record of the mason ends. Increasing calamity visited the island. An island of churches became a pirate stronghold. Many of the churches fell in ruins. And yet the very misfortunes of the people preserved many for us today. The people's poverty prevented any tampering with the fabric other than repair to the roofs, for which ample material lay at hand, while the solidity and simple strength of the construction ensured a permanence lasting till today.

ERNEST AND DOD PROCTER

By M. CHAMOT

WHEN two artists belong to the same family, it is generally possible to trace some similarity of outlook or some common characteristic in their work, at least at the outset. They naturally diverge as each develops and asserts his own personality, but seldom so far as to lose all contact with one another. The same is true to some extent of groups of artists working in close intercourse, and never did the subsequent divergence take a more startling form than in the history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

In the case of a married couple, however, the effect is exactly the opposite. Starting as separate entities, they influence each other in art as they do in life until the effect of this influence becomes perceptible in their work.

It would be difficult to think of two artists or, more precisely, of two figure painters, presenting a stronger contrast in their fundamental bent than Ernest and Dod Procter. Ernest Procter is by nature a decorator with an insatiable craving for large flat spaces upon which to project his visionary beings moving in a measured rhythm. The rhythm is his own, and constitutes his most original contribution to the art of the day, but his forms are largely reminiscent of the past, the combination of Early Italian, classical and Oriental influences resulting often in a slightly exotic flavour. He has the decorator's feeling for

FLORA AND THE FLYING HORSE
By Ernest Procter

THE DAY'S END
By Ernest Procter

flat modelling and has made some interesting experiments in the use of suitable materials such as tempera and gold. His experience in Burma, where he had to adapt himself to Eastern surroundings and to employ native craftsmen as assistants, must have been of great value in this connection.

Mrs. Procter, on the other hand, is interested in the actual world, and moreover, in what is tangible as well as visible. It is surely no exaggeration to say that she is the most sculpturesque painter living. Indeed, some of her figures look almost like plastic forms seen through a thin film of some delicately-coloured substance that just takes away the hardness and whiteness of sculpture. Her interest in light, which was so finely expressed in her much-boomed, and for once very deserving Academy picture, is essentially a sculptor's interest; direct and reflected light serve her to bring out the subtle beauties of form, never to stress the reactions of coloured surfaces. And her conception of form derives peculiar beauty from the fact that, unlike most European artists, she prefers spherical and cylindrical shapes to angular ones. Though Mrs. Procter is most emphatically western and modern in every other respect, it is just possible that in this partiality for rounded forms she too owes something to her sojourn in the East.

These two artists: the idealist, who sometimes, as in his " Cupid and Psyche," succeeds in fixing down on his canvas an exhilarating vision of youth and springtime, full of freshness and *naïveté* in spite of all its borrowings; and the realist, in whom even a sleeping baby

HENRY RICHARDSON PROCTER
By Ernest Procter

awakes no sentiments or emotions except the plastic sense of form, have exercised a definite and a happy influence on one another, and anyone who visits the Leicester Galleries during the present month can judge of the degree of approximation that has taken place.

Ernest Procter, whose tendency, as we have seen, was to spread himself two-dimensionally over a large surface, to accentuate the linear rhythm of his forms, and when he has resource to modelling at all, to use it for the expression of surface qualities rather than volumes, benefits by such exercises in concentration as may be seen in his smaller sketches and, above all, in the fine " Deposition," which we reproduce in colour. This is by no means a flat design, and the intense simplification of the forms gives all the more poignancy to the grouping, and brings out the significance of the colour. Compared with this, " Flora and the Flying Horse " lapses into archaism, but the admirably composed group of two nudes entitled " The Day's End " shows the same principle of subordinating detail to the rhythm of form. Not only is this a surprisingly monumental group, but the artist has displayed a rare power of invention in moulding the two figures into a single whole. (Dod Procter, it will be observed, contents herself so far with one figure at a time.) Another interesting combination is that of a lady and a stag in a little sketch that shows a still more pictorial handling. There is also an example of his work from life, or probably from death, in the deeply expressive head of his father, the late Professor Henry Richardson Procter, where again the influence of his wife seems apparent in the illumination and the chiselling out of the features.

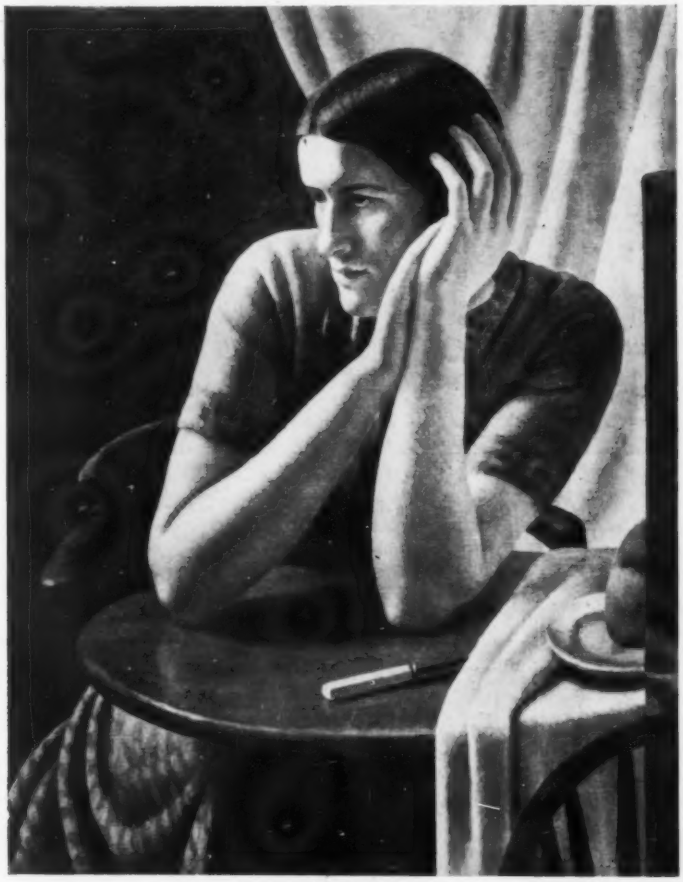
But Ernest Procter is most himself when he has not one or two, nor even a half dozen, but a legion of figures at his command, as in the little sketch of " Young Witches at Play in the Night Sky." Here, by means of repetition, reiteration, balance and continual movement, the human form is made to symbolize the elemental forces of Nature and the artist's perception of the rhythm of life finds expression.

Dod Procter attempts nothing so abstract or so ambitious. Scenes of everyday life, such as a girl reading during the lunch hour or a woman meditating at a table, give her ample scope, for it is not the subject nor the grouping that is of primal interest for her, but the actual painting. Yet it can hardly be

CHILD ASLEEP
By Dod Procter

INRI

denied that her husband's influence has broadened her outlook on composition. At first she represented nothing but the solid form, admirably placed within the picture frame, but unrelated to anything else in space. The Academy picture already went beyond this; not only was the figure reclining on a bed, but the diagonal line of sheets was carried on by the clothes lying on a chair beyond the bed, which also helped to break the too obvious division between the strongly lighted forms and the dark background. A slightly different variation of the same theme appears in the present exhibition, but here only the head and arms of the "Girl Asleep" occupy the picture. The most consummate painting from the point of view of composition is "Clara," where every accessory, the handle of the knife, the folds in the girl's skirt and in the tablecloth, the semicircular back of the chair, echoing the line of the round table, and the curtain hanging behind, contributes to the unity of the whole. And perhaps partly because of this greater complexity of the design (which has not caused the least loss of plasticity in the actual treatment of form), or perhaps because the subject happened to be a particularly stimulating one, the expression of character is certainly finer in this painting than in any of the others.



CLARA
By Dod Procter

In the matter of colour the two artists are no less opposed than in their treatment of form. To Ernest Procter local colour is always the starting point, but it is not so much the local colour of actuality as the colour that certain objects acquire in the artist's imagination; his colouring may be described as symbolically decorative, and this symbolism,

based, of course, on tradition, comes out particularly well in the "Deposition." Dod Procter, on the other hand, subordinates colour entirely to her endeavour to grapple with form. A quiet and cool scheme of greys and blues gives her ample opportunity, not only to produce the remarkably convincing recession, which brings her work into line with the modern tendencies, but also to fill the space around her well-chiselled forms with visible atmosphere, that is to say, light playing upon air. A sense of colour can hardly be acquired or transmitted, consequently our two artists remain farthest apart in this respect; but in the actual handling of pigment Ernest Procter is undoubtedly developing a richer quality in his smaller easel pictures than he was wont to have in his more formal decorations.

GIRL ASLEEP
By Dod Procter

A comparison like the one invited by the present exhibition is interesting, but it has its dangers, because the painting of pictures and the painting of decorations are two widely different matters, and each has to be judged by its own standards. That is why a fair appreciation of the one must almost inevitably lead to an unfair criticism of the other unless a different standard is applied. It is in an endeavour to make this point clear that the course of analysis rather than appreciation has been taken in writing these lines.

OLD AMERICAN SILVER SPOONS

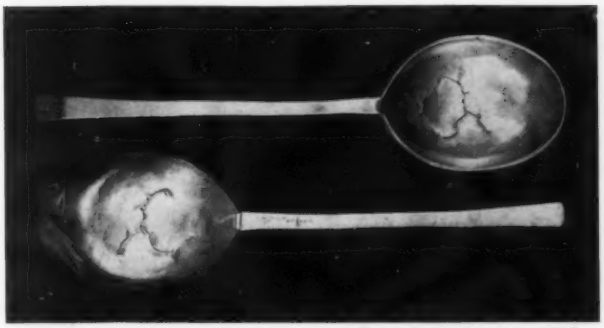
By E. ALFRED JONES

THE earliest extant American-made silver spoon is of the "slipped in the stalk" variety, introduced into England from the Continent in the middle of the seventeenth century. The first recorded example, illustrated in the late Sir C. J. Jackson's "History of English Plate," was wrought, not by an English goldsmith, but at Dublin, and is dated 1655. Only one such spoon by an American silversmith is known, and this, shown here both back and front (Nos. 1 and 2), is in the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts. Its maker was one of the first two silversmiths of Boston, John Hull by name (1624–83), whose prosperous career may briefly be sketched. He had accompanied his emigrant father to America as a mere child of eleven, and was first initiated into the mysteries of the silversmith's craft at Boston, not like his future partner, Robert Sanderson, who had been a practised silversmith in London before settling in that historic American town.

The initials engraved upon the handle of this early American spoon are supposed to be those of the first owners, William and Hannah Brown, for whose marriage in 1664 it was probably made.

Several examples of John Hull's skill have

survived in American churches and elsewhere, mostly made, however, in collaboration with Robert Sanderson. Both men are remembered as the makers of the now famous "pine-tree" silver coinage of Massachusetts in 1652—the first year of their partnership—and the earliest American coinage.



Essex Institute, Salem

Nos. 1 and 2. SPOON (BACK AND FRONT)
By John Hull, of Boston (1624–83)

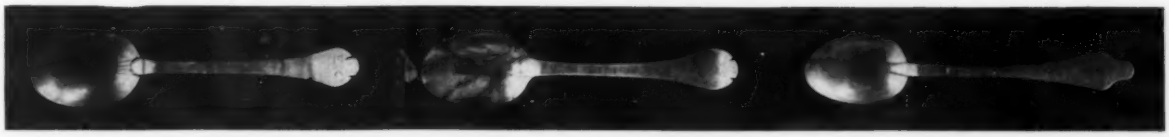
An example of the next step in the history of the old Colonial spoon is illustrated (No. 3), and is known as the notched-end or trifid-end from the shape of the handle-end, which was introduced by English goldsmiths about, or soon after, the Restoration of Charles II and became common after 1668. The same pattern was also made on the Continent, by French, Dutch, Danish, and other goldsmiths. A conspicuous feature of these spoons is the long V-shaped tongue, sometimes called a ribbed "rat-tail," running down the back of the bowl from the end of the handle. In later spoons of this pattern a conventional ornament of scrolls, hardly visible from long usage in the illustration, is stamped from a die on each side of the tongue or "rat-tail."

The specimen just mentioned was made not later than 1700, and is stamped with a maker's mark, "S. C.", assigned to Samuel Clark of Boston, or to Samuel Cranston of Newport, Rhode Island, both born in 1659.

Among the few surviving examples of the same pattern, with slight variations, is one by that successful silversmith, John Coney of Boston (1655–1722), now preserved in the First Parish at Tyngsboro, Massachusetts. Another specimen, bearing the marks of the Boston silversmith, John Edwards (1670–1746) and his partner, John Allen (1671–1760), is in the Worcester Art Museum, Massachusetts, and must have been wrought early in the long and prosperous careers of those two men. One such spoon is decorated on the bowl with an acanthus leaf, a motive also borrowed from England, in place of the punched scrolls. The trifid-end spoon would seem to have been made by a prominent Philadelphia silversmith some time after it had passed out of fashion in England, as may be observed in the spoon by Joseph Richardson the elder (1711–70), of the Quaker city (No. 4). On the back of the bowl is the simpler and later rat-tail, without the punched ornament of the earlier spoons.

The third step in the development of the American spoon, so far as it may be traced from the few extant examples, follows the English pattern, first seen in the last year or two of the seventeenth century. In this pattern a more oval bowl, with a plain rat-tail at the back and a handle with a wavy end, is the distinguishing feature (No. 5). The wavy end is, however, of a slightly more exaggerated form than the English model. Stamped upon it is the silversmith's name, William Cowell of Boston (1682–1736), the maker of several notable pieces of plate in American churches.

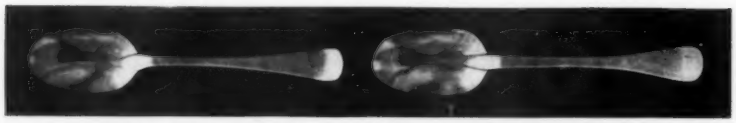
From about 1705 a spoon was made by English silversmiths with a ribbing down most of the front of the handle, which now becomes thicker than that of the earlier spoons just discussed. The end of the handle is semi-circular and is turned up towards the face of the bowl, as shown in the teaspoon by an unknown American silversmith (No. 11). On the back of the bowl is the familiar rat-tail which was a conspicuous feature of English spoons for about twenty-five years. Three specimens



No. 3. NOTCHED-END SPOON
(*c.* 1700), *stamped "S.C."*

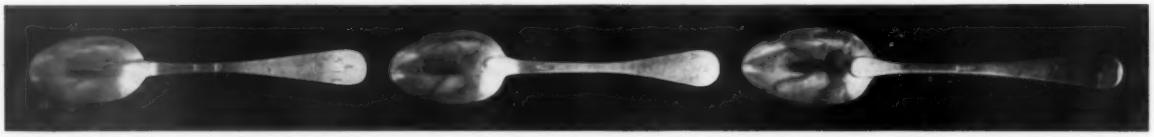
No. 4. NOTCHED-END SPOON
By Joseph Richardson the elder, Philadelphia (1711–70)

No. 5. RAT-TAIL SPOON
By William Cowell, Boston (1682–1736)



No. 6. RAT-TAIL SPOON
By Jacob Hurd, Boston (1702–58)

No. 7. RAT-TAIL SPOON
By John Burt, Boston (1691–1745)



No. 8. RAT-TAIL SPOON
By Philip Syng, junr., Philadelphia (1703–89)

No. 9. SPOON STAMPED WITH SCALLOP SHELL
By Daniel Boyer, Boston (1725–79)

No. 10. TURNED-BACK HANDLE SPOON
By Paul Revere, Boston

of the plain rat-tail American spoons are illustrated. Two of these (Nos. 7 and 6 respectively) are by the Boston silversmiths, John Burt (1691–1745) and Jacob Hurd (1702–58), the second of whom was the most prolific American silversmith of the eighteenth century. The third spoon (No. 8) is by a famous Philadelphia craftsman, Philip Syng, the younger (1703–89), the maker of the historic silver inkstand now at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, which was used by the signatories to the famous Declaration of American Independence in 1776 (of whom, it may be interesting to recall, five received legal training at the Middle Temple and one at the Inner Temple).

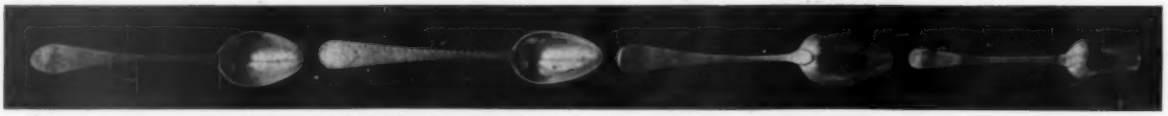
Of the pattern just described, like the teaspoon (No. 11), is a long and exceedingly rare American gravy spoon, 13½ inches long, by the above-named Boston silversmith, John Coney, in the collection of Mr. Charles G. Rupert.

Interesting as a rare example of a spoon of the same shape, but stamped with a scallop shell—a popular decoration of English mahogany chairs and other furniture—in the place of the rat-tail, is the spoon by Daniel Boyer (1725–79) of Boston (No. 9).

Later in the eighteenth century the turned-up end of the handle—which appears to have disappeared finally from fashion before 1780—was superseded by a turned-back handle, as in the plain example illustrated (No. 10). This specimen was made by none other than Paul Revere of Boston, the hero of Longfellow's "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," who was bitterly reviled by Henry Pelham, the Boston painter and engraver and half-brother of John Singleton Copley, for a scandalous piece of trickery in the following circumstances.

Pelham had engraved a plate of the so-called "Boston Massacre" by British troops in 1770, and permitted Revere to have the loan of it. Revere, with incredible baseness, made a copy of it and thereby robbed the real artist of all the pecuniary rewards expected from the sale of engravings, "as truly as if he had been plundered on the highway," as Pelham wrote to the culprit in his forceful letter.

No. 11. TEASPOON (BACK AND FRONT)
By an unknown American silversmith (c. 1720–30)



No. 12. TEASPOON
By Philip Syng, Philadelphia

No. 13. TEASPOON
By Paul Revere, Boston (c. 1780)

No. 14. TEASPOON
By Joseph Kneeland, Boston (1698–1760)

No. 15. TEASPOON
By Joseph Richardson, junr., Philadelphia

Some little time later Henry Pelham, as a loyalist, fled to England from the vengeance of the revolutionary party at Boston. In his distress, and as a reward for his loyalty to the Crown, he was appointed a surveyor in Ireland, where he executed a large map of County Clare in 1782. In 1787 he was taken into the employ of the second Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquess of Lansdowne, as agent for the family estates in County Kerry.

The oldest American tea or coffee spoon to be here illustrated (No. 11) is the charming example, with a rat-tail on the bowl, already described. The name of the maker, about 1720–30, has not been identified. It is followed in date by a pleasant little spoon displaying a scallop shell on the bowl, by the above-mentioned Philip Syng, of Philadelphia (No. 12). Spoons embellished with more ornate shells, by Boston silversmiths, are known. Paul Revere is further represented by the common type of spoon of about 1780 (No. 13), while a specimen of the work of Joseph Kneeland (1698–1760), also of Boston, is seen in the teaspoon made late in his life (No. 14). A good example of a late-eighteenth-century teaspoon, showing the cut work on the edge, is illustrated (No. 15). Its maker was Joseph Richardson, of Philadelphia, son of the silversmith of the same name who was the maker of the spoon previously mentioned (No. 4).

I am unable to illustrate a characteristic American spoon of the early nineteenth century, called by the lugubrious name of "coffin" spoon from the fanciful resemblance of the handle to a coffin.

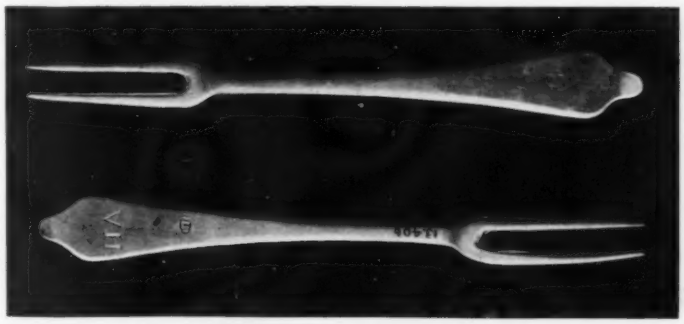
Some of the plain, simple spoons were doubtless made by blacksmiths as well as silversmiths proper. Indeed, one William Ward (1705–61) of Guilford, Connecticut, was both blacksmith and silversmith and was the maker of some spoons which are still preserved.

All the spoons illustrated here (except where otherwise stated) are in the notable collection of spoons, American and English, of Mr. Charles G. Rupert, of Wilmington, Delaware, who has made a special study of old spoons and is the author of a forthcoming book on English Apostle spoons.

Only two early American silver forks are known today. These are the unique pair, $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, dating from 1719, a date which is determined from the presence of the initials of the first owner, Hannah Arnold, to whom they were a gift on her marriage in that year to the Rev. Samuel Welles (No. 16). They find a permanent home in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, to which they were presented by the late Mr. Winthrop Sargent, a descendant of the original owner. John Noyes, the maker, was born in Boston in 1674 and was one of the patriotic silversmiths of that town, having joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—a daughter regiment of the historic volunteer regiment of the same title in London—in which he served as sergeant and finally as ensign.

I am unable to account for the scarcity of silver made by Noyes during his long life—he died at the age of seventy-five—in contrast with the many extant examples of the work of his brother-in-law, John Edwards, also of Boston, previously mentioned. By him is a flagon of the same date as the forks, formerly in Brattle Street Church in Boston, of which he was an honoured member, and now in the Museum of Fine Arts there. The flagon is of the tall, cylindrical form to be seen in many English churches, in pewter as well as silver, from the time of Charles I to the Early Georgian period. Six beakers in the Congregational Church at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and another beaker are all the pieces recorded by his hands.

The handles of these forks have the same wavy end as the spoon by William Cowell (No. 5). It will be observed that the forks have only two prongs, as was the fashion in the earliest English silver fork known, namely, the unique specimen of 1632–3 now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



No. 16. PAIR OF SILVER FORKS (1719)
By John Noyes, Boston (1674–1749)

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

THE ETCHINGS OF JOHN B. SOUTER

MY first introduction to the etchings of John B. Souter was at the Redfern Gallery, where, in a miscellaneous exhibition, I was attracted by a very remarkable study of "An Aberdeen Minister." Here was an individual personality—the reverend gentleman I found later was familiarly known locally as "Lang Jemmy Smith"—a curiously likeable character, a man, in fact, of a losing generosity, he was revealed through an etching of a thoroughly original and personal nature. I selected this as one of the "Fine Prints of the Year"—1924—and became interested in the artist. I learned that he was a painter in Aberdeen, of an extreme modesty, but who had had the strength of character to break away from the family traditions of the University, the Church or the Law, and follow his artistic bent. Etching he had found, like James McBey before him, was not lucrative in Aberdeen; so he painted, for the most part, portraits, excellent portraits; but having handled the etching-needle and the acid and felt their fascination, he could not resist it. He was a born etcher, in fact, and what is more, a very fine draughtsman with an eye exceedingly alive to the subtleties of form. As a young student he had used the dry-point very sensitively in a charming full-length portrait of a Spanish girl in a flounced skirt and well versed in the lore of the fan, which he called "Carmen"; but now, having made his debut in London, he felt bound to give fresher developments of his talent as an etcher. A wonderful portrait, full of rugged character, of a locally well-known University don, "William Keith Leask, M.A.," was forthcoming; then a very beautiful study of a "Head of a Canadian Woman." But Mr. Souter is versatile, his range is wide. Though his psychological intuitions are sure in his portraiture, he has a comprehensive sense of truth in landscape. A charming, homely little idyll is "Quirk's Yard," where the trees and the ricks, and the woman feeding her chickens, are all as naturally placed in their several planes and the whole is beautifully permeated by the sun. Mr. Souter, however, has been to Spain, and the Spanish scene has appealed to him. He sees the buildings as they are, for the most part picturesquely the worse for wear, and the people doing casually the incidental thing, so that one feels the scene is just so. "Hermitage on the Manzanares, Madrid," "Gran Via, Madrid," "Segovia Bridge, Madrid," "Mills on the Duero"—these were good etchings, but there were still better: the exquisite "Mirabel," "Bishop's Palace and Cathedral" at Plasencia, and the quaintly original "Lavanderas," with the kneeling row of washerwomen in their various laundry activities by the water's edge and the linen hanging out to dry between them and the

12⅝" × 9⅛" *Published by the Redfern Gallery*

EPISCOPAL STORKS

Etching by John B. Souter

buildings beyond. Since these plates were done, Mr. Souter has been too busy painting to find much time for etching; but there was one, "Nirvana," a pair of "dossers," man and woman, on a doorstep, utterly dead to the world, in which the complete blessedness of sleep is rendered with a touch of masterly reticence and a feeling of true poignancy. Then there was a delightful dry-point, "Girl with Braided Hair," which showed that the artist had no sympathy with "bobbing" and "shingling": the hair is beautifully handled, and the drawing is almost magic in its truthful suggestions of form and texture, distinguishing with a few subtle touches between the flesh and the stuff of the bodice. Then, in "A Dish for Herodias," he has recently made a very sensitive study of the semi-nude Salome carrying out her dramatic purpose, lifting the head of John the Baptist high above her own, and so revealing all the beauty of her torso, while a sinister hand appears to draw the curtain for her. This is but the prelude to a serious spell of etching, for Mr. Souter's latest visit to Spain has proved a real incentive to a "second Spanish set." Of this already there are two plates finished, and they are of masterly quality. "Episcopal Storks" is a rendering of roofs of the old cathedral of Plasencia and the bishop's palace, with one of the cathedral towers dominating the fair Estremaduran landscape that stretches to the hills and mountains, and the pleasant river Jerte flowing through it below. The bishop's storks fly in conformity with legend to the top of the tower, which takes the shadows luminously, and an atmosphere of serenity pervades the whole scene. No less exquisitely etched is "A Potter's Balcony," where a girl stands on the iron balcony among her flourishing plants, and overlooks the tiles and the pots, and hot sunlight calls the tune to a pleasing shade. Mr. Souter had always a style of his own, but now it has become more assured, and, having no personal tricks of printing, he leaves no ink upon his plate, which he wipes clean; for his lines, delicately bitten, have all their own work to do, and they do it.

$9\frac{3}{16}$" × $12\frac{3}{16}$" *Published by the Redfern Gallery*

A POTTER'S BALCONY

Etching by John B. Souter

NEW ETCHINGS BY H. STUART BROWN

The charm of Mr. Stuart Brown's etchings is in their freshness and spontaneity; he invariably works out of doors direct on the copper-plate. Landscape, with its infinite differences of aspect, is for him always an inspiration, and with it inseparably he feels the atmosphere and the sky. He has been etching almost all this century, and according to Mr. Harold Wright's chronological list of his plates in the "Print Collectors' Quarterly,"

$6\frac{5}{16}$" × $10\frac{13}{16}$" *Published by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.*

BREEZY DAY, KING'S LYNN
Etching by H. Stuart Brown

they number already 174. This is a very considerable number when we remember that Mr. Brown is an active managing director of a manufacturing business in Glasgow, and that, with him, etching is but a side issue. But so it was with that other out-of-doors etcher, Seymour Haden; yet no less than Haden's is it a passionate outlet of his temperament. He felt the call to etching after he had been working in pen and ink; and so he learnt the method of the craft, and very soon the touch of his needle responded to the forms and aspects of Nature, and instinctively he suggested the atmosphere. The wide range of his motor-car has brought many kinds of landscape easily within reach. He has a leaning to the countryside that is flat and spacious; he loves to let his eye scan wide meadows and his needle to comprehend them and pick out their details with artistic conscientiousness, while never losing sight of the whole. His subjects have covered a large tract of country in Scotland, England, and Holland; but his particular love has been the land about Ely with her beautiful cathedral ever in sight. Many are the charming plates he has wrought in Ely and the country close around, never without the cathedral somewhere as a rallying point, such as "The Ouse near Ely," "St. John's Farm, Ely—Evening," "The Isle of Ely from Coveney," "Ely—Storm Coming." And now Mr. Brown is publishing, as always through the house of Colnaghi, four new plates, which are among his best, all drawn from nature direct on the copper, all full of the feeling of air and light and space. These are: "View in Cambridgeshire," "Morning on the Norfolk Coast," "Brightlingsea from Mersea Island," and, best of all perhaps, "Breezy Day, King's Lynn." Here is the wind driving in gusts over the water and a sailing boat coming up with it; while stability is marked by a great stack of timber lying close, and along the waterside one feels there is something like activity about the houses where the livelihood comes from the craft alongside. The sky is full of wind, and the light takes the eye spaciously to the farthest shore. This is a very happy plate, and only an innate etcher could have wrought it so.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CÉZANNE *

THE greatest figure of modern art has had to wait long for a worthy monograph in the English language. The present one, like the few already published in English, is only a translation, and that is the worst that can be said about it. This is neither the author's fault nor the translator's, but it is our misfortune, for, admirable as the book is in its way, it inevitably presents the subject from a foreign angle. It may be argued that the modern movement is international, and that consequently there can be no such thing as a foreign interpretation of a great artist; but the fact remains that the views of a writer like Mr. Roger Fry about the modern movement are, and should be, more acceptable to the average Englishman.

With this reservation, and the further regret that the English version of a book of this kind should generally be so much more expensive than the German original, it must be granted that Messrs. Ernest Benn have produced a work that, for the sake of its illustrations alone, will be indispensable to all for whom art did not die a century ago. The reproductions are particularly valuable because, being largely drawn from private collections in Germany, Switzerland, and France, they present works not otherwise easily accessible.

The text can best be described as a rhapsody, in the course of which the author frequently moves in the realm of poetry, as when he compares Cézanne's watercolours to the new green campanula, which can only be fully appreciated in the hand, one flower at a time. His method of approach is singularly direct, personal, and at the same time universal. It is not Cézanne the Frenchman, one of a group of painters working in the last decade of the nineteenth century, but Cézanne the creator of an art that can be compared with the great art expressions of the past, with Gothic or the Baroque, who emerges in these pages. Cézanne's life was a Herculean struggle for independent expression; now he threatened to burn down the Louvre, refusing to turn his eyes away from Nature, now he would copy almost childishly from prints he despised in his heart. And the more tortuously the struggle is apparent in the painting, the more strongly it appeals to Dr. Meier-Graefe. The " black Baroque Idyll " of 1870 means more to him than the classic realization of the " Bathers," which occupied Cézanne during the last ten years of his life. He claims Cézanne as an exponent of Northern Gothic, in his ruthless subjection of matter to spirit, in his aspirations to infinity, and his " refusal to learn from others anything which one must find out for oneself, the determination to begin at the beginning and to build the road to heaven with his own hands." A Frenchman may have judged differently, and would probably have failed to penetrate the significance of at least one aspect of his subject in consequence.

In his introduction the translator describes Dr. Meier-Graefe's achievement as the square facing of a problem which is the cardinal chapter in the cultural history of our age. The problem has been presented rather than solved; but the author has flashes of insight, when a solution seems possible, as when he declares: " Cosmos is what matters." " The quivering dancing dot in the chaos can be painted. Courbet and Manet were too glib, too surprised by their own novelty to penetrate the shell to the kernel; they painted perfect fragments. . . . If the cosmos is as tattered as ours, art will gather it together in tatters. It can be beautiful for all that."

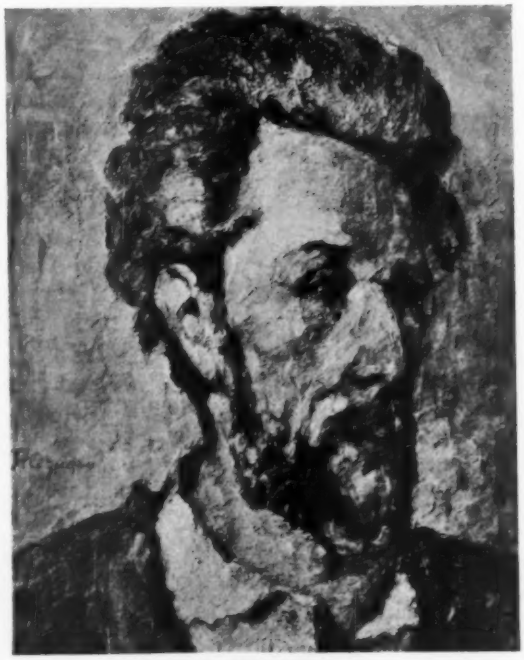
The most brilliant pages, or at least the most valuable from the point of view of art

* *Cézanne.* By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE Translated into English by J. HOLROYD REECE. (Ernest Benn.) 4to. With 106 plates in collotype. £4 4s.

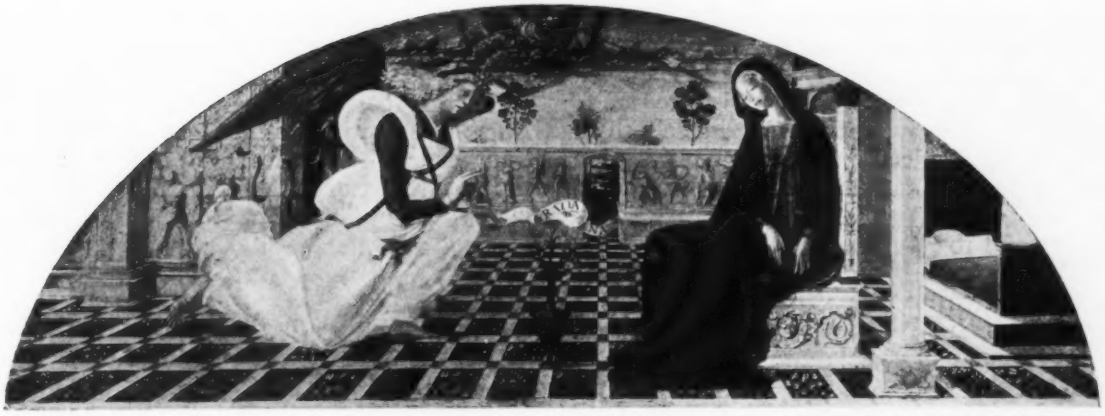
THE BRIDGE ON THE MARNE
By Paul Cézanne

history, are those devoted to an outline of Cézanne's technical methods. " Cézanne did not model with his drawing; he removed all linear contours as they impeded his rhythm. He modelled only with colours and tones. The same may be said of Manet's coloured contrasts. Cézanne softened and refined these contrasts and multiplied the tones. He not only multiplied them, but he positively constructed the whole picture with tones and allowed the colours to recede, comparatively speaking. Why does his work strike us, nevertheless, as so rich in form?" There follows a keen analysis of Cézanne's manipulation of his pigment, the extraordinary variety of his touch, the more surprising when compared with the mechanical calligraphy of the neo-impressionists. And not only the final result, but the process is described in a manner that makes Cézanne's " mathematics " more understandable than any talk of cubism could do. Cézanne's great contribution to painting is precisely his application of " mathematics " to landscape. The search for geometric forms was no new thing, but hitherto it had only been applied to solids, and the problem of volume was thought to be of less account in the open. Cézanne realized that in order to create the " cosmos," which alone was worth while, the spaces between his solid forms had to be as mathematically observed as the solid forms themselves. His famous dictum : " Everything in Nature is formed after spheres, cones, and cylinders," is all-embracing, including air and light as well as apples and human limbs. The superbly architectural painting of his house, seen through a Gothic arch of trees, in the Reber collection at Lugano (Plate LVII), illustrates this better than words can do, and, incidentally, proves the value of the large survey of paintings offered in this magnificently produced book. Though the reproductions do not include all Cézanne's best-known works (the *Mardi Gras* and the portrait of Vollard, to name only two obvious instances, being omitted), they are well chosen, and are not only representative of the various subjects, including still life, landscape, portraits and compositions with nudes, but they also show in an admirable manner the ever changing quality of his handling, so graphically described, with appropriate gestures, by the French peasant who had seen Cézanne painting with Pissarro at Anvers: " M. Pissarro, en travaillant, *piquait*, et M. Cézanne *plaquait*."

M. CHAMOT.



MONSIEUR CHOQUET
By Paul Cézanne



Jarves Collection, Yale University

THE ANNUNCIATION
By Neroccio

AN AMERICAN COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PRIMITIVES*

THE remarkable collection of Early Italian pictures left by the late Mr. Jarves to Yale University, New Haven, U.S.A., has long been known to students. Even those who have not been fortunate enough to visit the collection itself have now for some years had indirect access to it through the elaborate illustrated volume which Dr. Osvald Sirén in 1916 devoted to the Jarves pictures. The problems of artistic analysis and appreciation, offered by a collection of this type, are, however, wellnigh inexhaustible, and a further monograph on it is much to be welcomed, especially when it is the work of a scholar of the learning and subtlety of Dr. Offner.

What Dr. Offner has here given us is not a series of disjointed discussions on various topics of the history of Italian painting; he sees his subject as a whole, and the Yale pictures offer him convenient milestones by which to trace the evolutionary process which interests him. And in this connection we must give a particular word of praise to the liberality with which the author's argument is supported and clarified by a number of reproductions of paintings other than those which belong to the Jarves collection. In not a few monographs of this type there is a disinclination to furnish the student with readily accessible data of the kind alluded to—it is almost as if the dictates of an odd kind of vanity imposed a reticence in this respect. Dr. Offner has taken the one serious and sensible course: and it may be added that a considerable proportion of the illustrations which he has thus brought together includes pictures hitherto entirely unknown to the world of students at large.

Much attention is naturally paid to the very interesting Tuscan *Duecento* examples at Yale. The author's comments in this connection are particularly valuable on account of the extensive first-hand knowledge which he possesses of the surviving examples of the school in question scattered across Tuscany. Another very interesting passage in Dr. Offner's book treats of a number of cassone paintings, in dealing with which the author does a lot towards clearing up certain misconceptions as regards the individual characteristics of the conventionally-named "Masters" with which the historians of this branch of Italian *Quattrocento* art operate. The style criticism of Dr. Offner, moreover, succeeds in associating with the shop of "the Virgil Master," beyond the customary cassone panels, two pictures of the "Madonna and Child" (in the Fogg Museum and the collection of Mr. Dan Murphy, Los Angeles). Speaking of cassone pictures, readers of APOLLO will be able to refer to this volume for a plate of the "Story of Actæon," by Jacopo del Sellaio, the connection of which with a picture in the Southesk collection was noted in these columns some time ago (vol. iii, March 1926, page 136). Altogether, this is one of the most valuable contributions to Italian art history that have appeared for some time past.

TANCRED BORENIUS.

* *Italian Primitives at Yale University*. By RICHARD OFFNER. (New Haven: Yale University Press.) 12 dollars.

THE ART OF STILL-LIFE PAINTING *

IT is undoubtedly a curious fact, that in these days of countless specialized monographs, the art of still-life painting should have had to wait so long for a volume devoted solely to it. The subject is indeed one of very considerable interest, and all students of the history of painting must feel grateful to Mr. Furst for the exhaustive care with which he has brought together the materials of his study, illustrating his account with an abundant selection of characteristic examples covering a very wide range of time. The Dutch and Flemish schools naturally hold a foremost place in the author's attention, and one notes with particular interest that, alongside such well-known artists as Willem Kalf, Abraham van Beijeren, Weenix and Heda, the claims of less familiar Dutch artists have not been overlooked. In particular, one is glad of the inclusion of a reference to that *rara avis* among Dutch painters, Constantyn Verhout, whose one surviving picture, the "Student Gone Asleep," in the National Museum at Stockholm, surely must be regarded as a little masterpiece: the pile of books which the young scholar has constructed in front of him is a cubist arrangement which lacks nothing in modernity. But while the Northerners are fully noticed, Mr. Furst does not forget the part played by the Southerners in the evolution of still-life painting: the importance of Caravaggio is specially emphasized, and he brings into the prominence which it deserves the work of that strange and solitary figure among the painters of Bergamo, Evaristo Baschenis (1617–1677), whose musical still-lifes, with their arrangements of the curving forms of the lutes and mandolines, give a very definite foretaste of Picasso's still-life experiments. Where the selection of illustrations is so admirably catholic, it seems perhaps ungracious to cavil at omissions; but it would have been interesting and useful to have a reproduction of a genuine Jean Baptiste Monnoyer, an artist of very considerable standing, whose name by now has become a kind of generic label for French seventeenth-century flowerpieces. Of the way in which the fine tradition of flower-painting is to this day carried on in France, the delightful example of Henri Matisse, reproduced on this page, furnishes the most eloquent testimony.

Messrs. Knoedler

FLOWERPIECE
By Henri Matisse
(From "The Art of Still-life Painting")

* *The Art of Still-Life Painting*. By HERBERT FURST (Chapman and Hall, Ltd.) 21s. net.

GROVE'S DICTIONARY *

LET me say at the outset that this dictionary—encyclopædia would be a more suitable word—is a credit to English musical scholarship. There are other dictionaries of music, many of them useful works of reference. But nothing in any other language can compare with Grove either for the ground it covers or for the critical and literary value of its contents. Some of the new articles in this edition are of exceptional merit. Mr. Harvey Grace's contribution on César Franck, for instance, is a masterly essay and throws fresh light on the complex character of his music. This and Mr. Dyson's article on Harmony are the outstanding things in this volume, and neither demands of the reader any great apparatus of musical knowledge to make them intelligible. The same thing cannot be said of Mr. Fox-Strangway's article on Interval, which is beyond the comprehension of anyone who has not once been on familiar terms with logarithms. This, however, is as it should be; for did not a Cambridge professor define music as an inferior branch of mathematics? On the whole, then, the new Grove is an achievement which refutes the charges so often brought in this country against musical criticism, and it rebuts, too, the accusation so glibly made by foreigners that the English have no real love, or understanding, of music. No finer monument of that love could be adduced, and I am not sure that it does not outweigh our reprehensible lack of energy in the matter of opera.

But all this is not to say that the new edition is thoroughly satisfactory. It is not. It suffers from the vice of new editions in being too much of a compromise between the old and the new. The editor, no doubt with an eye to economy, has often retained matter, not because it was still the last word on the particular subject, but simply, one feels, for the reason that it was already there. For instance, the late Franklin Taylor's article on the Fingering of the Pianoforte is out of date and necessarily contains nothing about the important changes which fingering has undergone through the modern development in pianoforte technique, of which Professor Tobias Matthay has been a pioneer. Possibly this is an example of the fact, which has been already pointed out, that to edit a work of this magnitude is beyond the supervision of any single editor. The editor's difficulty in bringing contributions up to date is also shown in the article on the Harpsichord, which is a reprint of that by the late A. J. Hipkins in the last edition. The very considerable progress in the design of these once obsolete instruments, which one is glad to say no longer merit the unqualified epithet, is referred to in some half-a-dozen lines added by Mr. Colles, nor is the contribution that Mr. Dolmetsch has made to contemporary harpsichord construction adequately treated in the brief biography allotted to this interesting personality.

A more general criticism is that the editor has not sufficiently impressed his own individuality upon the recasting process. Thus the space allotted to composers strikes one as being somewhat haphazard. No one would quarrel with Franck being given eighteen columns, especially when the criticism has been so ably done. But Debussy, whose intrinsic importance is certainly not less and whose influence has been very much greater, has only seven. Janaçek, on the other hand, runs to ten columns, the same amount of space as is given to Glück. And, surely, Delius has become too important a figure to justify the retention of the late R. A. Streatfeild's article about him in the Appendix of the last edition, with additions by the editor. A more documented, or at least a more critical, survey was obviously needed. Another contemporary composer who does not get the detail that his importance warrants is de Falla, who is summed up by Mr. J. B. Trend with such briefness that one is left with no clear idea wherein lies the value of his contribution to modern music. An interesting point about the article on Elgar is that the candid friend who wrote it preferred to remain anonymous.

H. E. WORTHAM.

* *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Third Edition. Edited by H. C. COLLES, M.A.(Oxon), in five volumes; vol. ii, D to J. (Macmillan & Co.) 30s. net.

A FOUQUET BOOK OF HOURS *

EVERY lover of medieval illuminations will turn with pleasure to this volume, which contains a selection of twenty-four subjects from Jean Fouquet's " Book of Hours " of Etienne Chevalier in the Musée Condé at Chantilly. The reproductions, of which we reprint one (plate facing p. 259), are excellently reproduced in colour; and Miss Florence Heywood, no stranger to the readers of APOLLO, supplies a brief introduction on the artist and the manuscript, as well as notes on the individual pictures. A charming gift book.

* *The Life of Christ and His Mother*. From Fouquet's *Book of Hours*. Edited by FLORENCE HEYWOOD, B.A. (Methuen.) 63s. net.

A NEW EDITION OF THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR"*

To collectors of Aubrey Beardsley this third edition of the "Morte d'Arthur" will be a *sine qua non*; they *must* have it because it contains illustrative matter included in neither of the first two editions; they *ought* to have it because of the authoritative and almost severely critical note on the artist and his work by Aymer Vallance, which makes further critical comment a deed of supererogation. As relevant to the illustration printed here, the following example of Mr. Vallance's method may be quoted. It appears that Beardsley had soon tired of the task he had undertaken: "To induce the artist to proceed with the work," says Mr. Vallance, "and at the same time to spare him the labour of having to design illustrations of so many separate subjects, it was conceded that one subject might be spread over two pages facing one another, and that one and the same border, doubled, or reversed, might do duty for both halves. The first illustration in the second volume, 'How King Mark and Sir Dinadan heard Sir Palomides making great sorrow and mourning,' is an instance in point. One has only to compare the jaded and feeble resource in the border of the last-named illustration, or again of that of 'How La Beale Isoud wrote to Sir Tristram,' with the animation and inventiveness of the border of the opening chapter of the first volume, or that of the first illustration, 'Merlin taketh the Child Arthur into his Keeping,' to realize the change in disposition that had come to pass in the interval between the earliest and the later drawings for the 'Morte.'" This Merlin drawing, and another one, "Merlin and Nimve," are in fact the best in the whole book, with the exception of the most Beardsleyesque, if least Caxton- or Malory-like "How King Arthur saw the Questing Beast and had great marvel." There are, in fact, many grounds on which Beardsley's "Morte d'Arthur" must be criticized. It cannot compare with his—only—masterpiece, "The Rape of the Lock"; nevertheless it contains amongst its full-page illustrations, and especially the, curiously irrelevant, chapter headings, many strange fancies and some of exquisite inventiveness.

It need hardly be added that this third edition is beautifully printed and produced.

HERBERT FURST.

FLORENTINE NIGHTS*

HEINE does not lend himself to translation into English. His sentimental, demoniacal, cynical, journalistic and poetical language, at times interlarded with French, makes the translator's task wellnigh impossible. Nevertheless, Leland's translation is not so admirable an attempt that a new translation should not have been resorted to.

The illustrations to this edition have one great merit, they have a kind of deliberately simpering manner which characterized much of the hypersentimental art of the "Biedermeyer Stil" of the period. From external evidence, having no other information, we suspect that Felix de Gray is a lady: the illustrations have, at any rate, a feminine charm and also a certain frailty in draughtsmanship for which members of the fair sex are habitually pardoned.

SEED OF ISRAEL†

THIS is a collection of nine stories from the authorized version of the English Bible. The editor says in the course of his very excellent introduction, explaining the purpose of this little volume:

"It is impossible that we of this generation should be able to approach them (*scilicet*: these tales) in the spirit of the ideal reader: that is, with minds free of prejudice, freshly interested, eagerly receptive, but it will perhaps take us one step nearer that desirable state if, with the help of some such selection as this, we read the tales not as Holy Scripture, not as so much material for the First Lesson at Matins and at Evensong, not even (primarily) as Jewish chronicles, but frankly as good tales, dramatic episodes in a national epic, with the historical truth of which we are not concerned."

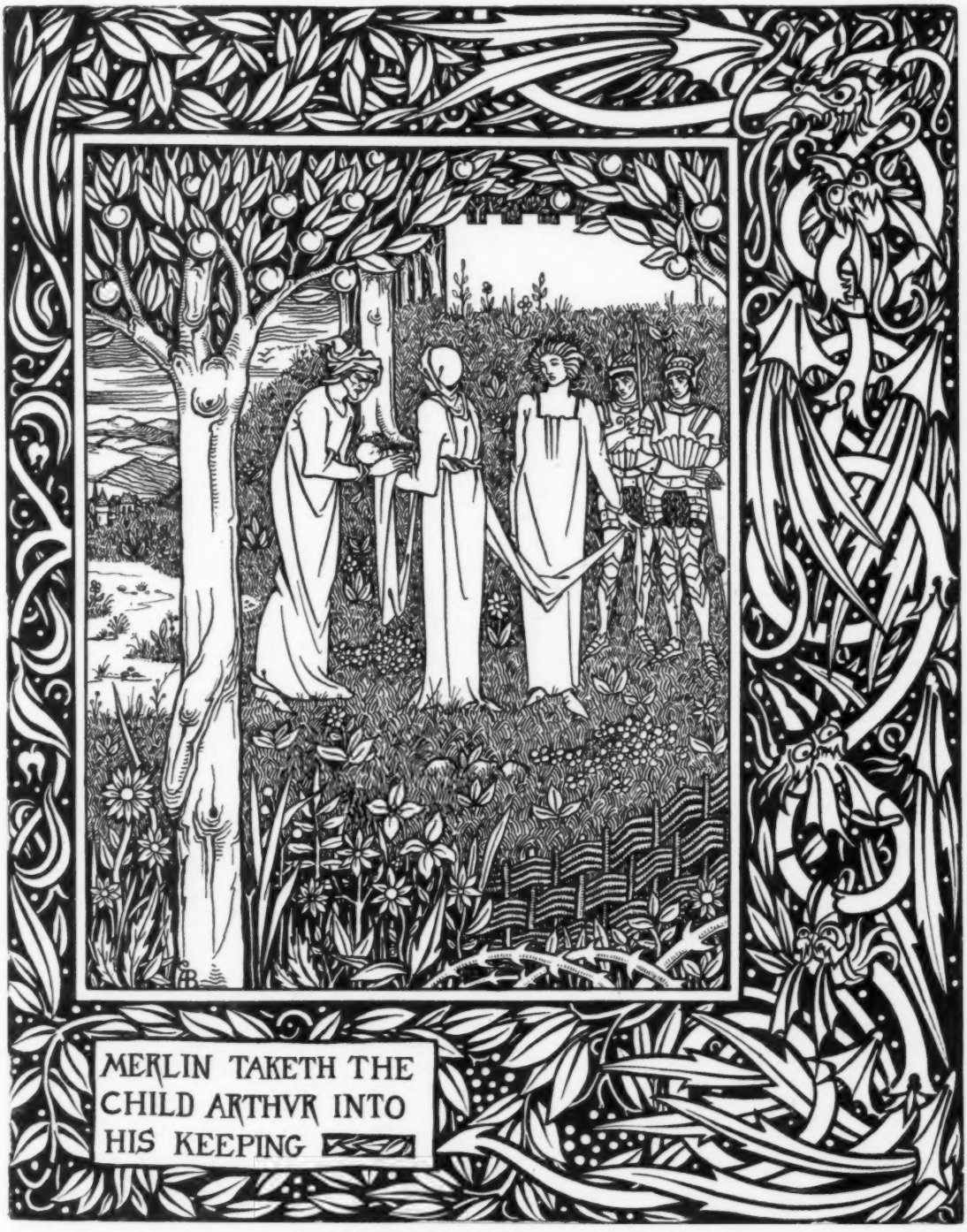
One can only say that both editor and illustrator have admirably succeeded in their purpose.

Miss Helen Kapp's woodcuts are admirably in keeping with the spirit of this book.

* Malory's *La Morte d'Arthur*. Illustrated by AUBREY BEARDSLEY, with an Introduction by Professor JOHN RHYS, and a Note on Aubrey Beardsley by AYMER VALLANCE. (J. M. Dent.) 42s. net.

* *Florentine Nights*. By HEINRICH HEINE. From the translation by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. With 12 illustrations in colour by FELIX DE GRAY. (Methuen & Co.) 25s. net.

† *Seed of Israel: Tales from the English Bible*. Edited with an Introduction by GERALD BULLET, with woodcuts by HELEN KAPP. (Gerald Howe.) 10s. 6d. net.



(From "La Morte d'Arthur," by Aubrey Beardsley)

AN ARTIST IN THE TROPICS *

MR. JAN POORTENAAR is a *rara avis*, for he combines the art of drawing with the art of writing, and both with the art of music. In this very rare triple capacity he visited mainly the Dutch possessions in the Malay Archipelago as accompanist to his wife. "An Artist in the Tropics" is the result of this effort. He never strains after effects: there is no "mystery of the East" in his style or manner; and yet he gives the reader vivid glimpses of scenes and scenery—and always touched with a pleasant, unforced humour—in his writings and often also in his drawings.

H. F.

LANDSCAPE
(*From "An Artist in the Tropics," by Jan Poortenaar*)

concert-tour in very strange lands. As an etcher and painter he is already well known in London, where he has had several exhibitions; his work has always been distinguished by a personal outlook. As writer and illustrator of his own writing, however, his work gains a double strength. He writes easily, he draws and paints equally without

* *An Artist in the Tropics*. By JAN POORTENAAR. Translated from the Dutch by HORACE SHIPP in collaboration with the author; with a Foreword by FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) 31s. 6d.

THE ART OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING *

MR. RICHMOND is an artist with indomitable courage who believes in getting on with the job and not wasting time in experiment.

"The author has suffered personally," he says in his introduction, "by having his thoughts turned in many directions and trying all sorts of experiments, the majority of which were quite unnecessary, and he feels that the whole of this book, if carefully read, will save

* *The Art of Landscape Painting*. By L. RICHMOND, R.O.I., R.B.A. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 25s.

A GREY DAY AT BRUGES
(From "The Art of Landscape Painting," by Leonard Richmond, R.B.A.)

thousands of pitfalls for the beginner. There is only one thing which is really of any importance for the would-be landscape painter, and that is to cast away all feeling of timidity. Nature is so overwhelming, and she has so much to say, that to the beginner she seems to be chattering incessantly." We don't like the picture of an incessantly chattering Nature at all. Chatter bores and irritates, but it can never overwhelm. Apart from lapses in style and mood such as this, however, Mr. Richmond gives a good deal of sound advice and instruction.

JOHN FLAXMAN*

THE history of taste can offer but few instances of so complete and rapid a *volte-face* as that which has taken place with regard to neo-Classical sculpture. When one thinks of the exalted and uncontested position which the *chef d'école*, Bertel Thorvaldsen, during the latter part of his life, held in the art world of Europe, it is difficult to understand how such fantastic standards of appreciation ever came to be adopted; and equally difficult to realize that little more than eighty years now separate us from the date of Thorvaldsen's death. Indeed, one may say that our appreciative interest of the neo-Classical sculptors is now in exact proportion to the extent to which their art contains survivals of Baroque or Rococo elements of style.

In the case of John Flaxman the swing of the pendulum is, perhaps, less noticeable than with regard to many another neo-Classical sculptor; for admiration of his sculpture never, generally speaking, rose to the pitch of ecstasy which was reserved for a Canova or a Thorvaldsen. As a matter of fact, outside England the fame of Flaxman had for its foundation not so much his sculptures as his illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante; and through these he wielded an influence which, though difficult for us to understand, was, nevertheless, considerable — it appears to have meant something very real to a giant of art like Ingres.

Victoria and Albert Museum

MARY ANN FLAXMAN (*c.* 1772)
(*From "John Flaxman"*)

Now that the centenary of Flaxman's death has come along, a critical estimate of the artist according to our present standards of æsthetics was therefore very well worth attempting; and it has been carried out excellently by Mr. Constable in the present volume. It owes its origin to a lecture delivered by Mr. Constable in December last year at University College, which, as is well known, possesses the largest collection in existence of models of Flaxman's works, as well as drawings and studies by him. Memorial lectures notoriously tend to be eulogistic, but the author has successfully avoided any exaggeration of Flaxman's significance as an artist. The historical conditions under which the art of Flaxman came into being, the absolute value of his performance, and the range and importance of his influence upon his contemporaries—all these points are discussed by Mr. Constable concisely, yet with admirable clearness and effectiveness; moreover, though the biographical part of the volume is intentionally somewhat restricted, a very good idea is conveyed of Flaxman as a man and of his circle of friends. The final verdict, admirably put, is that "for all his virtues, Flaxman lacked the quality of creative imagination which could have made the products of his industry into new and living things. He was a child and a reflection of his age. That age gave to his art its meaning; and, with its passing, the main significance of his art passed also." The book is well illustrated, and gives among the appendices a valuable list of Flaxman's works.

* *John Flaxman*, 1755–1826. By W. G. CONSTABLE. (University of London Press, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

HAYDON RE-ISSUED *

AT this time of the day there is not very much left for a reviewer to say about Benjamin Robert Haydon's autobiography and journals. The circle of Haydonites is large and growing: and little wonder, for, in the words of his latest editor, "in his Memoirs and Journals he has left to posterity one of the most fascinating and spontaneous examples of autobiographic self-analysis that exists in any language." This praise, indeed, must be said to err on the side of moderation: for while the writings of Haydon make a most interesting *document humain* in relation to himself, a very great deal of their fascination springs from the vivid picture which they give of the artist's own times, of his contemporaries, and of the prevailing currents of thought and fashion in England during the first half of the nineteenth century.

The secret of Haydon's charm as a writer is one which everyone must ultimately find for himself in the writings themselves, and the present edition will undoubtedly do much to widen the circle of his admirers. A very welcome feature in it is supplied by the illustrations which Mr. Penrose has gone to no little trouble to collect for it. Haydon as an artist is wellnigh forgotten today, and if anybody has tried to satisfy his curiosity concerning the artistic output of the man whose struggles his autobiography so poignantly records, the task has hitherto been one not too lightly accomplished. Thanks to Mr. Penrose, all this is changed today; not even a picture in the possession of the Catholic Seminary of Cincinnati, U.S.A., has escaped his vigilance; and nearer home the Municipal Hall at Plymouth and the City Art Gallery at Leeds supply unfamiliar but valuable examples of Haydon's artistic practice. One of his most successful efforts was undoubtedly the "Punch and Judy" of the Tate, here reproduced—so free from the turgid rhetoric of Haydon's historical *machines*.

National Gallery, Millbank

PUNCH AND JUDY

(From "The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon")

* *The Autobiography and Memoirs of Benjamin Robert Haydon.* Edited by ALEXANDER P. D. PENROSE, M.A. (G. Bell and Sons.) 12s. 6d.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE *

IF there were only Miss Jacynth Parsons' youthfulness to commend her illustrations of Blake's most popular, because most easily digested, poetry, there would be praise of little value to bestow upon them. The fact that she was only sixteen years of age when these illustrations were done sounds too much like an excuse—and these drawings need no apology: every one of them would do an older person credit, and many of them, more particularly amongst the illustrations in colour, are considerably above the level of illustrators who are regarded as mature artists. The frontispiece, for example, is a little masterpiece of design, drawing, and colour. The illustration for "The Little Black Boy" combines Oriental pattern and mysticism with Occidental roundness and realism in a most happy manner. In the circular design for "The Happy Blossom" we seem to glimpse a world such as the late lamented young John Hancock, himself powerfully influenced by Blake, used to present to our eyes. In point of fact, there are not so much similarities as parallels between these two artists, who both began to draw and paint almost as soon as they could talk, and who both seem to have had visions. In Miss Parsons' case one can separate such "inspired"—there is really no other word for it—illustrations as, for further example, "The Little Boy Lost" and "The Little Boy Found," and "Spring," from others in which there is less evidence of inspiration than of an extraordinarily precocious talent. It is this that Mr. Yeats probably refers to in a charmingly written prefatory letter, when he says: "It is natural that she should picture pretty children playing among squirrels, but not that she should draw hands and feet like that." That is, indeed, puzzling, as puzzling as the fact that it is really all equally "natural," only that we do not yet in the least understand "das Wesen der Natur." In some ways Miss Parsons' "Innocence" is far less obvious than Blake's, or Hancock's for that matter. Mr. Yeats excuses himself from writing a proper preface on the grounds, amongst others, that "being no art critic, I had not knowledge enough to judge this painting with the precision that gives judgment authority"; but behind these problems lies the mystery of life rather than the mastery of art. We shall watch Miss Parsons' evolution with much interest.

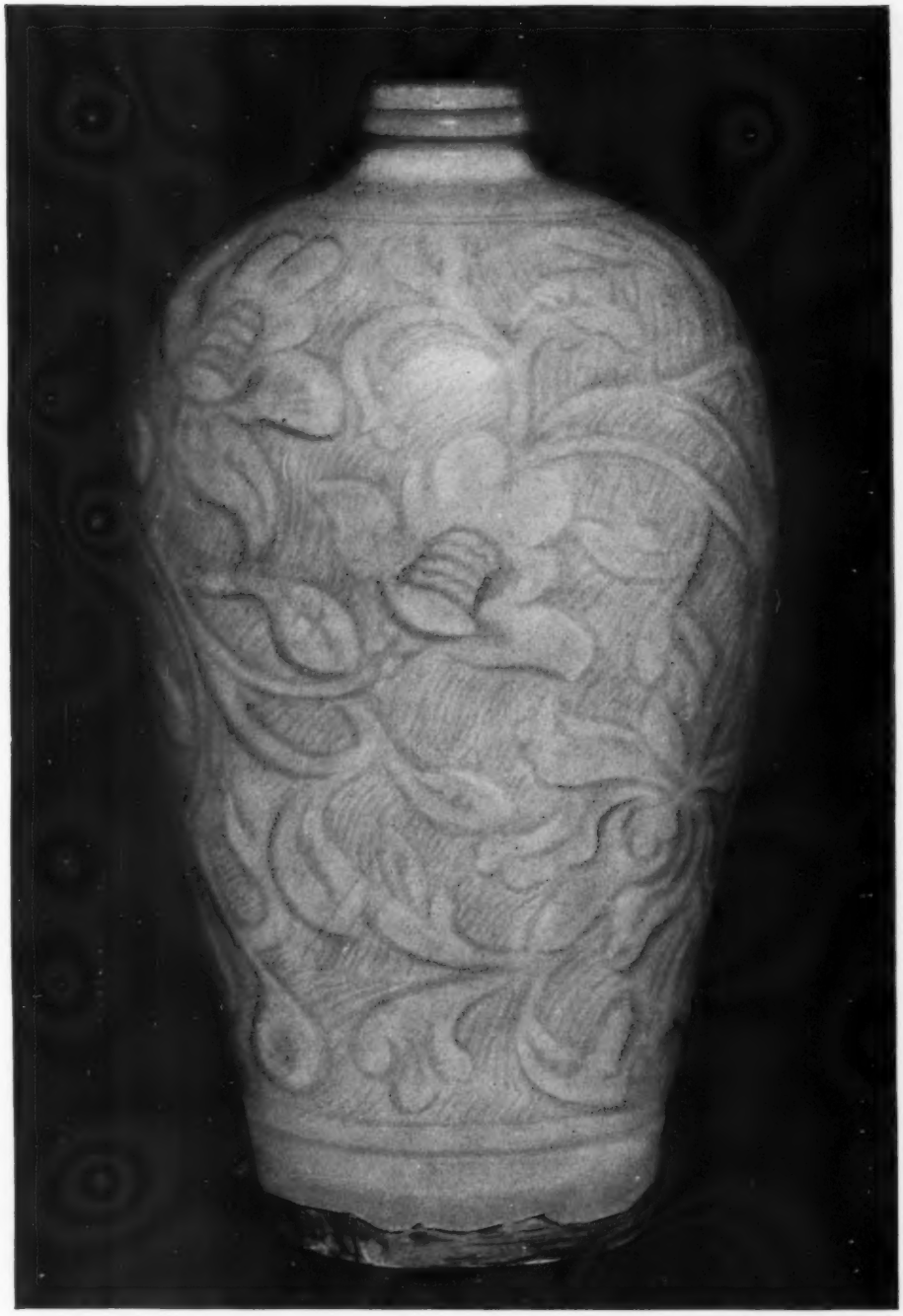
(From "Songs of Innocence")

* *Songs of Innocence*. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Illustrated by JACYNTH PARSONS, with a prefatory letter by W. B. YEATS. (The Medici Society.) 12s. 6d. net.

CHINESE ART *

HERE is a picture-book, and it is a pretty picture-book and cheap at the price, for it contains a hundred illustrations, all in colour, representing various manifestations of Chinese

* *Chinese Art*. One Hundred Plates in Colour. Introduced by an Outline Sketch of Chinese Art by R. L. HOBSON. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.) £1 10s.



By courtesy of Ernest Benn, Ltd.

VASE OF PORCELAIN

(*Sung dynasty*)

art. These are selected from the plates included in the sumptuous series of volumes which Messrs. Benn have produced in the last few years for the delectation of all students of the art of the Far East. They are prefaced by an introduction from the scholarly pen of Mr. R. L. Hobson, who summarizes most admirably the present state of our knowledge of this intricate subject. As is natural, by far the greater number of the objects illustrated are ceramic, since these lend themselves more readily than any other type to colour reproduction, so that any attempt to criticize this volume as presenting the hundred best Chinese works of art would be misplaced. But, as a repertory of important pieces in English collections, it has the highest value, and in this sense the most serious criticism that can be laid to its charge is that very many of the objects have left their original homes, although the publishers make no mention of that fact. It is not always easy to trace the present whereabouts of any pretty thing that comes into the market from time to time; but it is not difficult to add the word "formerly" to the legends "Benson Collection" and "Love Collection," and the lack of this simple addition gives a somewhat slipshod air to this compilation, which is not lessened by the appearance in one place of Mr. David's name as "Davis," or by the assignation in another of one of the glories of Mr. Oppenheim's collection to the envious arms of Mr. Oscar Raphael.

WILLIAM KING.

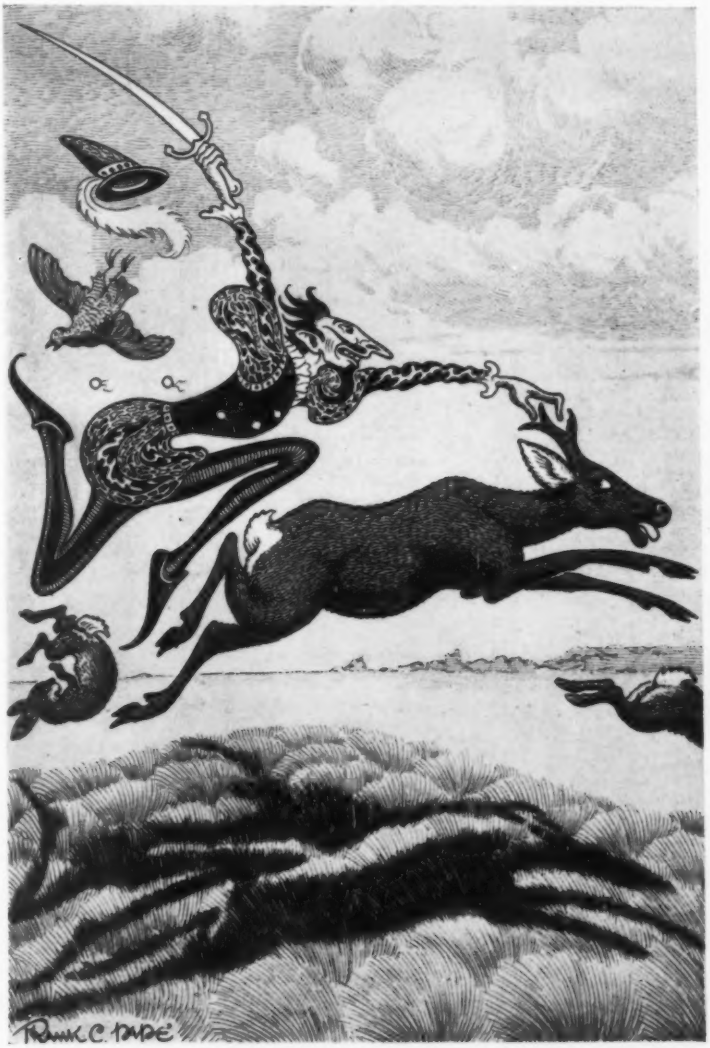
RABELAIS AND 1927*

IT was not a mere whim on the part of St. Theresa that she refused to profess novices who showed any tendency to melancholy. Laughter is the antidote God has given us for our conceit. The animals do not laugh, but neither do they feel the superiority which engenders spiritual pride, the most deadly and by far the most common of the sins which batten on humanity. For this reason the great humorists are the real spiritual doctors of mankind, and their works have an enduring influence on our welfare. Rabelais, canon and doctor of medicine, whose name has coined an adjective used by nice people to describe others less nice, is one of the greatest of these. Perhaps the very greatest. For others make us laugh whilst remaining grave themselves (a sign of intellectual superiority); Rabelais' enormous voice echoes down the centuries, a glorious tribute to the folly of man in which he sees himself united with his fellows. But if Rabelais is unchanged, time has dealt less kindly with the medium through which he expressed his philosophy. He wrote when French was still in a state of transition. The obscurity of the Middle Ages, or it would be more correct to say the exuberance of Gothic art, still hung about it. Thirty years later modern French had to all intents and purposes emerged, so that Montaigne offers no difficulties to the English reader who is fairly well up in his French classics. It is otherwise with Rabelais, and if we want to get at the spirit of his work and laugh with him, most of us have to do so in a translation. That of Sir Thomas Urquhart, the queer seventeenth-century Scot, who had such a strong and un-Scottish sense of humour that he literally died of laughter when he heard that Charles II had ascended the throne, is one of those classics of translation in which our language is particularly strong. It would be too much to say that he has improved upon his original; yet no one can read these pages without being impressed by the mastery of words and the ability to coin new ones possessed by Urquhart. His great work could not have been more worthily presented than in this edition from the Bodley Head, to which a useful selection of notes from the Rabelais commentators skilfully avoids the abundance that distracts by too much light and the economy which befogs one by too little. The illustrations, too, are excellently conceived, the contemporary passion for detail (a "Gothic" trait) of which Rabelais is the example and the satirist, being blended with a sense of design that at times becomes classical in its balance and lucidity, as for instance, the drawing facing p. 112. That of the lion, on the other hand, is entirely humorous in the spirit of today.

The spirit of today—this, after all, is what interests us in the masterpieces, and Rabelais is full of it, just as we are, if not full, at least not unprovided with, the spirit of Rabelais. One says this without thinking of the greater latitude of expression allowed by current

* *The Complete Works of François Rabelais.* English by SIR THOMAS URQUHART and PETER MOTTEUX, with annotations by DUCHAT, OZELL, and Others. A new introduction by J. LEWIS MAY, and many illustrations by FRANK C. PAPÉ. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 2 vols. 50s.

opinion today compared with a generation ago. Frankness and freedom of speech have far to go before we can put ourselves on an equality with the Elizabethan, or even the eighteenth century, and there is still hardly a play of Shakespeare which a London manager would dare to put on without expurgations. James Joyce, however, though he has written as men speak and think (and women, too, for that matter), is not Rabelaisian in any real sense. To "call a spade a bloody shovel" may be necessary, it may result in good literature, but it does not thereby establish any affinity with François Rabelais. Of contemporary English writers, Hilaire Belloc owes the most to the great Frenchman. His debt is the greatest in his most characteristic works, such as "The Path to Rome" and some of his satires. "The Path to Rome" could never have been written but for Rabelais. It is amusing to note, too, that the most brilliant fun in any London paper today is even more indebted to this same source. Compared with the prim and jejune humour of "Punch," the column that Mr. John Morton contributes to the "Daily Express" under the pen-name of "Beachcomber" has an elemental quality that stamps it as genuine. But take the trouble to analyse it and you will find an extraordinarily skilful reproduction of Rabelais' technique in modern idiom. The strange oaths, the meticulous extravagance of detail, the system of nomenclature are all derived from this great original. So, too, the parade of learning, set forth in Rabelais to satirize all doctors, and subtly used by "Beachcomber" to attack the scientists who pontificate today with not less arrogance than did the theologians in the century before Rabelais. The "Daily Express" Rabelaisian! Heaven protect it (and protect me too, for uttering such an abominable libel). Nevertheless, there it is; and so long as Mr. Morton remains its "Beachcomber," and the larger grows the circulation of this sensational, and except for this one column, extremely dull, paper, the further will spread something of the spirit of reasonableness and humanity which underlies the superficial extravagance of the Rabelaisian philosophy. Those who wish to drink of it at the spring itself, will do so in these volumes.



HIM DID HE PURSUE—AND CAUGHT HIM IN A MOMENT

(From "The Works of François Rabelais")

H. E. WORTHAM.

(From "Songs of the Sea," by Rudyard Kipling)

SONGS OF THE SEA*

THERE is a strange contrast in this book between the text and the illustrations, a contrast which leads one to a surprising conclusion. As a general rule, book illustrations are regarded as decorations or mere embellishments. Mr. Donald Maxwell, however, here, as in his "Unknown Counties" series, regards them as self-contained additions to, or amplifications of the text. When we read Mr. Kipling's verses and then look at Mr. Maxwell's pictures, we find them complementing one another in a strange way: it would seem that Mr. Kipling's poetry is the better for Mr. Maxwell's illustrations; they have, as it were, a steadying influence upon the mind intoxicated with Mr. Kipling's nectar.

When we are drenched and exhilarated by the sea foam of words in "The Sea and the Hills"—incidentally the finest of Kipling's poems in this selection, beginning

> Who hath desired the sea?—The sight of salt water unbounded—
> The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?

Mr. Maxwell's unaffected illustrations bring one back to a reality which is more tremendous than any words can make it.

* *Songs of the Sea.* From RUDYARD KIPLING'S verse. Illustrated by DONALD MAXWELL. (Macmillan & Co.) 15s. net.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

THE Salon d'Automne of 1927 has, by the freak of the weather, all the charms of a spring salon. But they are charms that lie outside the realm of great art: the pleasure of sauntering in the Champs-Élysées, the amusement of watching the resources of dressmakers who have been put out in their rhythm of invention by the unexpected favour of an Argentinian or Brazilian November in Paris. As for the salon itself, I can tell you what I have already told you for a long time of all the salons in general. When innumerable galleries inform us so well from day to day about the production of the great leaders of the fine game of painting, it is no longer to the salon that one goes in order to make discoveries. Nevertheless, the salon does inform us—though it is a matter of secondary interest—on the present-day tendencies of painters who are not yet fixed, who are but half-formed, those who, in a word, would never have exhibited in a more rigorous age, when they would have been kept in their proper place—that of students.

Yes, perhaps that is what the salon will be in the future: an exhibition of the best school works, an exhibition of the works of the best students, disciples whether acknowledged or not. The foreign artists are still extremely anxious to appear at the salon. I should like to render them a service. Besides, they can easily verify my statement by inquiring of the thousands of foreigners who are now so closely connected with our artistic life.

Since Paris has become the new Rome; since what I shall venture to describe by a convenient barbarism, *the international plastic expression of French inspiration*, has taken the name of the School of Paris, pure and simple, the error is great in continuing to present oneself—what do I say?—to regard oneself as a foreign artist in Paris. One belongs to the School of Paris, with Henri Matisse, a Frenchman; Picasso, an Andalusian; Van Dongen, a Dutchman; Foujita, a Japanese; Pascin, an American born in the Balkans. Or else one leaves the great Parisian art fairs in order to participate only in the private exhibitions which reveal, or at least pretend to reveal, the purely national genius. This can be done even on the extreme left, and was done in 1912 by the Italian Futurists. It seems to me that the young English artists have sinned greatly by the excess of that modesty of attitude which has placed them irremediably in the train, and serves to paralyse them and restrain the forces of their genius.

I know that the Salon d'Automne fascinates them. It is because the Salon d'Automne, founded by the Fauves, still reflects the spirit of Impressionism, which had, and centinues to hold, such a sway over the Anglo-Saxon temperaments. It is true the Fauves, at the beginning of the present century, claimed to be waging war against the old Impressionism, wringing from them Cézanne, the only recognized master; but it is no less true that the palette of these young heroes of "pure colour" and "colour volume" owed everything to the impressionist liberation, to that revolution which first triumphed over juices, bitumen, and dullness.

The delicate English colourists may have mistaken the one for the other. Some of them still continue to do so, though the Salon d'Automne is invaded today by a series of productions of young French painters trying to copy Vlaminck.

Let me remind those foreign artists who, if I may refer to certain revelations, require the *consecration* of the salon, not from the point of view of the School of Paris, but in order that they may cut a figure in their own country, that their object should be not to be accepted, but to be invited to the Salon des Tuileries, which, in my opinion, supplies the best measure of average actuality.

Now I will tell you a story. It is as old as the Salon d'Automne and still remains unpublished. If I afford myself the pleasure of telling it in English, will I dare to delight my Paris readers by it?

It is nothing but a little picture of the operations of the jury. Alas, it would need the genius of Hogarth combined with the malice of Thackeray!

It takes place, of course, in the Grand Palais, but in the cellars. Melancholy old men, veterans of work, clad in white blouses and caps vaguely reminiscent of the navy, shove, groaning, one by one, the seven thousand canvases submitted to the judgment of those gentlemen, the selecting committee, reinforced by a few ladies. Collars are raised, scarves and furs are worn. It is cold and dreary. A few white-bearded painters, and young men fanaticized by reading old papers, have armed themselves with umbrellas. This is because formerly, when there was only one salon, the jury of the Artistes Français used to vote by raising their umbrellas—the bourgeois sweetness of an age that is past!

A canvas passes. The new member murmurs: "Interesting . . . should be encouraged, fine handling . . ." The canvas has already foundered in the lot of the *rejected*. The veteran will teach the novice the only method. One must shout: "A member of the jury begs indulgence for this canvas!" It is accepted without discussion.

The arbitrary ruler is M. Frantz Jourdain, president of the jury, president of the society, president of the syndicate of the Art Press, commander of the Légion d'Honneur, military medallist of 1870, etc., etc. It is to him that Paris owes the construction, undoubtedly daring for the time, of the Samaritaine stones. It was he who opposed with all his might (without succeeding, and that was his only defeat) the entrance of the *douanier* Rousseau into the salon.

An astonishing man, this septuagenarian has not changed in appearance since the day when Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec maliciously made him sit without his knowledge for that programme, so valued by collectors, which was designed for André Antoine's Théâtre Libre on the occasion of a first night of a play by Edmond de Goncourt.

Discussed as an architect, unheeded as a writer, M. Frantz Jourdain has an undoubted genius: the genius of submitting the independent to the official.

Nobody possesses in a like degree the art of guiding a minister or a director of Fine Arts, sparing him the sight of excessive cubism or of a nude too much inspired by the Courbet of the great militant moments.

So, facing the committee that is endeavouring to reject some canvas, M. Frantz Jourdain will pronounce in a

WOMAN SEATED
By Henri Matisse

sufficiently icy voice, while caressing his beautiful fan-like beard :

" Gentlemen, let me remind those who harass me with requests for decorations, that this artist has been specially recommended to me by a member of the Government. Reject this canvas, and I will hang it all the same."

Well, that is all. My story is finished. It is sufficient in itself. Now I will speak of the charm of the salon. Its charm is the memory, literally the reflection, of that great Fauve period so prettily heroic, so pure. That will explain everything, even the errors of judgment, which I spoke of just now. The charm of the salon is the fragrance of youth, so full of hope, which came one day to fill and, as it were, raise the great official masonry. Then one could expect the constitution of something at last conformable to the genius of the century, something beyond the Impressionism which was so alluring but, nevertheless, belated and condemned.

The victory was certainly so complete that the intentions of the Fauves of 1905 appear discreet to us now. No matter; it is impossible to recall these things without being affected. At any rate, the true animator of the Automne, whom the Levites and the children of the choir followed at that time as if he were a high priest, remains still the master of the Automne, and he is, indeed, a great artist, a master of Living Art, of the School of Paris, who may go to the last extreme without being able to reject anything of himself, of his work or his example, and that is Henri Matisse—Henri Matisse who most frequently forsakes Paris today, and whom the young painters and poets of the whole world are beginning to go to see in his retreat on the Riviera, where they went yesterday to pay homage to the great Renoir.

Ah ! the poets have good cause to join the painters in these fervent and simple pilgrimages ! We have been able to contradict Henri Matisse and yet to love him. To contradict him, why ? Because this painter, though young, was our senior; because this pupil of Gustave Moreau at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the first to understand the vanities of an Impressionism reduced to itself, saw in Fauvism a goal, while for us it was nothing but a point of departure. What matter ? Matisse could smile at Cubism without perceiving its consequences; still, everything derives from that colour volume, which is due to him alone.

After more than twenty years, when the spirit is tired of study and the eyes are dazed by contradictory visions, nothing is more refreshing than to return to the work of Matisse. What does it offer ? The rarest thing in the world : exalting repose.

At the Salon d'Automne of 1927 there is a memorial exhibition of Henry Ottmann. This unfortunate painter, who was the victim of a terrible motor accident, made his début with the Fauves. He became an art critic, writing for the reviews, certainly owing to his plastic weakness. What else could have been the reason ? He became a critic, not like André Lhote, analysing himself in a persistent manner, whose criticisms—let me say it with every precaution to safeguard his modesty—are like the pages published by one of those papers of which the masters have left an example. Henry Ottmann took to criticism in order to spare himself the painful researches on canvas. He was a severe critic towards others, cruel and unjust, which would be nothing, but he soon became blind, and this led him to sacrifice everything to the uncertain cult of grace.

The illustrious Georges Desvallières, the master of that neo-catholic tradition which passes from himself to Marcel Lenoir (of whom I spoke to you recently) through Maurice Denis, has this year fulfilled the function of a chief placer. It was he who welcomed for the first time in Paris the German artists of the *Berliner Secession*, who are represented by about forty pictures and some ten pieces of sculpture.

The death of Paul Serusier is so recent that it has not yet been possible to think of the very complete memorial exhibition to which this artist, of a vanishing type, has the right. Paul Serusier retained, in spite of the great dignity of his life, something of the old type of art student. He wore a large felt hat, but one always imagined him in the high crown and flat brim of 1890. The friend of Paul Gauguin and of Maurice Denis, he was tormented by symbolism, and figured among the leading spirits of Pont-Aveu. It will perhaps be the men of letters, the poets, who will feel the disappearance of Serusier most deeply. I think that at the news of his death a great many will want to take out from the back row of their bookcase the thin volumes of " L'Ermitage," of " La Plume," of the " Ecrit pour l'Art," and the first " Mercure de France," decorated by him and by his friend Filiger, now so forgotten; by Alexandre Séon, still more forgotten, but who has left (in Rose+Croix militant) some drawings of great purity.

It is perhaps this return towards the past that will induce the best art-lovers and, who knows, some young artists to visit the new chapel of Saint Louis, decorated by Maurice Denis, not far from the Château de Vincennes.

May these same art-lovers bend over the already faded albums and sensual Baudelairean illustrations of the impressionable Louise Hervieu. This painter, discreet by the love of the rare, who was often an intelligent writer, has just been struck with blindness.

Three private exhibitions have attracted great attention : those of Maurice Savin, Léopold Gottlieb, and the inspired Radda.

Too much troubled by reason, Maurice Savin aims at nothing but plasticity. His landscapes, his nudes, his still-lifes are conceived as though by a conjuration of the senses triumphing over the torments of the intellect. This has been recognized by the critics, who have praised, above all the works exhibited—that nude, secretly fluttering beneath its pink dress, though not with the flutter of depraved coquetry, the dress being as refined in line as the lines of that tree, the central *motif*, the column of the landscape and of the sky.

A Pole of the School of Paris, Léopold Gottlieb shows nevertheless some signs of a national art. A painter of realistic subjects, which he sometimes raises to a Biblical dignity (his Breton sardine-fishers seem to be celebrating the Last Supper), he succeeds in producing entirely satisfying harmonies of colour, because they are like the fruit and the justification of the serious, sometimes reticent play of lines.

One is struck by the profound fusion of soft tones, some of which belong also to his compatriot Eugène Zac, and which may be said to have been stolen from the sunsets which Eastern Europe alone knows. They create and guarantee atmosphere.

Radda is all instinct. A great deal may be expected of this young woman; every exhibition of hers marks such a decided progress. This accord of will and temperament is, in truth, a miracle. Radda is distressed at the success of her flowers. She would like to paint nothing but adolescent nudes in landscapes, that are carefully studied, but offer uncertain pleasures, to such an extent does Radda abandon herself to the genius that carries her away to precipitate every region into the region of her dreams.

Raoul Dufy has just been showing the hundred drawings that he had made for the late Gustave Coquiot's book, " La terre frottée d'ail." This land is Provence, and not only the Riviera—Provence, as understood by those who have attained to the depth of the soul of the Provençaux, those extraordinary fishermen and vine-dressers who alone know how to replace the inner life by an incomparable materialist radiance.

Finally, I must mention the success of the exhibition of English engraving at the Pavillon de Marsan (Louvre). A collection that appears to be representative, from Sir Francis Seymour Haden to William Strang, prepares the way for the welcome of artists often little known here, such as the veteran of the living, Sir Frank Short.

Together with the very official, which was natural, and also very popular (and this inspires confidence) inauguration of the new Salle Pleyel, founded by M. Lyon, who was repaid for his pains by the triumphant rendering of the " Meistersingers," given by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire," one of the great musical attractions of the early season was the second great concert of the illustrious orchestra, back again this time at the old hall of the Conservatoire.

M. Philippe Gaubert, a conductor who dominates the public as much as his executants, caused Maurice Ravel, Florent Schmitt, and Manuel de Falla to be applauded. At a supper recently given by Serge Diaghilev, Picasso, using the thick pencil of a pretty dancer, crowned the bald head of Manuel de Falla with an incomparable laurel wreath. Alas ! Manuel de Falla could neither keep nor sell this Picasso. The laurels, however, crown him still.

At the Concert Lamoureux, M. Paul Paray is still trying to popularize the works of Liszt. Mme. Cesbron-Visens received prolonged ovations at the execution of the " Préludes."

It was Liszt again who caused the triumph of M. Gabriel Pierné at the Chatelet. This time it was the religious interpretation of the Faust Symphony.

M. Szyfer has just been appointed conductor to the Opéra. No doubt we will often see him hold the baton, as the other conductors, MM. Philippe Gaubert, Ruhlmann, Busser and G. Grovlez, are sufficiently occupied elsewhere, with regular concerts in Paris and with European tours.

M. Szyfer comes from the cinema. I think it is the first transition from the cinema to the opera. But I have already spoken for many months of what the musical education of the populace owes to the cinema conductors such as M. Szyfer, who at Marivaux communicated an intelligent love of music to the good folk who came simply impassioned by episodes, while on the other hand he

THE TAVERN
By Léopold Gottlieb

converted music-lovers, who were at first exclusive, to the joys of the " close-up," " super-impression," and the other marvels of the screen.

It was M. Szyfer who conducted at the Opéra during the representation of " Le Miracle des Loups," " Salambo," and " Napoléon," films which were given a sort of official investiture.

M. Pierre Frondaie's new play, the " Amants de Paris," at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhard, was certainly not extolled to the skies, in spite of the talent expended by Harry Baur and by Mlle. Sylvie; just as the revival of " Chantecler," by Edmond Rostand, at the Porte St. Martin—a performance in which the young seem to understand absolutely nothing—has given rise to criticism by its ambiguity. It is said of this play in verse by the late Rostand that it is " above all a poem," by those who have the love of a well-constituted drama pinned down to their soul. It is said that it is a dazzling spectacle, by those who expected to bathe in a stream of poetry. I have heard it said of M. Pierre Frondaie's sombre comedy, now that it is " very melodramatic for a work of pure psychology," now that it is " very obscure for a melodrama." Yet it begins very well. At the rise of the curtain Harry Baur, that is to say Yvan Lorgenef (what a name for a Russian !), strangles the chief negro of the jazz band !

The valiant actors shared the warmest applause with Kisling's portrait of the heroine and with the Eiffel Tower, ablaze with publicity.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

INTERNATIONAL art trade is being more and more concentrated in the Bellevuestrasse. Hardly a house remains there without its antique business. Everything is moving and changing. The great emporiums of the city are at present forming a new centre at the Kurfürstendamm, where every day an old shop is pulled down, artistically painted hoardings are erected, and after a few months a great branch of one of the famous Berlin business houses is opened. The international art trade is moving again into the city, and with such force that the great art dealers of the world, who formerly took little notice of Berlin, are now as eager to visit it as Paris or London. The art trade is attracted by special organizations, such as the recent Late Italian exhibition at Wertheim's, and now there is an Early Italian one at Bottenwieser's—that old, well-known firm, which was one of the first to settle down in the Bellevuestrasse. In a quiet gallery, lighted only by wide lamps, hang such gems of Primitive art that they represent a fortune. Early Sienese, Florentines, and Venetians may be seen here in rare examples. It is delightful to steep oneself in the delicate illumination of a Madonna on a gold ground by Andrea Vanni; or to feel the flowered carpet behind the Madonna by Jacobello del Fiore; or to study the great cassone by Giovanni di Paolo with the legend of a saint that has not yet been satisfactorily interpreted; or to enjoy the curiously naïve poetry of a Madonna by the same master, which suggests infinite tenderness in the composition of the dark mantle and dark foliage against a light sky. Lorenzo Monaco, Antonio Vivarini, Benozzo Gozzoli, Sano di Pietro, all are delightfully represented. Every picture has already been the subject of special study. The masters of the *Cinquecento*, which Bottenwieser had at first hung beside them, including a fine Andrea del Sarto, a Lucrezia by Pontormo, a splendid Madonna by Montagna, seem almost to lose in popularity when compared with the early flower of Italian realism.

The etchings which Ehmsen made to Emanuel Quint, on view at the Kunstkammer in the Leipzigerstrasse, show how well a modern painter can be put in the right place, where his talent can develop naturally. It is well known that, on Gerhart Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday, a fund was started which at present provides 280 marks a month for a necessitous writer. In order to increase the fund Ehmsen has been commissioned to make these illustrations, which are to be published in a very limited edition and the profits to go towards the fund. Ehmsen has so far been known only by a few problem pictures of the revolutionary period. Here he is in his proper sphere. The works are quite admirable and stand in the forefront of modern etchings. He has found a very characteristic type for the hero of Hauptmann's novel—a tall, thin, unkempt man, a sort of Don Quixote of Christianity. The types of the other figures are equally significant. The scenes both indoors and out are remarkably effectively designed. A terseness of thought becomes at once vision, a complete picture in a given place, and strikes a note that coincides with the peculiar confusion, the melancholy tone, that belongs to this profound piece of writing. The fund could not wish for a better aid.

Lately we have had here a good many collective exhibitions of foreign artists, as for example, Dutch and Swiss; and now we have Italians and Austrians. Nothing much has ever come of it: because the whole of a nation's art is too great, and demands too much, for it to be dealt with in an ordinary exhibition. An instructive modern French exhibition could no more be successfully arranged than a German exhibition abroad that would really reveal the character of present-day art. Most works of art today are presented in one-man shows or in representative exhibitions at home. It is not always easy to collect typical works in sufficient numbers for a journey. Still, they serve to promote international understanding, and the whole tone of modern art, which scarcely knows political frontiers, now comes into prominent expression. National peculiarities no doubt exist everywhere, but they no longer play a dominant part in the unity of pictorial and plastic culture.

The modern Italians who are exhibiting at Nierendorf's remind one of a former exhibition of the group, " Valori Plastici," which effected the transition of Italian art from naturalism to formalism. Not much has changed since

ST. JEROME AND A DEACON
By Benozzo Gozzoli

then. There are still a few impressionists like Tosi, and decided colourists like Funi, but the majority are interested in massive and solid form, down to the theory of the lay figure, which Chirico propounds in a couple of plastic figures. In the case of Carra, who will also be remembered from a former occasion, this sense of form has become somewhat molluscous in his spongy observations of the country round Venice. The link with the past, especially with the Italian Primitives, is a pronounced characteristic of this tendency. The *naïveté* of the early painters is purposely repeated by isolating the architectural units, or hills, roads, and houses. It is a sort of expressionism of an historic style. At times we seem to recognize Giotto again, as in Salietti. Old portraits, in front of walls painted in the gallery tone, seem to turn up again. We come upon a large landscape by Zanini which appears to have been seen by Primitive eyes and is broken up into a number of minute units. Formerly a sacred scene would have occupied the foreground. But there is no longer any original love of Nature, since Nature only signifies an arsenal of forms for these painters, just as she was before the great period of naturalism. A cold grey tone lies over everything; the eye of the Italian has become severe and methodical.

There is warmer life in the Austrian exhibition organized by the German Kunstgemeinschaft, the first comprehensive Austrian one that has been seen for a long time. The Kunstgemeinschaft has systematically carried out the principle of regional limitation in its last exhibitions. First came East Prussia; then Baden and Hessen; then Wurtemburg and Mecklenburg; then Alsace-Lorraine. The Austrians are now to form the coping-stone of this building of human tribes. But the lack of any local connection has been recognized here too. It will be necessary once again to give place more generally to the art that is in the making, and to give it its own jury which will not be prejudiced against it. The practical ends of art will also be followed, and its application, for instance, to a dwelling-house will be shown in a special exhibition.

Austrian art, to be quite frank, has always been very pleasant, but has never taken the lead. The catalogue declares that European Impressionism passed almost unnoticed there, and that the stressing of form and content, which occupies the foremost position in the art of today, has always been the chief problem in Austria. Breughel, who is so splendidly represented in Vienna, is said to have exercised the strongest influence on the painters there, as Cézanne and Henri-Rousseau have in recent times. I do not think that that is quite the case. Austrian art may have had a personal note of tenderness, partly of a familiar nature, partly from decorative taste. But it has followed the great currents of the present time just like every other nation. The old paintings by Wandmüller, the delicate landscapes by Jettel, the homely philology of Alt, Klimt's decorative women, and Kokoschka's visions of colour, taken together, are the summits of an art that follows the common stream and is raised here and there by a personal impetus. It stretches over all the provinces of subject and execution. One thing is certain, and that is that it used to be more Viennese than it is today.

All the principal Viennese societies of artists, such as the Genossenschaft, the Secession, the Hagenbund, and the Kunstschau have contributed to the present exhibition. The dividing lines between these societies fluctuate; anyway, the Genossenschaft is more old-fashioned than the three younger societies. Nevertheless, we find among the Genossenschaft an artist like Fahringer with his modern Dutch impressions, or a Gorgon with his stylized landscapes.

In the Secession, Hagenbarth, who is a Dresdener, stands out with his naturalistic " Smoker," and Sedlacek, who comes from Breslau, with his ghostly hallucinations. The Hagenbund has become a little puffed up and swollen-headed. The landscapes by Klosz move in the tone of Friesz. The Kunstschau makes the best show, and here we meet Feistauer, a strong, rough, but richly pictorial talent; we get to know Huber's little landscapes of the Böhmerwald; and we find Kokoschka and Max Oppenheimer, who contribute to the exhibition as former members before they attained to European fame.

The German Kunstgemeinschaft evidently works to its own satisfaction. Its object is to disseminate art among the people at low prices, which are clearly marked on each work, or, at least, to get the public interested in the painters. It has sold sixty works during the ninth exhibition. That is excellent. It now wants to facilitate matters still further by arranging a subscription, so that by contributing one mark a month, half of which is put down for the subscriber as capital, it will be possible to buy a work of art for a hundred marks, with the right of exchange. But I always regret that this useful undertaking, to which the Secretary-of-State Schultz devotes himself so generously, has made its headquarters in such out-of-the-way and badly-lighted rooms in a corner of the second Palace Court, instead of choosing light and more widely advertised premises. The attendance would be quite different.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
By Pontormo

On the occasion of the centenary of Böcklin's birth the Nationalgalerie, which possesses a very fine collection of his works, has opened a fairly comprehensive exhibition, which occupies the whole of the first floor. These large rooms, originally intended for Cornelius's cartoons, do not set off Böcklin's art very well. It produces a better effect in the small cabinets which open out from them. On the occasion of this day the problem of his art has been discussed over and over again. But face to face with his pictures the problem ceases to exist, and one must admit that a living link between this art and the present day scarcely exists. We know that the admiration for Böcklin which asserted itself in great battles was first shattered by Meier Graefe's book, "The Case of Böcklin." As a result of his impressionistic education, this writer spoke against Böcklin and in general against painting with any so-called poetical content. He believed that painting would always continue along this path, where a style like Böcklin's would have no further scope. He has been less correct in his prophecy than in his judgment. We have long ago exhausted Impressionism and have again arrived at a formal, yes, even a material art, which should have facilitated a revival of Böcklin. But it has not taken place. The element of personality was wanting, for which the current of art mattered less than the force of experience. Böcklin's art has remained on a cold plain between the romantic influences and German dreaminess. It never rises above it. His tritons and nereids, centaurs and other fabulous creatures remain decorative, however their anatomical plausibility may be proved. They have not been taken up by a new creative spirit which fills them with eternal blood. His landscape is equally little removed from this decorative effect, and transforms feeling into a mere semblance. A number of pictures which lean too much towards the sphere of æstheticism have been purposely not included in this exhibition in order that the estimate might not fall too low. Preference has been given to pictures which either belong undoubtedly to the history of art, or those which date from a more naïve period; especially those which belong to the Schackgalerie, where the grey-green views of southern landscape are decked with many-coloured little details, or where the first colourful contrasts were formed between variegated figures and dull regions. It is pleasant at times to see a couple of trees that have not yet decorated their sensation, or to recognize the direct influence of the sun without the pathos of the colour exaggerating the vision, or to greet some living beings that have not yet become statues. If the separate details are thus brought together we see once again the outline of this poetical painter with whom we once lived; but he remains a shadowy memory of past times, as unfruitful to us as he proved in history. He is not to be compared with Thoma. Böcklin is a cool studio; Thoma is the German heart.

And yet the comparison is always made. It is made perhaps in order to contradict the painful judgment about Böcklin. But it only confirms it. At Paul Cassirer's there is an auction of the Pearson collection from Paris, a gallery of French Masters, which does not consist entirely of works of intrinsic merit, but includes some of such

originality and power that it is quite representative. When we see those seascapes by Boudin; those splendid, far-stretching perspectives where houses, figures, and trees are intoxicatingly embedded in the quivering air; or those flower gardens by Monet, or those wonderful Sisleys—amongst them, a rare piece with a wide stretch of water, "The Lighters"—and add to these the powerful Courbets, or the delicate Corots, or one of those evening wood scenes by Diaz in which, as with Böcklin (but how much more completely and musically), bright-coloured figures merge themselves into the evening landscape, then we experience a period which did not use painting as a sideline to poetry, but for its own sake, with hot and yet timid passion, with glowing and yet perfectly controlled senses. There can be no comparison.

I see three periods, one after the other, in the exhibition: the style of Böcklin, French painting, and the present-day rage for form. Flechtheim presents a large and detailed exhibition of Picasso's drawings, watercolours, and pastels. One has to be well informed in order to recognize the uncompromising personality of the artist through this graphic language. Picasso is the pre-eminent form-seeker of our art. He is ever carrying on the resistance against Impressionism in new variations. At the time when he painted his blue pierrots he set the large figure with strongly accented planes against the quivering nervousness of the sensibilists. Then he went in for Cubism, and with extreme abstraction reduced form mathematically to its component parts. Finally, he again stretched out his hand towards Nature and occupied himself with the enlarged scale of round, massive, material appearance. His personal influence is enormous. There is something superhuman in this battle to regain form, which reveals the most subjective stylist that has ever been known. It is a power that will not rest until the last goal of his course has been reached. He is a friend of Stravinski, whose portrait he has drawn. The two personalities resemble each other. The musician, too, has returned in his own art from differentiated line and colour to form, which he has now fixed in monumental greatness in his "Œdipus Rex." Both are geniuses who do not select half-way positions; do not mix up poetry with their art; do not shrink back from Nature, but desire and achieve finality on the great road towards the new form. The spirit of the new style is boiling in these drawings and also in the sculptures which are exhibited alongside. Gigantic sketches, enormous nudes, ornamental systems, formal laws against chance appear on white sheets as the most intimate requirements of an art which forces the new spirit and the new form to produce a result.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of APOLLO

ON PRESERVATION OF OLD MASTERS

SIR,—In the Victoria and Albert Museum there is an oil painting by J. M. W. Turner, "A Sunlight View of Venice," catalogue number 208. One cannot fail to notice that this picture, from the preservation point of view, is the cleanest and purest looking in the gallery. It has come to my knowledge that the reason why this Turner is in such a fine state is that the picture was enclosed in a vacuum thirty-four years ago.

Thanks to the courtesy of the authorities in the museum, I had an opportunity of examining the back of the picture and seeing how it has been treated. As far as could be seen, the picture had been treated as follows: the painting was placed in a shallow copper tray about an inch and a half deep, to which the glass was attached, thus forming an airtight chamber in which a vacuum was created, and it was then replaced in the frame. According to the records in the museum, this was done in 1893, after the picture had had its surface cleaned by sponging only. Not only is there no trace of discoloration of the varnish, but even the original lustre is preserved. Yet it is known that gradual discoloration of picture varnish begins to set in in a comparatively short time, while dulling and blooming is usually noticeable even sooner. The picture in question, being enclosed in a vacuum, does not show the slightest change after a period of thirty-four years and it looks as if it has just left the restorer's easel. We have before us a practical proof which may have a most important bearing on the future preservation of Old Masters. If no change has taken place in a third of a century, it can be safely assumed that a very considerable space of time may elapse before any change becomes perceptible, if at all. What a blessing it would be if a picture once restored by removal of the discoloured varnish had never to be treated again.

The removal of old varnish from a picture from time to time is best avoided, if possible, and should it become unnecessary a great deal of anxiety would be spared to curators of galleries and owners of masterpieces, although the good modern restorer has brought the process of cleaning pictures almost to perfection. As regards the restorers of olden days, I have no good word to say. They have been responsible for ruining most important works of art, some of them beyond any saving, and these treasures are lost to us and future generations for ever.

I might mention that there are on the picture here and there a few yellow, sharply-defined patches of a peculiar nature, which were probably there before the picture was enclosed in the vacuum. Varnish usually discolours evenly all over the surface. We must remember that the picture was only sponged on the surface before being placed in the vacuum.

The process of enclosing pictures in a vacuum was worked out at the time by a firm which based their principles on the results of scientific research carried out by eminent scientists, on the effect of light and air on paint and varnish. The system was, I believe, even the subject of a patent by that firm. To the best of my knowledge this firm no longer exists; evidently the process did not meet with great success and so was dropped. The reason for this is quite explicable: no owner of works of art would venture to have his cherished art treasures treated by a process which was based on theoretical assumptions. Time

alone could prove the practicability of the method. We have now a result which has stood the test of a considerable number of years and it should leave very little doubt as to its success.

I venture to suggest that competent scientific authorities should further investigate the matter and improve the method of practical application; it would then surely meet with universal adoption, proving a great asset in the preservation of Old Masters.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

C. ZILVA.

53 Sinclair Road, W.14.
November 4, 1927.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

"LA paresse est la plus forte de nos passions," and hence people detest giving themselves the trouble of listening to new music. It is true that Dr. Johnson, or some other philosopher, defined music as that which entertains without the labour of thinking. But music that is new, and hence unfamiliar, requires at least a minimum of cerebral pressure on the part of an audience. The well-known masterpieces demand none; things like the "Unfinished Symphony" set your nerves tingling, put you in communion with the infinite, make you shudder with pleasure, stroke your marrow, whilst the mind remains gloriously otiose and free. That is why I have always striven to turn readers of APOLLO into something better than lazy voluptuaries, by writing in season and out of season about the modern music which repels most people because it is modern. Amateurs of taste would no more think of going to contemporary composers for making up their ideal concert programme than they would think of buying new furniture for their house. Either is equally unthinkable. With this brief exordium against laziness, I pass to the new music of the month.

"Macbeth."—The most ambitious, if not the most important, was an opera conceived on the largest lines—its name "Macbeth." Shakespeare has been very useful to composers who desire to set plays to music. Few men have done more for grand opera than our national poet, and opera has repaid the obligation by making the plots of "Romeo and Juliet" familiar to Frenchmen, and those of "Othello" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to Italians. But it is one thing to use Shakespeare as a quarry, to add the water of translation to the strong spirit of his thought, and even, if the musical exigencies require it, to insert totally new matter—as Iago's famous "Credo" in "Otello"; it is another to take Shakespeare's text unaltered as the libretto of an opera. For in this case you are beset with difficulties. The blank verse rhythm takes unkindly to musical setting; it is packed too close with ideas to enable the much less humble wit of music to keep up with the never-ending changes of mood that flash across the minds of the great Shakespearean characters, and, perhaps most important of all, music can add nothing to the splendour of the great passages, whilst the exuberance of the dialogue can give no beauty to music. The result is that the composer is caught in Shakespeare's mesh of words and is soon overwhelmed by them. The characters seem to talk far too much and to sing far too little. Of Shakespeare's plays the best for an English composer is "The Tempest," yet I would not say that Dr. Nicholas Gatty, who has shown in other operas that he can write delightfully for the stage, has succeeded in his attempt there to put salt on Shakespeare's tail. Lawrance Collingwood, in "Macbeth," has found himself confronted with a much stiffer proposition.

The first performance of this opera was given at the Small Queen's Hall last month to a number of invited guests, including the flying squad of the musical critics. It had been anticipated with a good deal of interest because the composer is a man of talent, with an experience of opera gained in St. Petersburg under Albert Coates, and a temperament which shuns publicity. The Carnegie Trust published a work of his in 1919, and he has written music in various forms, including that of the piano concerto. In the twenty years that have elapsed since he left Oxford, Lawrance Collingwood nevertheless has hardly attempted to cross the threshold of fame, although one or two people more knowledgeable than their fellows believed that he had only to announce himself to be ushered forthwith into the front drawing-room. Now, a bold man, he has walked up the grand staircase arm-in-arm with Shakespeare. The entry was made under the best auspices. Everyone who is anyone in the musical world of London was there. Sir Hugh Allen, the Napoleon of that world, came and left early—as is his custom. Arnold Bennett, who since he has written a libretto for Eugene Goossens is himself interested in opera, was in the audience. This, in a word, was most distinguished, and proved that, though we lack an opera, we do not want for interest in the art. It was, indeed, a generous tribute to a comparatively unknown composer.

We, on our part, were rewarded with a performance which told of much hard work and conscientious effort. "Macbeth" was not presented on the stage, but was given under the conditions of the concert-hall, which meant that whilst we had the music as written—except that a grand piano acted as *locum tenens* for the orchestra—no dramatic action helped forward the movement of the work. The result was to emphasize its undeniable *longueurs* and to detract from the impressiveness of its climaxes. The best of these was in the first act, which dealt with the murder of Duncan. Both Lady Macbeth and her ineffective husband had some fine declamatory music to sing, which fitted the words as well, perhaps, as music could ever fit them. And in the scene between the pair, when the graceless, ruthless Lady Macbeth—what a misogynist was Shakespeare when he ever really tried to show a mature woman!—overcomes her husband's scruples against the murder, Mr. Collingwood's music, if it did not heighten the dramatic effect, at least let it grow almost as naturally as in the spoken drama. But whether it is possible to write an opera in

which there is no strain of lyricism, is open to question. Mr. Collingwood has ample technique and a style which shows German and Russian influences whilst achieving a good deal of individuality. Gleams of beauty shone through the storm and stress of the first act, that incidentally had the most unity of the three into which the opera is cast. And he has humour too, as his handling of the Porter's soliloquy showed. But I submit with all humility that passages such as the invocation to sleep, " sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care," belong to the region of philosophic poetry that music is unable to reach. The performance, as I have said, was as good as the singers (Joan Cross, Joseph Farrington, Steuart Wilson, Sumner Austin and Harold Cook bore the burden of the evening) could make it. To come to any conclusion about it as an opera would be manifestly unfair until one has heard it given on the stage. But I should be surprised, when that consummation occurs, if it did not strengthen the opinion, which I have often expressed on this page, that grand opera is an obsolescent art-form.

Arnold Bax.—This is a composer who deserves more attention than one can give him in a paragraph or two. Twice lately I have listened to his second string quartet. On the first occasion this headed the programme of the concert at the Wigmore Hall devoted entirely to his works; on the second it preceded two other quartets—one by Hindemith the German; the other by Honegger the Franco-Swiss—at a concert given by the Contemporary Music Centre. Bax, who is now in the early forties, affords an interesting example of the cross-currents in the music of today. He is an eclectic. Many influences are combined in his highly personal style, and his sympathies are so wide that one hesitates to give him a label of any kind. Temperamentally he is swayed by the Celtic imagination that loves melting colours and the soft contours of the twilight. No British composer, except Vaughan Williams, can use folk tunes more naturally. They belong to the atmosphere of his music as they are part of its texture. At the same time the impression his work leaves is not one of simplicity. The neo-classical movement, itself a reaction against over-elaboration, which under various forms is moulding most contemporary music, has failed to touch him. He derives from the nineteenth, rather than the eighteenth, century.

In the piano quintet, which was the largest work of his given at the Wigmore Hall, we see him occupied with problems of sonata form, and approaching their solution in a way that combines intellect and feeling, with a bias to the latter. The two principal themes appear formally in the exposition, the second subject at once attaining unusual importance and contrasting its lyrical beauty with the hardness of the principal subject. Then the composer throws the working-out and recapitulation into one, with the two themes holding the general mood in an uneasy state of equilibrium. A slow movement follows, coldly reminiscent of the harshness of the first, and in the finale the original opening subject attains the importance denied it in the first, whilst the second subject occasionally reappears out of a rich and varied background. A bald description like this does nothing to evoke the spirit of such music, which is steeped in the traditions handed down from Beethoven, through Schumann and Brahms to César Franck. In some respects the slighter quintet for oboe and strings is more characteristic, at least more modern, since here folk tunes, or more accurately the spirit of folk music, for Bax is chary of using existing melodies, impart a national ring which the piano quintet lacks. And his immense skill in the management of technical difficulties is well exemplified in his Fantasy-Sonata for viola and harp, which succeeds in avoiding any suggestion of monotonous colour in spite of the limitations of the harp in this respect. In Arnold Bax we have the best English example of the romantic approach to music finding a new avenue not previously explored. He is not a great master of harmony, though his style is harmonic rather than contrapuntal. But he has a refined melodic sense, a command of rhythm of unusual subtlety, and he is without a rival in his power of combining and contrasting instrumental timbres. This finds most opportunity for development when he writes for orchestra, but it enables him to achieve remarkable results within the smaller framework of chamber music, shown by his writing for the piano in the quintet and by his altogether masterly handling of harp and viola in the Fantasy-Sonata for those instruments. It should be added that he has a tendency to overcrowd his canvas. His decoration is beautiful in itself, but it seems to the listener sometimes to be pursued at the expense of lucidity, although it undoubtedly heightens the impression of tensity, which is the prevailing emotional quality of his music. Compared with Bax, both Hindemith and Honegger are prosaical composers. Hindemith, being a German and therefore finding it necessary to be uncompromising in showing that he has no use for romanticism, has developed on purely contrapuntal lines. His music has lost all diatonic flavour, and as regards form he is frankly a " patternist." Honegger, like Bax, a composer who is evolutionary rather than revolutionary, avoids the picturesqueness which is one of Bax's charms, and aims at severity of form and sharpness of outline. His work has not the life of his French contemporaries, who have drawn more freely on their own national traditions, but he is an able musician and a master in his own way.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

Mr. W. Staite Murray's Stoneware, Pottery, and Drypoints at Mr. William Paterson's Gallery.

There is, one feels, an Oriental strain in Mr. Staite Murray's mental make-up. His mind is contemplative, and his hands and fingers mould form and add design in a contemplative manner. In other words, Mr. Murray's pottery is not primarily made for use, nor even for decoration : they *can* be used, and they *are* decorative, but these qualities are, as it were, the inevitable results of his *art*. To Mr. Murray a pot is an independent æsthetic reality; in his view it provides the link between sculpture and painting, and as such deserves the same degree and the same

kind of appreciation as, say, a basalt head carved by an Egyptian sculptor or a picture painted by Mu'chi or, maybe, by El Greco. Perhaps he would even argue that pottery is more difficult to appreciate than either sculpture or painting, for the beauty of pottery is more abstract. Mr. Murray disdains the appeal of luscious colour as too easy, too uncultured. Even the designs with which some of his books, bottles, and jars are decorated often enough are purely abstract. In this sense he will, for example, describe a pot as follows:

"Parchment, brush decorated sepia and blue-grey (cadence)." Here you have an indication of the kind of reticent colour-scheme he favours, and of the abstract emotional subject-matter of its decoration, for the decoration symbolizes a "cadence" although the running brush-marks might represent a drooping branch or a waterfall. Or, again, he will call a small bowl "White and red incised decoration (birds)." This beautifully shaped bowl is to remind the beholder of the ideal "bird." A bird is slightly indicated by incision on the outside; the colour and the shape is that of a bird's nest, and the inside suggests the shell of a bird's egg in form, in colour, and in the feel of the glaze. In this manner one might analyse every one of his three hundred exhibits. Whether one can agree with this artist's theories of his craft or not—and it seems that he makes demands upon the mental and even physiological capacity to which only few would be equal—the fact remains that whilst not everyone of these pots has the same strength of appeal, there is an austere beauty in many of them which one will find nowhere else amongst modern pottery, a degree of refinement in shape, colour, glaze, and "feel"—this latter a *sine qua non* of ceramic appreciation—which makes one less willing to scoff at the prices of 25, 30, even 100 guineas, at which some of them are valued, than one is inclined to do at first sight. After all, there is no natural relation between price and beauty, and many of Mr. Murray's stoneware pots are intensely covetable, quite irrespective of the value he puts upon them.

POT
Parchment-coloured glaze with free brush decoration in sepia and blue-grey (Cadence)
By W. Staite Murray.

His drypoints, too, have this same kind of austere refinement. Deeply incised and wonderfully economic in line, they have an appeal of their own which again is half Oriental. Nevertheless flowers and still-life, or even some of the animal subjects, lend themselves better to his treatment than human figures.

At the Medici Galleries: Paintings and Drawings made by Jacynth Parsons from the age of three to sixteen.

There is, in all probability, no prouder young lady in London at this moment than Miss Jacynth Parsons; she is in her seventeenth year, and has already a "life-work" of thirteen years to exhibit. There is no doubt that she is singularly talented, and that her Blake illustrations are as good as the work of an artist twice her age would be. Until one comes to her quite recent work, such as the "Nude Study" (76), or the drawings of her own hand (93), one appreciates her output relatively as "wonderful for one so young." Even in some of her published Blake illustrations such a reservation might still be made. Now, however, that Miss Jacynth has given proof that she *can* draw, her real difficulty, instead of being over, is only just beginning. As a child she had, like most children, a great deal to say with her pencil, her brush, and her colour-box; but she said it very much better than most. Now, when she is growing up and relative standards cease to be applicable, her problem is not only to draw and to paint but to say something with her drawing, to express something that will stand as much above other work as her own childish work stood above the work of other children; and in that respect one can see breakers ahead. In the pæan of praise this critical note is not sounded as a croak, but as a well-meant warning: she is in danger of the rock called "commonplace."

Paintings and Drawings by André Lhote and his Pupils; and Monoprints by Antonio Guarino at the Claridge Gallery.

". . . J'ai simplement le désir de montrer à l'élite qui s'interesse à certains problèmes nouveaux comment nous nous y prenons, mes élèves et moi, pour essayer de les résoudre. . . ." So writes Monsieur André Lhote in his very eloquent preface to this exhibition, thereby in a short half-sentence characterizing the malady of "modern" art. Imagine the passengers of the Air-Union being invited to inspect the latest aeroplane so that they might learn how the designer had attempted to solve "certains problèmes." This might interest the engineer passenger, but hardly the rest. Yet here, where M. Lhote and his collaborators (expressly so designated later on in the preface) are seen solving certain problems—incidentally very neatly and successfully for the most part—the "élite" is supposed to be interested. Granted, but this élite can only mean fellow-engineers—I mean artists—and also, perhaps, my own colleagues, the critics. This, I submit, is worse than "art for art's sake," it is art for artist's sake, which is quite as bad as—to change the analogy—religion for the priest's sake would be. As a critic of "certains problèmes" I can only report that M. Lhote and his helpers have been quite conspicuously successful in some cases—for example in M. Lhote's tea-tray-shaped and framed "Nature Morte aux Rubans" (5), and the "Nature Morte aux Raisins" (9), in Mlle. Bertolet's Marie Laurencin-like "Jeune Femme" (16), or Mlle. Bunoust's "Nature Morte" (18), or Mlle. Combes Cézanne-ish Provençal landscape, and others, including M. Lhote's watercolour flowerpieces (16 and 18). That, however,

NEAR SHREWSBURY
By Philip Stretton

does not dispose of the fact that these works are more in the nature of æsthetic exercises than in that of pictures.

Signor Guarino has endeavoured, not entirely unsuccessfully, to make his monotypes into independent works of art—but why not paint the sketch directly?—the print resulting from lifting oil colours off a painted tile has no superior claims to æsthetic beauty.

Watercolours by P. E. Stretton at the Graves Gallery.

These watercolours of Mr. P. E. Stretton's are frankly "romantic": that is to say that the artist has deliberately set out to make the scene before his eyes, whether this be a park in Wiltshire or a street in Tunis, "The Shambles" in York, or the "Entrance to Djerba," fairy-tale like. One may regard his outlook as too sentimental, but one must in fairness admit that of their kind they are much more acceptable than most, probably because the artist has a good sense of light which finds its best expressions in his skies.

Watercolours by Francis Dodd, A.R.A., A.R.W.S., at Messrs. James Connell and Sons' Gallery.

At first sight there is nothing at all clever about the work of this new Associate of the Royal Academy: it has no *bravura*, it follows no new tenets, it is scarcely even in the tradition of the old watercolour school; one can imagine it being "shrug-shouldered," to coin a perhaps not inept word, by the younger generation. But after having examined two or three of the pictures in this little show the personality of the artist approaches, as it were, nearer and nearer until, after one has seen two or three more, one would fain shake him by the hand—figuratively speaking. Mr. Dodd's watercolours, even more than his etchings, radiate a sense of intimacy. He makes of "Trafalgar Square" (9), or "Sun Lane, S.E." (10), of "Cumberland Market" (25), or "Sydenham" (7), not merely views but human places. I can think of no other painter, "ancient or modern," who endows his watercolours with just this sense of humanity, so kindly in its conception and at the same time so pleasant in its setting, that is to say, in its design and its colouring, as Mr. Dodd. On account of this quality, one prefers his breezy "Top of the Heath, Hampstead" (18) to his "San Giorgio, Venice" (16); his "Burford" (6) to his "Ruins in the Campagne" (21). This artist shows that one can find beauty everywhere, even in such unlikely places as the "Charing Cross Road" (8) or "Montpelier Row, Blackheath" (24), and proves thereby that association, instead of the enemy, can be, and in fact should be, the friend and helpmeet of æsthetics.

Honoré Daumier at the Lefèvre Galleries.

The praise of Daumier is generally mixed with an invective against the foolish, callous, ignorant public that let him starve to death. This seems to me an entire misjudgment of both. Daumier the illustrator was able to make a living; Daumier the painter was not. Probing a little more deeply into this situation and its cause, one finds that Daumier the illustrator could make himself understood: the public appreciated his subjects and his satires. But Daumier the painter did not appeal to the public; sought only to please himself. His pictures are in the nature of Hamlet soliloquies. They all, or nearly all, have the air of drama, of tragedy—even when the subject is Sancho Panza—not Don Quixote; or, as in this exhibition, a simple "Baignade," which looks, at first sight, like a picture of a wrathful father dismissing a prodigal son with a curse. This kind of monumentally exaggerated dramatic significance belongs to nearly all his work, even when it is meant to be joyful—as in "Le Meunier, son fils et l'âne." Here, however, there is a spiritual conflict manifest, as if Rubens and Rembrandt had endeavoured to collaborate. Daumier the painter is in fact not an easy-going companion: he does not attempt to flatter his public. Out of his Rembrandtesque half-light looms now the silhouette of a painfully struggling figure, or leers a Goya-esque character.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE
By Francis Dodd, A.R.A.

YOUNG AND OLD HOLLAND
By Nico Jungman

Moreover, many of his paintings are tentative, essays left unfinished, rapid notes and sketches. Sometimes, as for example in "Les Amateurs d'Estampes" where the hands of the figure on the left are almost unbelievably weak, or in "L'Artiste devant son Tableau" where the legs are misdrawn, there were signs of fatigue or indifference so that the public were not wholly to blame for their apathy or active antipathy.

Now, however, we can see qualities of greatness in Daumier which link him not only with Goya and Rembrandt, but also to Michelangelo, for his temper is, like Michelangelo's, heroic, and his approach to form from the sculptured mass rather than the graphic or calligraphic line. Hence his telling silhouettes, his plastic quality, his massive treatment. Compare, for example, the eloquence of the shoulders in "Les Buveurs," or the plasticity of the figures in the foreground of his masterpiece here: "Le Wagon de Troisième Classe," a picture that has an uncanny suggestion of a theme which a modern playwright treated in a fantasy called "Outward Bound." Like all artists who are worth while, Daumier is a subject painter, whose æsthetic qualities are the result of his human emotions: let doubters consider this "Third Class" subject as a whole, and come in detail to the figure of the sleeping lad in the foreground: none but a great artist could have painted that and none but a great man could have felt it.

Pictures in Oil Tempera and Watercolour by Nico Jungman at Barbizon House.

Like many others of foreign origin Mr. Nico Jungman has made his home in England, but the country of his birth finds an echo in his art both in respect of subject-matter and of handling. There are hints of Rembrandt, of Israels, of the Brothers Maris in some of his pictures, and even in those paintings in which there is no hint of other influences the draughtsmanship is un-English. Mr. Jungman has at least three manners. One which is founded upon pure drawing, such as "Young and Old Holland" (16), and "Old Age, Holland" (31), the latter a watercolour, the former a tempera painting, and "The Sailor" (7), which looks like a tinted crayon. Allied to this is the rather ambitious, but not quite convincing, "Madonna and Child" (3) with Gesso embellishments. Contrasted with this manner are a number of paintings reminiscent of Israels in "Stimmung," such as "The Dropped Stitch, Brittany" (25), and the "Midday Meal, Brittany" (2), the slightly Rembrandtesque "Dutch Fishermen Playing Cards" (4), and the Maris-like "Mother and Child" (22); all these are tempera paintings. Different again from both of these groups are *pastose* and quite recent flower paintings in which the oil mediums find a frank and virile expression. In point of fact Mr. Jungman's handling of the different media, especially tempera, is not the least interesting aspect of his art. His design is a little uncertain, but both design and colour are at their best in some of his town and landscapes, such as the "Street near Bernnenhofje, Amsterdam" (5), the "Drawbridge, Groeneburgwal, Amsterdam" (31), and "Young and Old Holland" (here illustrated).

At the Abbey Gallery: Watercolours of Flowers and of Italy by Ethel C. Hatch.

Miss Ethel Hatch is one of the few painters who use watercolours for the painting of flowers. Moreover, in her technique there is nothing of the pseudo-Japanese character with which such paintings are generally attempted when water is used as a medium. Miss Hatch nevertheless uses her brush calligraphically: the flowers are, as it were, written upon white paper with quick, deft "scribbles," but these scribbles mean something; they convey not only colour but also form. In point of fact, one seems to feel that the artist's eye, spirit and hand are quickened when

AT MONIKENDAM
By Nico Jungman

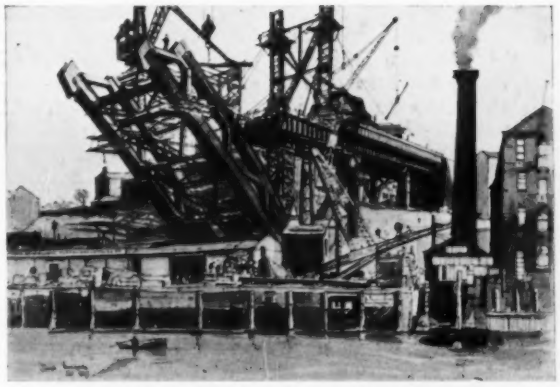
she paints flowers and that her interest lags when she has to deal with other objects of Nature : even the jugs, bowls or vases in which the flowers are arranged—and very carefully and finely arranged they are, too—even these things appear sometimes to have failed to interest her; and that is certainly the case with many of her landscapes, in which one misses the beautiful certainty of suggestion which distinguishes such flowerpieces as " April " (39), " Snowdrops and Crocuses " (11), " Fleurs d'Eté " (24), " Pink Roses " (86), and many others.

At the Fine Art Society's Galleries : Ian Willumsen's Watercolours of the Balearic Isles; Claude Muncaster's Watercolours and Mr. P. H. Wilson Bachelor's Etchings.

Whilst we think of the crinoline as a species of movable textile masonry, a stronghold destined to protect its feminine wearer from masculine importunities. Mr. Willumsen shows us that in the Balearic Isles the crinoline is, on the contrary, a very coquettish, a very quick, nimble, and alluring weapon of attack upon the hearts of the males. He shows us the crinoline in action : " Women alighting from Carts " (12 and 21), " Women entering Church " (9), " Folk Dancing " (39), " Couples Dancing " (33), and so forth. As regards his technique, his standard is a little difficult to appraise. Sometimes—as, for example, in the diploma work, " Coming out of Church " (14), his planes seem strangely confused and his touch amateurish; at other times he produces drawings of the utmost beauty, e.g. " Farewell " (13), " A Street in San Antonio " (26), " Irisan Type " (20), " Week Day " (19), and the already mentioned folk dancing. He is, we are told, " in the very prime of his youth," which probably accounts for his uncertain, but very promising, work.

In Mr. Claude Muncaster we also have a young man in the very prime of his youth, but his technique is complete and mature—so complete in fact, so very certain, that one almost fears for his future; he seems destined to produce his amazingly clever compositions of architecture, shipping, bridges, scaffoldings, machinery, with unerring eye and unfaltering hand until the end of his days. He seems to have little or nothing more to learn. At least one cannot see how anything of this kind could be better than, for example, " Gateshead " (43), " Bridge Building " (33), " Down in the Engine Room " (46), " Constructing the Tyne Bridge," " Excavations in Cornhill " (27). Other good things are " March Morning on the Findon Road " (15), " Olive Trees " (16), " Old Farmhouse at Sullington " (18), and " The Garden of Villa Fédora, Maggiore " (24). But in such landscapes and views, where man and Nature seem to be walking together, hand in hand, it needs a little more than skill to make a successful drawing. The little red rag in " Bareno, Maggiore " (38), coming, as it does, as a finishing touch, shows that Mr. Muncaster feels the need of this something more, which is *sentiment*. It is in this direction probably that he will find room for further and higher evolution.

Of the making of etchings, like that of books, there is no end. Mr. Wilson Bachelor helps to increase the list of competent etchers. Amongst his most attractive and convincing plates are especially the more purely architectural subjects such as " Old Well, Assisi " (39); but " Santa Ariara, Assisi " (29), with its well-managed distance, " Tête de Flandre, Antwerp " (57), in which the accent of distance is reversed, " The Stour, Dedham " (17), which shows a clever manipulation of line; then also



CONSTRUCTING THE TYNE BRIDGE
By Claude Muncaster

" Bosham " (55), " Willows " (35), and from the " Downs above Steyning " (33), are all worth noting.

At the Leicester Gallery : The London Artists' Association.

A little while ago " modern " art was equivalent to " modern " drawing, and " modern " in this case meant cubistic or vorticistic distortion of form, but the Roger Fry school, more or less represented by the members of the London Artists' Association, are coming now more and more from " form " to colour. Only Mr. Roberts pursues steadfastly his stovepipe *amour*, though even he shows signs in his " Portrait " (22) of a leaning towards more naturalistic drawing, and his " Garden of Eden " a weakening towards the more sentimental element of the painter's art, i.e. colour.

It becomes more and more clear that we have in Duncan Grant and in Paul Nash the strongest and most personal representatives of the New Colour School. Of the two Duncan Grant is the more luscious, Paul Nash the drier—" sec " gives the quality so much better. Both agree only in avoiding purely imitational colour schemes or compositions in primary harmonies. Of Paul Nash's paintings " Savernake " (7), with its snakelike vanishing avenue is, perhaps, the most striking, the " St. Pancras Lilies " (51) the most original, and the " Still Life " (53) the most complete. His " Berkshire Downs " (15) are pleasant in colour, but a little empty, and the " View of Cagnes " (12) the least " comfortable " to look at.

Duncan Grant's colour is less austere—is, in fact, empassioned and of unusual subtlety and insinuating grace. An attempt to describe his colour schemes is, in the absence of a colour notation, impossible. He uses greens and yellows, reds and blues, but so modified as to be beyond the range of the vocabulary. Placed in the order of their merit, at any rate as I judge them, his best pictures are " An Italian Girl " (59), " Mother and Child " (56), " Interior " (69), and " Daisies and Marigolds " (29). Vanessa Bell's various still-lifes are in a somewhat similar mood, but do not seem quite as forceful as one expected. Amongst other contributions Mr. Roger Fry's landscapes are singularly sober, not to say dull, for a red-hot revolutionary; the old academic Adam, one concludes, *will* out, but the landscape (31) acquired by the Contemporary Art Society is a respectable performance, in spite of its misplaced figure interest. Mr. F. J. Porter's and Mr. Adeney's

landscapes are still good, and the quality of Mr. Porter's paint particularly pleasing, but both seem to be in danger of working out an habitual formula. Mr. Keith Baynes, except in his "Anemones" (39), is disappointingly inclined towards a sort of untidiness in brushwork and colour arrangement. Mr. Douglas Davidson's work is full of promise; his "Still Life" (28), an arrangement in yellow greens and browns, comes very near to Duncan Grant in power; his "Bathers" (34) are distinctly original, though not entirely convincing.

At the Beaux Arts Galleries: Norman and Evelyn Wilkinson's Pictures and Drypoints.

Mrs. Evelyn Wilkinson's flower-pieces have distinction. They are both tender in touch and "tony" in execution; that is to say, the colours are blended and harmonized with due regard to the conditions of light under which the flowers are seen. With the exception of several "decorative" pictures, expressly so designated in the catalogue, the presentation is realistic, but the artist has safeguarded its decorative purpose by carefully harmonized backgrounds. Amongst her most attractive subjects may be mentioned the stylized overmantel "Decoration" (2), the "Mauve Tulips" (12), in which the green lustre pot gives a particularly pleasing finishing note; then "Ramblers" (43), "Sweet Peas" (47) and, again, the flat "Decoration" (54).

Mr. Norman Wilkinson is widely known as a poster artist who specializes in shipping, and, indeed, the L.M.S. poster "The Irish Mail" (80), is not only good hoarding art, but a pleasant home decoration. His watercolours have, perhaps, just a little hint of the poster in them; it is very slight, and not at all to be interpreted in the ordinary sense of simplified design or obvious colours; but there is a slight flattening, noticeable even in such a breezy sky as that of "Quebec" (56), which is his masterpiece here. Other specially successful pieces are the convincing little sea tragedy, "Missing at Lloyds" (15), the misty "On the Guel Banks" (30), and the fine "Ross-shire Mountains" (48). Amongst the watercolours "Fuar Tholl" (62), "In the Channel" (67), and especially "Snowdon Range" (64) should be noted. Mr. Wilkinson is, in addition, a skilful manipulator of the drypoint. None of the forty-five examples here exhibited are without merit, but it is not quite easy to explain why a few of them, such as "Evening Rise" (90), "On the Guel Banks" (92), "A Deepwaterman" (100), and "Brixham Trawlers" (104), for instance, are of distinctly higher æsthetic value than the rest. Perhaps the artist thinks generally too much of his subject-matter and its elaboration than of the nature of scratches he makes on the copper and which *alone* decide the ultimate issue.

At Colnaghi's: Present-day Potters and Landscapes, Flower-pieces and other Paintings by George Thomson.

This is apparently no longer an exhibition of "The Potters' Guild," although many of the former members are exhibiting in this show, which makes the general impression of a higher standard. This year's exhibitors are Charles Vyse, Stanley Thorogood, Sylvia Fox Strangways, W. B. Dalton, Ethel Sleigh and Phyllis Simpson, Wilfrid and Lily Norton, Stella Crofts, Gwendolen Parnell, and Bernard Leech and his Japanese collaborator, Shoti Hamada.

In the small room Mr. George Thomson's paintings gave little hint of their especial technical interest; rather, I think, to their advantage, for they are worth inspecting without such technicalities.

Flower Pictures by W. A. Chase and Masters of the Barbizon School at the Raeburn Gallery.

Mr. Chase paints in an able, straightforward, realistic manner, paying due regard both to colour and light values. His flower-pieces, consequently, have a pleasingly decorative effect. Amongst the masters of the Barbizon school is an interesting early Millet, "The Riding Lesson," and the remains of a curious triple collaboration by Corot, Daubigny and Leleux, the "Souvenir of Roquemaure," a finely dramatic "Ravine" by Courbet, a "Fontainebleau Forest" by Rousseau, and a rather Rousseau-like Corot, "The Woodcutters."

HERBERT FURST.

The Carroll Gallery.

On the expiration of the ground lease at 10 George Street, Hanover Square, the business of the Carroll Gallery has been transferred to 28 St. James's Square. In its excellent new position the gallery will doubtless continue to attract lovers of the works of old and modern masters, among the latter of whom Mr. Charles John Collings may be mentioned in the first instance, as is very appropriate in the case of a firm so prominently associated with the art world of Canada.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CARLO CRIVELLI. By FRANZ DREY. Bruckmann, A. G., Munich. 24 marks.

PICTURES AND PAINTING. By H. M. BULLEY. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

ART IN GREECE. By A. DE RIDDER AND W. DEONNA. Kegan, Paul & Co. 20s. net.

CÉZANNE. By ROGER FRY. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET. By MRS. LESLIE JOHNSON. 5s. 6d. net.

A BOOK ABOUT PARIS. By GEO. AND PAUL ADAM. Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d. net.

ARCHITECTURE. By A. L. N. RUSSELL, A.R.I.B.A. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PERSPECTIVE. By G. A. T. PORTER, M.A. University of London Press. 7s. 6d. net.

A MAJORCA HOLIDAY. By G. ADA HARRISON. Gerald Howe. 12s. 6d. net.

THE STONES OF ITALY. By PROF. C. T. G. FORMILLI. A. and C. Black, Ltd. 20s. net.

REDEEMED. By G. R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAME. W. Heineman, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS. By GARETT H. BROWNING. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., Edinburgh. 10s. 6d. net.

THE FRINGES OF EDINBURGH. By G. JOHN GEDDIE. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd., Edinburgh.

ART FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS. By GEORGE J. COX, A.R.C.A. B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 21s. net.

FIGURE CONSTRUCTION. By ALAN BEMENT. Gregg Publishing Co., U.S.A. Batsford, Ltd., London. $2.50.